the GHOST RIDER

COLLECTION PART 1

ME

anc

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

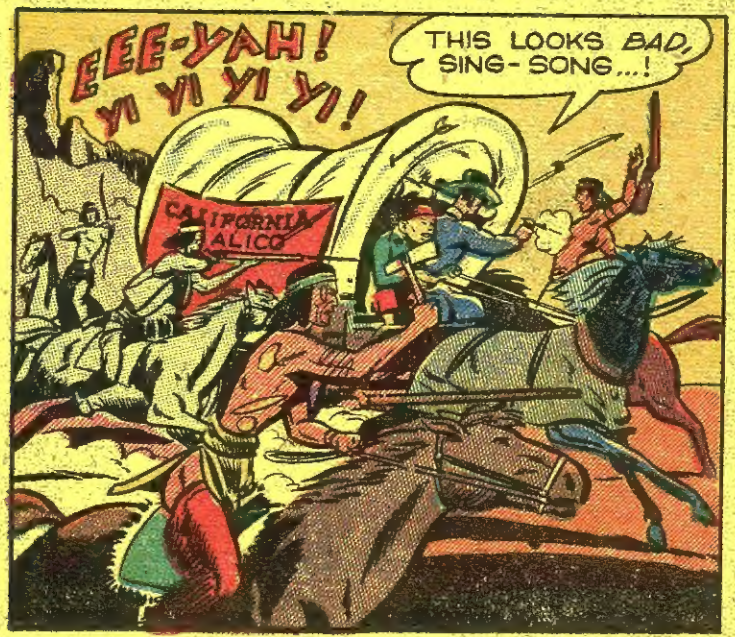
TIM HOLT

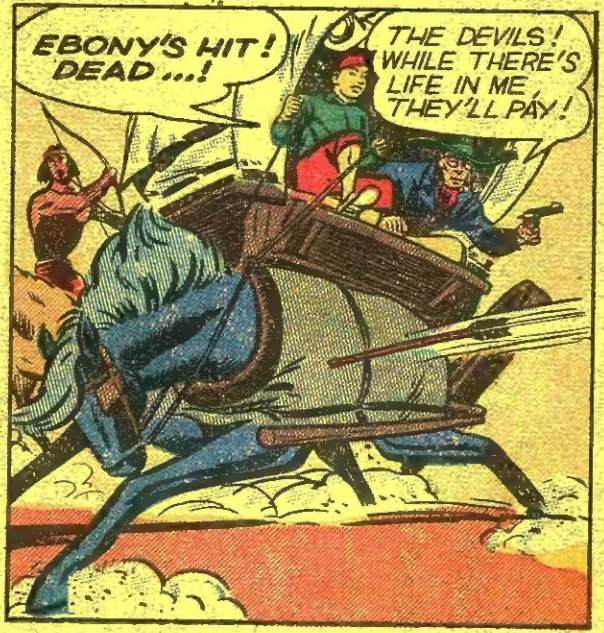
No. 11

10¢

the GHOST RIDER

WHEN THE CALICO KID WENT TO HIS DOOM IN THE SWIRLING, SURGING WATERS OF THE DEVIL'S SINK, BADMAN BART LASHER LAUGHED AN EVIL LAUGH... THEN OUT OF THE REALM OF DEATH CAME — THE GHOST RIDER!
DICK AYERS





KILL! KILL!
NICE TO HAVE KNOWN YOU, SING-SONG! LET'S GET A FEW BEFORE WE GO OUT!
TAKE THEM ALIVE I WANT TO MAKE A POW-WOW WITH THEM!
OH, SADNESS! OH, GLOOM! OHHH— URFF!
FIGHT 'EM, SING-SONG! FIGHT 'EM! WE DON'T WANT TO FALL INTO THEIR HANDS ALIVE!
IF YOU RED DEVILS— WOULD LAY OFF THE FIREWATER—YOU WOULDN'T GO CRAZY THIS WAY—!
AARRGH!
ULK!
BUT, SUPERIOR NUMBERS PROVE TOO MUCH FOR THE CALICO KID...
PRETTY GOOD FIGHTER, CALICO MAN!
SO!... COME OUT FROM BEHIND THOSE PAINT AND FEATHERS, BART LASHER! I KNOW YOU...!
AND I KNOW YOU, CALICO PEDDLAR! ROVING FEDERAL MARSHAL, REX FURY!... BUT YOU'RE TURNING IN YOUR BADGE NOW, FURY—WITH YOUR BOOTS ON...!
2

RIGHT YOU ARE, RENEGADE! AND DON'T FORGET – THERE ARE *OTHER* MARSHALS... WHO'LL COME A-HUNTING IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME – *UHHH!*
DON'T SASS ME, FURY!

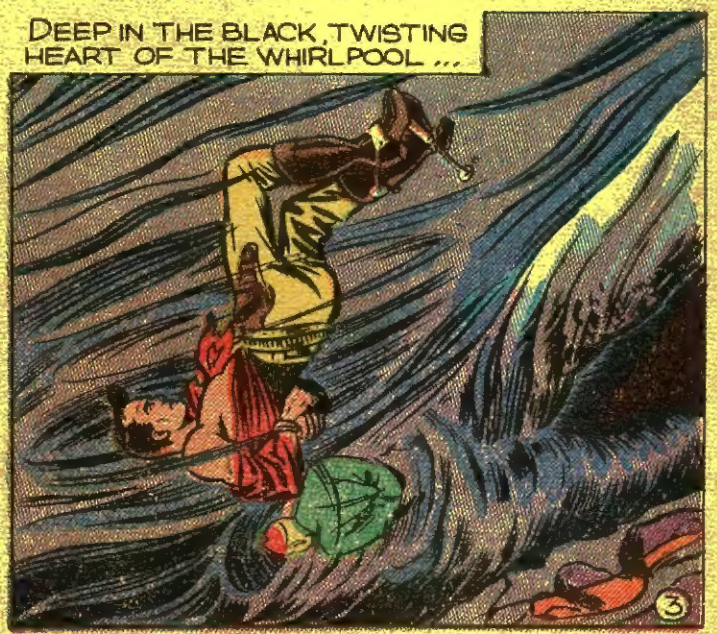
ANYWAYS, THERE WON'T BE A *TRACE LEFT OF YOU* – EXCEPT A DEAD HORSE AND A SMASHED WAGON — BECAUSE **YOU'RE** GOING INTO **THE DEVIL'S SINK!**

SOMETIME LATER, IN THE TORTURED ROCK HILLS...
THERE'S THE DEVIL'S SINK – WHERE THE LITTLE RIVER VANISHES INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH...!

*YOU'RE THROUGH HUNTING ME, REX FURY – **NOTHING THROWN INTO THE DEVIL'S SINK HAS EVER BEEN SEEN AGAIN...!***

GOODBYE, FRIEND! GOODBYE!
***NEVER** GIVE UP HOPE...!*

*THEY'VE GONE DOWN – OUT OF SIGHT! GONE FOREVER! **HA HA HAHA!***


DEEP IN THE BLACK, TWISTING HEART OF THE WHIRLPOOL...
3

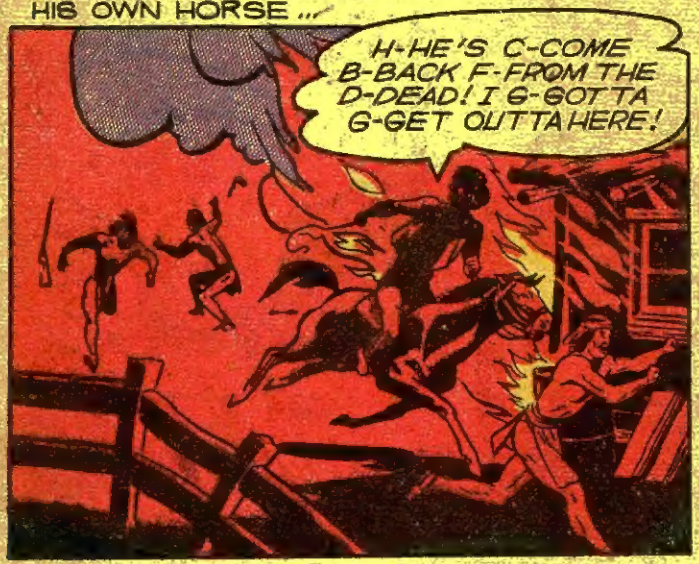
(GASP)-AIR!-(GASP)-WE'RE OUT OF (GASP)-THE WHIRLPOOL-! AN UNDERGROUND CAVE!
BEHOLD! FIERCE WATER BUSTED ROPES!
LOOK AROUND YOU, SING SONG- IT'S BUSTED OTHER THINGS TOO! WE'VE BEEN PRETTY LUCKY!
FOR HOURS THE PAIR FOLLOW THE COURSE OF THE UNDERGROUND RIVER, UNTIL, AT LAST...
LOOK! THE SETTING SUN! WE'RE ALL RIGHT NOW, PARTNER!
YOU KNOW, SING SONG. I'VE JUST GOT A PRETTY TRICKY IDEA! LISTEN..!
TWO WEEKS LATER, IN THE BACK ROOM OF BART LASHER'S TRADING POST...
TOMORROW NIGHT WE RAID THE WIDOW AMES' RANCH. THE LAND IS PRETTY VALUABLE...
THERE'LL BE ONLY THE WIDOW AND HER BOY TO DEAL WITH. HER OUTFIT'S AWAY ON A DRIVE...
AND, THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...
EEEEYAHHHHH!
4

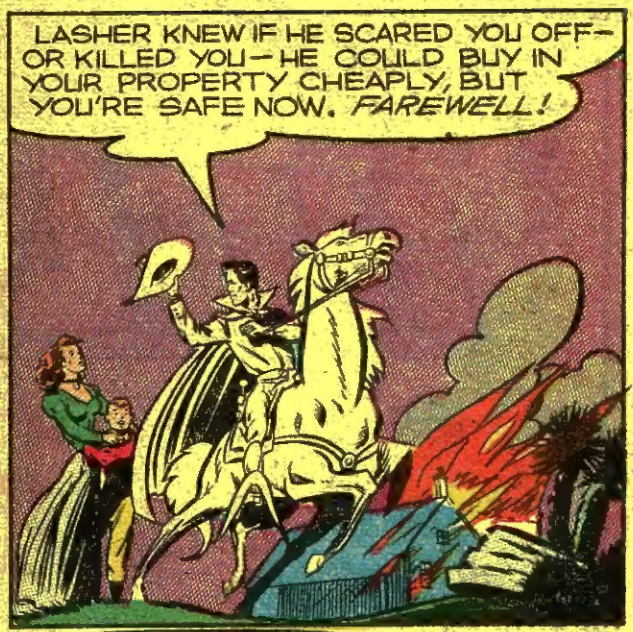
TIM HOLT

GET THAT OTHER GUN, JIM! QUICK!
WE CAN'T STAY HERE ANYMORE, MOM...!
WE'D BURN ALIVE...!
KILL! KILL!
LET MY SON GO, PLEASE!
SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE BLACK NIGHT...!
BEGONE, YOU DEVILS! BEGONE!
AS THE SHRILL SCREAMING COMMAND SHRIEKS FROM THE THROAT OF THE GHOSTLY RIDER, THE SUPERSTITIOUS INDIANS SCREECH AND FLEE IN ABYSMAL TERROR!
IT'S R-R-REX F-F-FURY! -HIS G-GHOST!
BART LASHER! I WANT YOU!
5

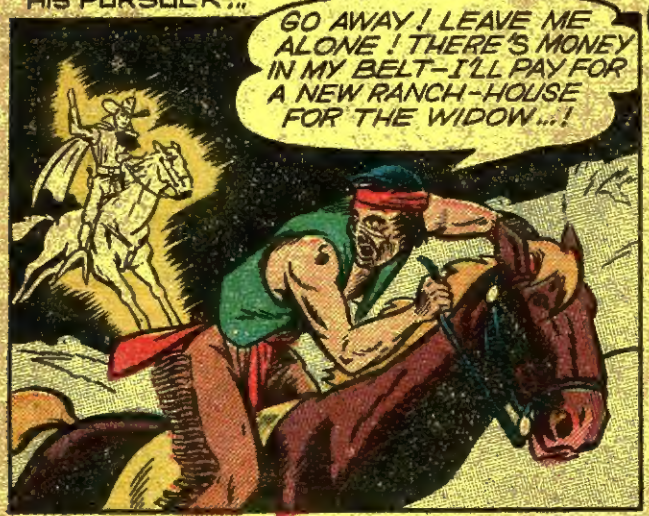
TIM HOLT

AS THE PANICKED INDIANS SCATTER AND FLEE, THEIR FRIGHTENED LEADER SPURS HIS OWN HORSE...





THE GHOST RIDER'S SPEEDY WHITE HORSE RAPIDLY CLOSES THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE FLEEING LASHER AND HIS PURSUER...



SUDDENLY, LASHER'S HORSE SHIES AND REARS, FRIGHTENED BY SOMETHING ACROSS HIS PATH...!

THE GHOST RIDER WILL RIDE AGAIN! WATCH FOR HIM!

MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, INC.
ME
ane

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

TIM HOLT

No. 12

10¢

The Ghost Rider Battle at Bullock Gap Stranger in Town

The Land Grabbers Kiowa Death Trap Western Range Book

the GHOST RIDER

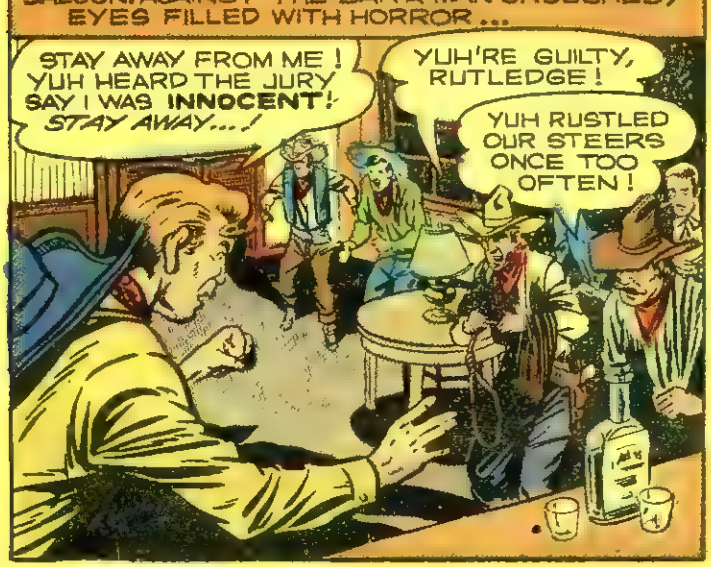
WHEN A LYNCH MOB TORE LARRY RUTLEDGE AWAY FROM THE PEACE GAP SALOON, IT SEEMED THAT BIG JED MANDERS HAD EVERYTHING HE WANTED—A BIG RANCH, A PRETTY GIRL TO MARRY, AND HIS MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY, DEAD!

BUT THE SPECTRAL FORM OF THE *GHOST RIDER* RISES UP FROM THE MIDST OF THE CROWD TO RIP AWAY THE VEIL OF SECRECY THAT SHROUDS THE HANGING OF AN INNOCENT MAN! AND WHEN HE DOES THAT, HE BRINGS DOWN ON HIS HEAD THE RAW FURY OF A —

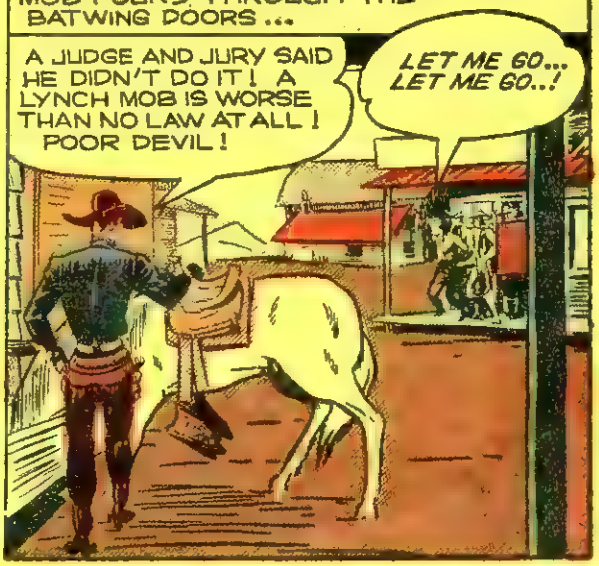
HANGMAN'S HATE!

Dick Ayers

HOARSE VOICES ROAR AS BOOTED FEET STOMP THE DRY PLANK FLOORS OF THE PEACE GAP SALOON. AGAINST THE BAR A MAN CROUCHES, EYES FILLED WITH HORROR...

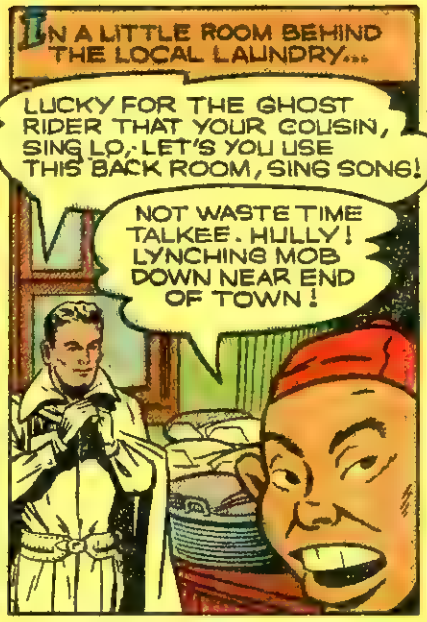

STAY AWAY FROM ME! YUH HEARD THE JURY SAY I WAS **INNOCENT**! *STAY AWAY...!*
YUH'RE GUILTY, RUTLEDGE!
YUH RUSTLED OUR STEERS ONCE TOO OFTEN!

A PANG OF ANGER THROBS IN THE CHEST OF A BIG, SILENT MAN AS THE MOB POURS THROUGH THE BATWING DOORS...



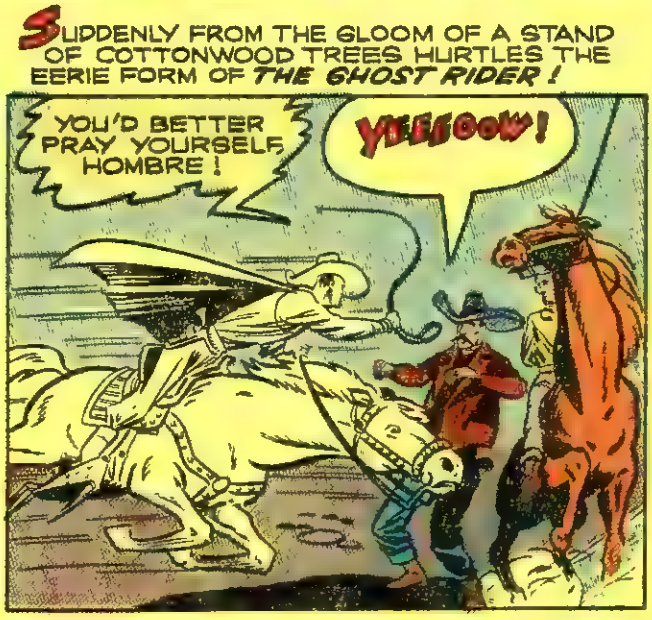
TIM HOLT

MAYBE *THE GHOST RIDER* CAN BE OF HELP HERE. THAT MOB WON'T LISTEN TO REASON! MAYBE IT WILL LISTEN TO — **FEAR!**


IN A LITTLE ROOM BEHIND THE LOCAL LAUNDRY...
LUCKY FOR THE GHOST RIDER THAT YOUR COUSIN, SING LO, LET'S YOU USE THIS BACK ROOM, SING SONG!
NOT WASTE TIME TALKEE. HULLY! LYNCHING MOB DOWN NEAR END OF TOWN!

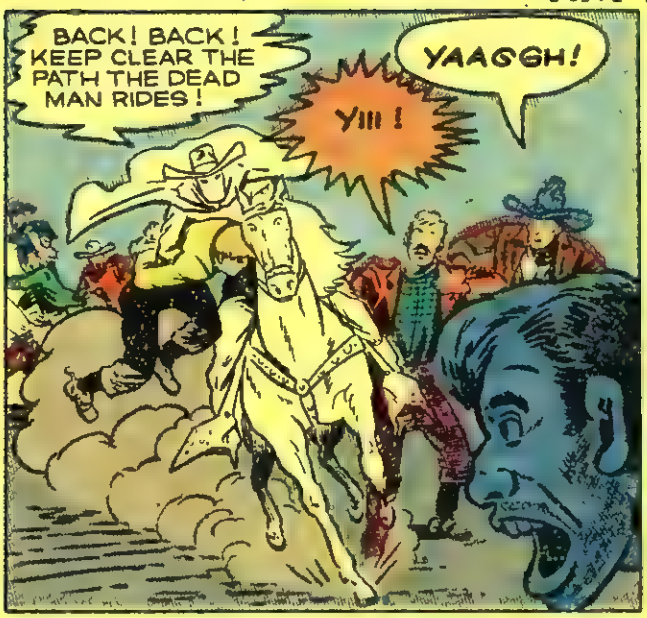
AT THAT MOMENT—
I TELL YOU I'M **INNOCENT!** THE JURY WAS RIGHT! I—
NO SENSE TALKIN'!
YUH DID PLENTY OF THAT AT YOUR TRIAL.
AN' IT WAS ALL LIES!

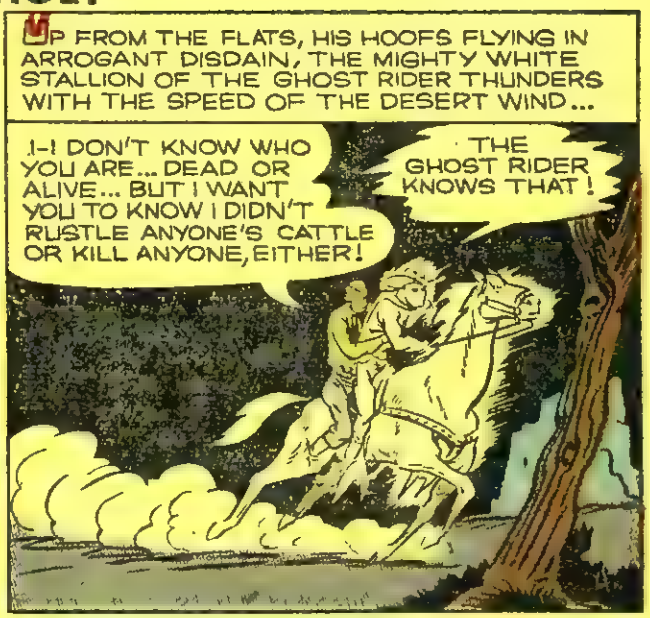
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, RUTLEDGE!


SUDDENLY FROM THE GLOOM OF A STAND OF COTTONWOOD TREES HURTLES THE EERIE FORM OF *THE GHOST RIDER!*
YOU'D BETTER PRAY YOURSELF, HOMBRE!
YEEEOOW!

WHO-WHA-?
I COME FROM AFAR IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE!

AS MEN'S EYES WIDEN IN FEAR AT THE SPECTRAL FORM, THE GHOST RIDER CATAPULTS HIS BIG STALLION FORWARD—
IT AIN'T HUMAN!
A DEAD MAN!
... RIDIN' A LIVIN' HORSE!


BACK! BACK! KEEP CLEAR THE PATH THE DEAD MAN RIDES!
YAAGGH!
Yiii!


UP FROM THE FLATS, HIS HOOFS FLYING IN ARROGANT DISDAIN, THE MIGHTY WHITE STALLION OF THE GHOST RIDER THUNDERS WITH THE SPEED OF THE DESERT WIND...
I-I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE... DEAD OR ALIVE... BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW I DIDN'T RUSTLE ANYONE'S CATTLE OR KILL ANYONE, EITHER!
THE GHOST RIDER KNOWS THAT!

SOME HOURS LATER IN THE CAVES WEST OF PEACE GAP PASS...
THERE'S A LETTER THAT WILL PROVE MY INNOCENCE. I WAS IN CLAY CITY WHEN THE MURDER AND RUSTLING HAPPENED. BUT- I CAN'T FIND IT! AND ONLY MY FRIEND, JED MANDERS, STANDS TO PROFIT BY MY DEATH!
I WILL RIDE THE RANGE. IF THERE IS A LETTER, I SHALL FIND IT. MEANWHILE YOU STAY HERE!

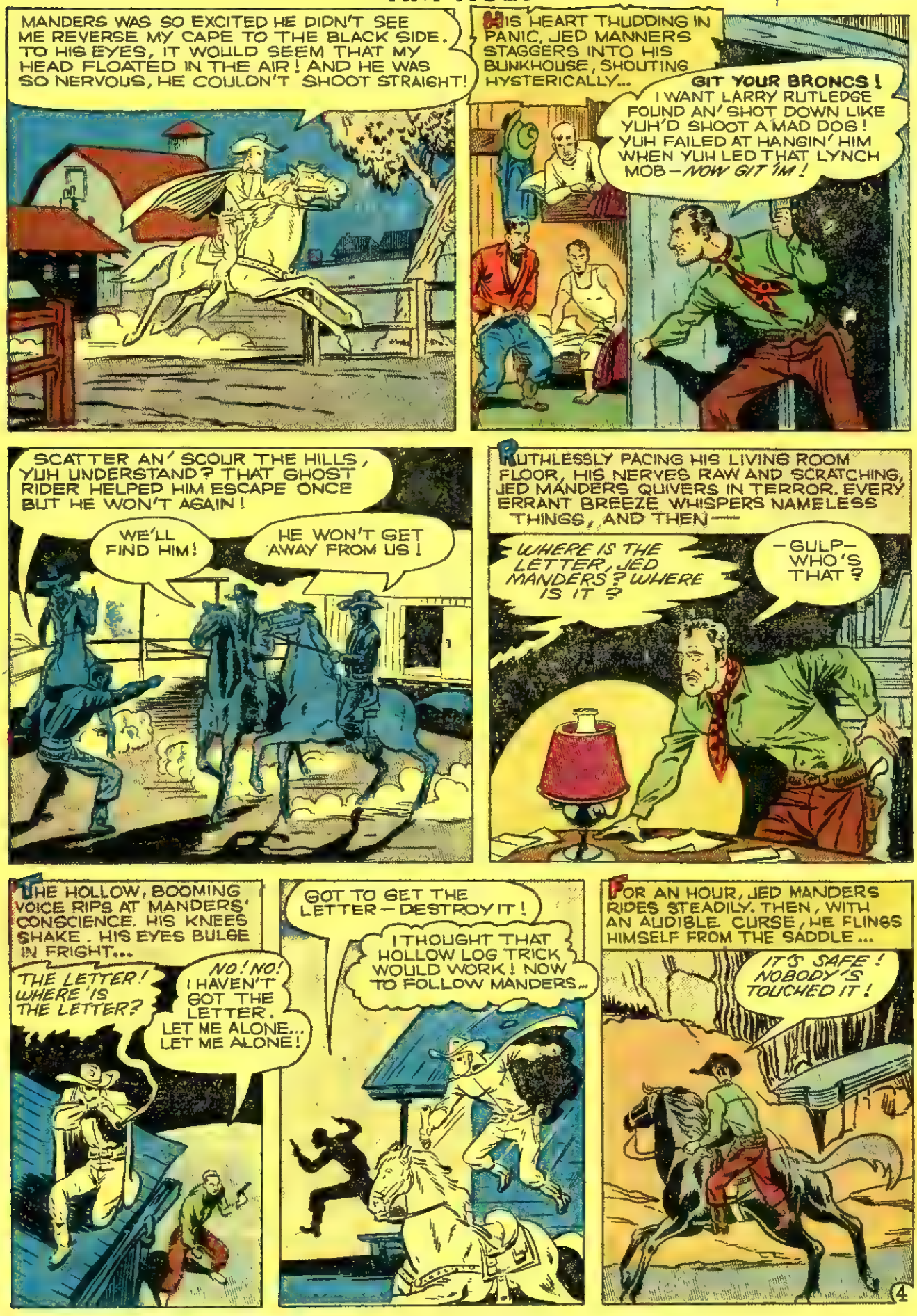
LATER THAT NIGHT, JED MANDERS COMES TO HIS FEET IN HIS PISTOL DIAMOND RANCH HOUSE, HIS FACE SUDDENLY WHITE IN FRIGHT...
WHA-? WHO- WHO'S THAT?

IT IS SOMEONE..! MY EYES AREN'T PLAYING ME TRICKS, THEN. BUT- BUT WHO...?
MEN KNOW ME AS THE GHOST RIDER, MANDERS! I CAME FOR THE LETTER THAT YOU STOLE FROM LARRY RUTLEDGE!

SO POWERFUL IS THE FEAR THAT SIGHT OF THE GHOST RIDER AROUSES IN MEN'S HEARTS THAT MANDERS' TONGUE ANSWERS THOUGHTLESSLY...
HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT? NO ONE SAW ME! I TOOK IT FROM HIM WHEN HE WAS MAKING ME A DRINK! - GULP- I DIDN'T MEAN THAT...!

GET AWAY FROM ME! GET AWAY! GET AWAY!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

TIM HOLT


MANDERS WAS SO EXCITED HE DIDN'T SEE ME REVERSE MY CAPE TO THE BLACK SIDE. TO HIS EYES, IT WOULD SEEM THAT MY HEAD FLOATED IN THE AIR! AND HE WAS SO NERVOUS, HE COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT!
HIS HEART THUDDING IN PANIC, JED MANNERS STAGGERS INTO HIS BUNKHOUSE, SHOUTING HYSTERICALLY...
GIT YOUR BRONCS! I WANT LARRY RUTLEDGE FOUND AN' SHOT DOWN LIKE YUH'D SHOOT A MAD DOG! YUH FAILED AT HANGIN' HIM WHEN YUH LED THAT LYNCH MOB—NOW GIT 'IM!
SCATTER AN' SCOUR THE HILLS, YUH UNDERSTAND? THAT GHOST RIDER HELPED HIM ESCAPE ONCE BUT HE WON'T AGAIN!
WE'LL FIND HIM!
HE WON'T GET AWAY FROM US!
RUTHLESSLY PACING HIS LIVING ROOM FLOOR, HIS NERVES RAW AND SCRATCHING, JED MANDERS QUIVERS IN TERROR. EVERY ERRANT BREEZE WHISPERS NAMELESS THINGS, AND THEN—
WHERE IS THE LETTER, JED MANDERS? WHERE IS IT?
—GULP— WHO'S THAT?
THE HOLLOW, BOOMING VOICE RIPS AT MANDERS' CONSCIENCE. HIS KNEES SHAKE. HIS EYES BULGE IN FRIGHT...
THE LETTER! WHERE IS THE LETTER?
NO! NO! I HAVEN'T GOT THE LETTER. LET ME ALONE... LET ME ALONE!
GOT TO GET THE LETTER—DESTROY IT!
I THOUGHT THAT HOLLOW LOG TRICK WOULD WORK! NOW TO FOLLOW MANDERS...
FOR AN HOUR, JED MANDERS RIDES STEADILY. THEN, WITH AN AUDIBLE CURSE, HE FLINGS HIMSELF FROM THE SADDLE...
IT'S SAFE! NOBODY'S TOUCHED IT!
4

TIM HOLT

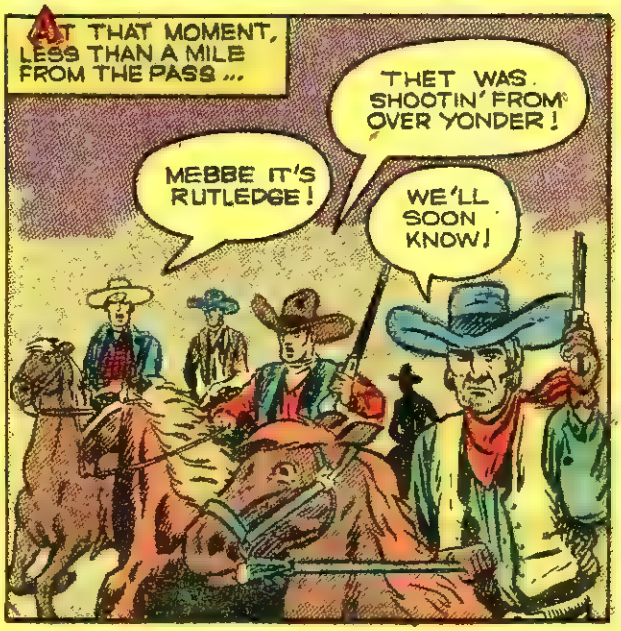
THE GHOST— SHOOTING AT ME!
CHIIIING!

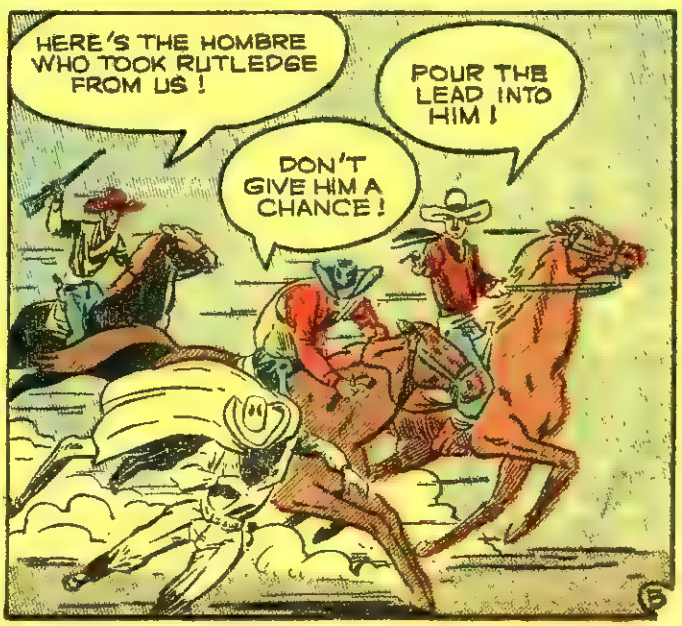
THE DEAD WILL NEVER LET YOU GO, MANDERS! YIELD WHILE YOU STILL LIVE! TURN OVER THE LETTER TO THE LAW...!

AAAA GGGHH!

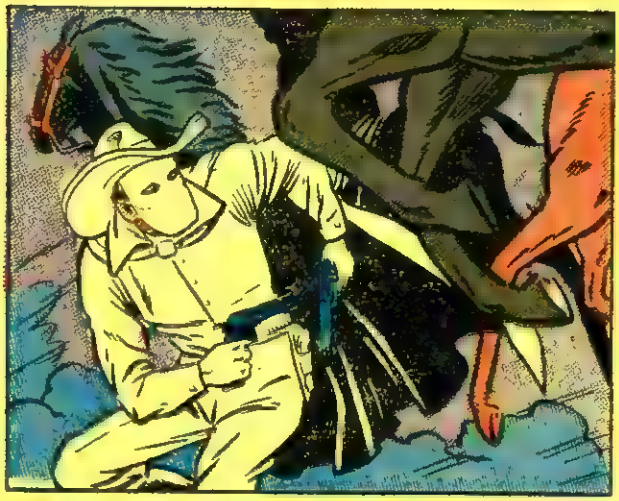
IN SHEER PANIC, JED MANDERS PUMPS BULLET AFTER BULLET INTO THE GRISLY, SWAYING OBJECT THAT BLOCKS THE PASS!
YUH ALWAYS BEAT ME AT EVERYTHING, LARRY! YUH HAD THE BEST LAND! YUH GOT NANCY COLLINS TO FALL IN LOVE WITH YUH! YUH DID — UNTIL I TOOK CARE OF YOU!
BLAM!
BLAM!

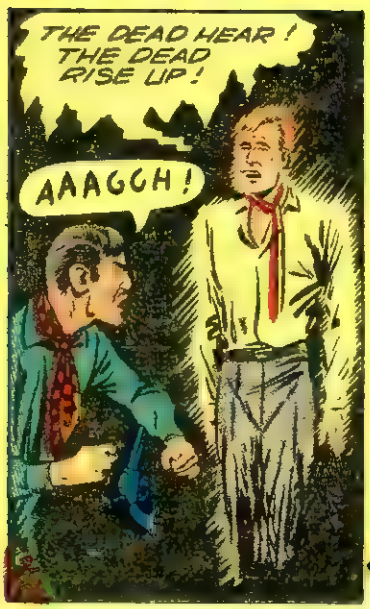
THE GHOST RIDER...!
THE DEAD ARE FRIENDLY TO ONE ANOTHER, MANDERS! I HAVE SWORN TO AID OUR NEW ARRIVAL, LARRY RUTLEDGE. HE SPOKE OF A LETTER —

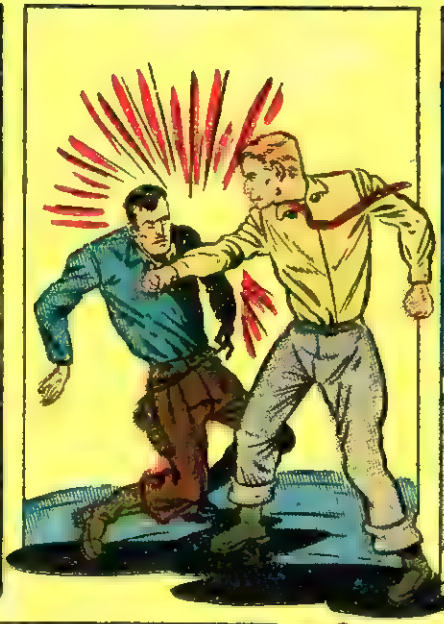

AT THAT MOMENT, LESS THAN A MILE FROM THE PASS ...
THET WAS SHOOTIN' FROM OVER YONDER!
MEBBE IT'S RUTLEDGE!
WE'LL SOON KNOW!


HERE'S THE HOMBRE WHO TOOK RUTLEDGE FROM US!
POUR THE LEAD INTO HIM!
DON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE!

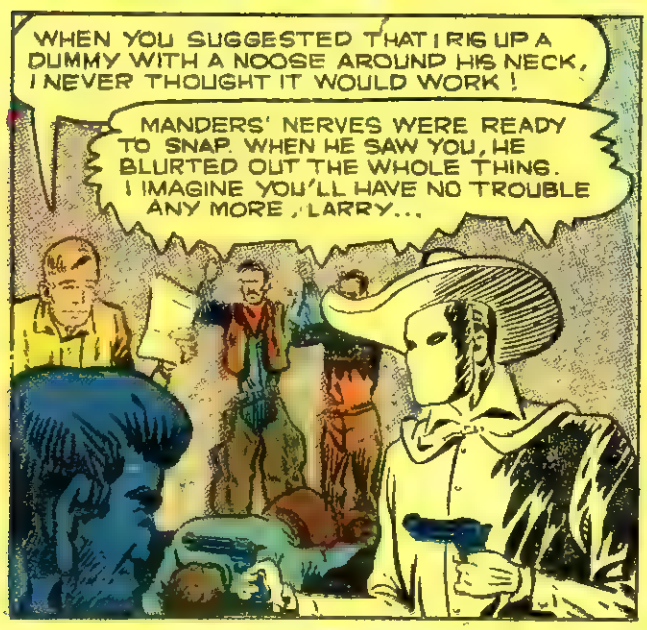
BUT THE GHOST RIDER IS AS ELUSIVE AS THE WEIRD BEING HE SEEMS! HE ROLLS WITH THE THUNDERING HOOVES, AND HIS HANDS FILL WITH HIS HEAVY GUNS ...



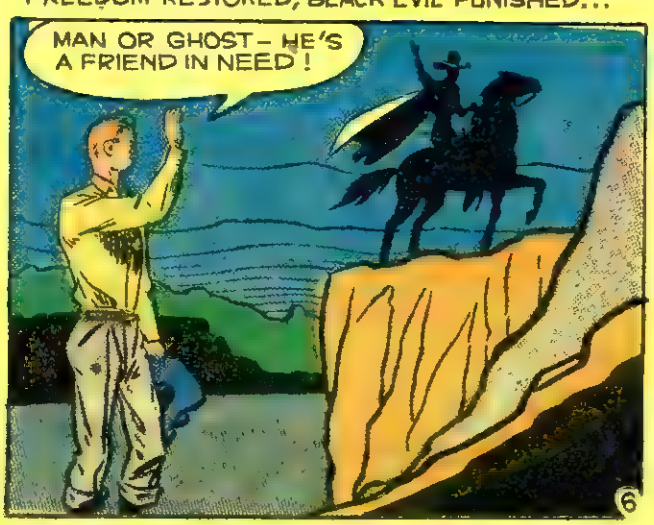




I HAVE THE LETTER! THIS WILL PROVE MY INNOCENCE!
AND THESE GUN-THROWING HOMBRES WILL TESTIFY TO MANDERS' SCHEMES – IF THEY HOPE TO SAVE THEIR NECKS!


WHEN YOU SUGGESTED THAT I RIG UP A DUMMY WITH A NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK, I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD WORK!
MANDERS' NERVES WERE READY TO SNAP. WHEN HE SAW YOU, HE BLURTED OUT THE WHOLE THING. I IMAGINE YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE ANY MORE, LARRY...

ONCE AGAIN THE SPECTRAL HORSEMAN – *THE GHOST RIDER* – MOVES ON, HIS MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, A MAN'S HAPPINESS AND FREEDOM RESTORED, BLACK EVIL PUNISHED...



MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, INC.
ME
anc

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

TIM HOLT

No. 13

10¢

the GHOST RIDER

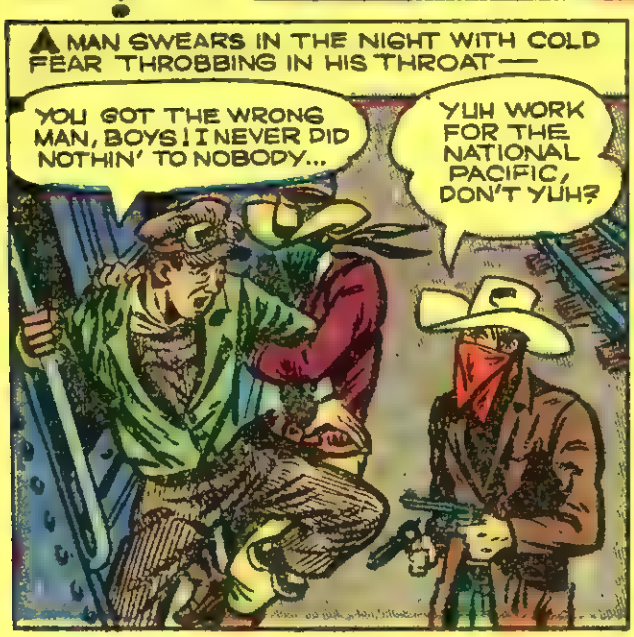
DICK AYERS...

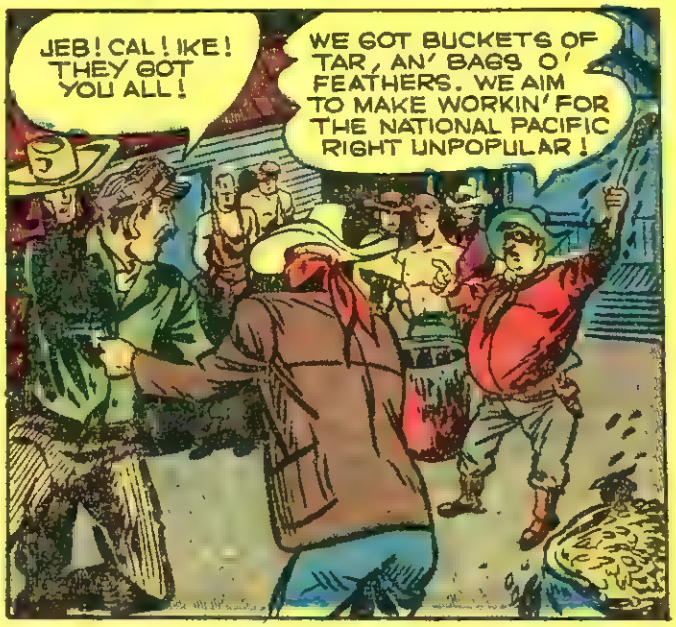
IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE RAILROADS, BATTLES RAGED OVER THE MOUNTAIN PASSES—THOSE SHORTCUTS TO THE GOLD FIELDS AND THE SILVER AND COPPER MINING TOWNS. THE RAILROAD THAT OWNED THE QUICKEST TRACKS COULD MAKE THE MOST MONEY—AND THE HARD, GUN-QUICK ELEMENT SOON LEARNED THAT THERE WAS MONEY IN IT FOR THEM, TOO.

BUT WHEN A HARD-RIDING BUNCH DROVE DOWN ON THE NATIONAL PACIFIC, THE SPECTRAL FORM OF THE *GHOST RIDER* CATAPULTED IN FRONT OF THE DIAMOND-STACK ENGINES, AS HE CONFRONTED—

THE TERROR OF THE TRACKS!

A MAN SWEARS IN THE NIGHT WITH COLD FEAR THROBBING IN HIS THROAT—




JEB! CAL! IKE! THEY GOT YOU ALL!
WE GOT BUCKETS OF TAR, AN' BAGS O' FEATHERS. WE AIM TO MAKE WORKIN' FOR THE NATIONAL PACIFIC RIGHT UNPOPULAR!

TIM HOLT

BRING 'EM UP HERE ONE BY ONE. THIS TAR IS GOIN' TO BE JUST LIKE A WET, HOT BLANKET WHEN I DAB IT ON!
THE SHRILL WHINNY OF A LUNGING STALLION, THE SCREAM OF A FRIGHTENED MAN – AND OUT OF THE NIGHT – THE GHOST RIDER!
AAAAAAGGGH!
TICKET OFFICE
FOREGO YOUR VICIOUS PLEASURES! LOOSE THE BUCKET!
YEEEOOOW!
WHEN THE GHOST RIDER COMMANDS – OBEY!
GNNNGGG!
BECAUSE YOU WORK FOR THE NATIONAL PACIFIC RAILROAD – YOU WERE TO BE TARRED AND FEATHERED?
THAT'S RIGHT. THERE'S ANOTHER RAILROAD OPERATING NEAR HERE – THE WESTERN STATES. THEY'RE TRYING TO FORCE US TO BUY THEIR TRACKS AND EQUIPMENT!
THE WESTERN STATES HAS BEEN OUT OF BUSINESS FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS. A MAN NAMED TOBE PARKER BOUGHT UP THEIR ROLLING STOCK FOR A MEASLY FIVE HUNDRED SIMOLEONS – AND WANTS TO COLLECT A MILLION FOR IT FROM THE NATIONAL PACIFIC!
BY HIRING THUGS AND GUNMEN, TOBE PARKER CAN MAKE THE PROGRESS OF THE NATIONAL PACIFIC COME TO A DEAD STOP! UNLESS IT PAYS BLOOD MONEY FOR USELESS EQUIPMENT, HE WILL KEEP FOOD AND MEDICINE AND A BETTER WAY OF LIFE FROM REACHING THESE HILLS!
PEACEFUL GAP
2

TIM HOLT

SOME DAYS LATER, ALONG THE RUSTED TRACKS OF THE WESTERN STATES LINE...
THE GHOST RIDER SURE BUSTED UP OUR LITTLE PARTY. I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A FOOL IDEA, TOBE!
NO, THIS IS A GOOD IDEA. THE NATIONAL PACIFIC WANTS THE GOLD FIELD'S BUSINESS. IF WE TAKE SADDLE PASS, THEY'LL NEVER GET IT!
AN' WE'LL TAKE AN' HOLD SADDLE PASS— WITH GUNS! IT'LL COST THE NATIONAL PACIFIC PLENTY TO BUY IT FROM US! PLENTY!
HUH! MEBBE YUH'RE NOT AS LOCO AS I THOUGHT, TOBE! SADDLE PASS WOULD SAVE THEM HUNDREDS OF MILES OF TRACK-LAYIN'. YEAH! LET'S RIDE!
HIGH IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE BROKEN BOW MOUNTAIN RANGE...
IT'S PARKER AND HIS MEN, SING-SONG. THEY'RE HEADING FOR SADDLE PASS— AND FOR TROUBLE FOR THE NATIONAL PACIFIC!
SING-SONG RIDE PLENNY QUICK-FAST. TELLEE RAILROAD MEN WHAT HAPPENED!
AND WHILE SING-SONG IS RIDING DOWN— I'LL BE RIDING UP— TO THE PASS ITSELF!
HERE AND THERE IN THE WESTERN LANDS, MEN LIKE TOBE PARKER FIND A READY WELCOME IN THE CAMPS OF RENEGADE APACHES...
GOOD PAY FOR YOUR BRAVES, MISKETEE! LEND ME TWENTY OF THEM. I PAY YOU WITH TWENTY HORSES.
MISKETEE LOAN BRAVES. TAKE YOUR HORSES AS PAYMENT! GOOD!
A PERFECT SETUP! WHEN THOSE NATIONAL PACIFIC CREWS HEAD UP THIS WAY— THEY'LL NEVER GO DOWN AGAIN!
AT DUSK—
WE'LL JUST MAKE A PRELIMINARY SURVEY, AND BREAK THE GROUND.
I WISH THEY'D SENT SOME GUARDS ALONG. I GOT A FUNNY FEELING WE'RE WALKING INTO SOME SORT OF TRAP....
3

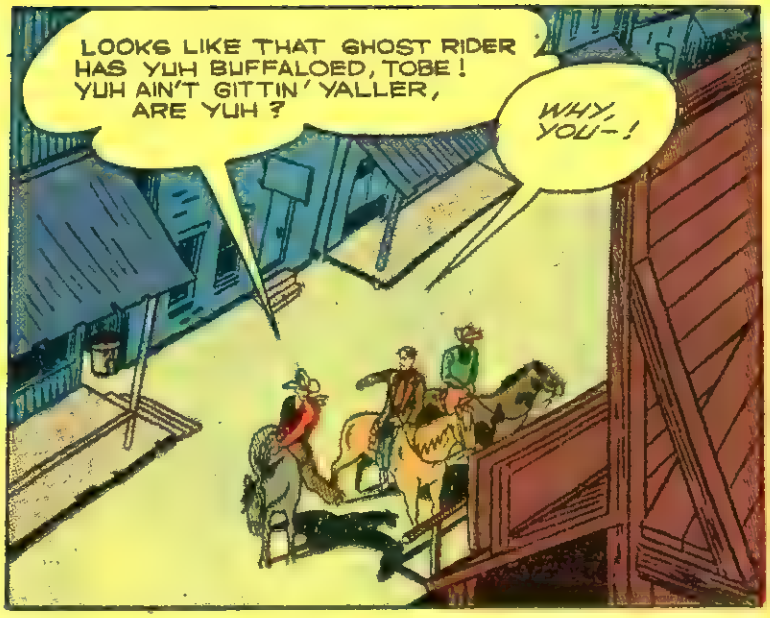
TIM HOLT

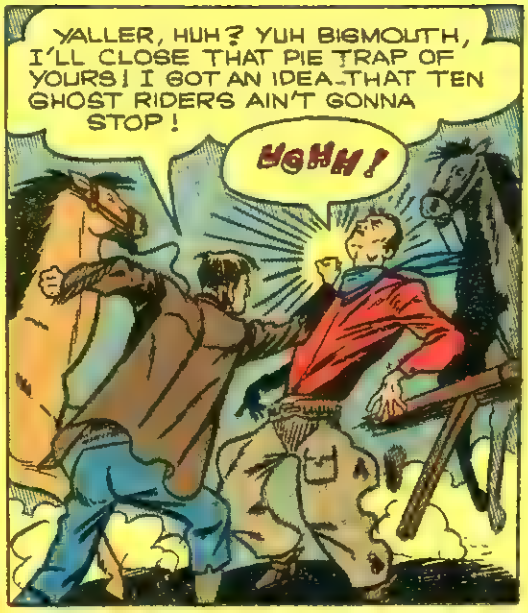
GIT 'EM! GIT 'EM ALL!
ALLALAIIIIEEE!
CRACK!
IT WAS A TRAP!
I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE — IF I CAN!
HIGH ON A ROCKY LEDGE, SHINING WITH PHOSPHORESCENT BRILLIANCE IN THE MOONLIGHT— THE GHOST RIDER!
THE SPIRITS OF THE NIGHT COMMAND! PUT DOWN YOUR ARMS! PUT DOWN YOUR ARMS!
GHOST RIDER!
HE WHO RIDES THE FOUR WINDS!
AIEEEEE!
HE WILL STEAL OUR MINDS IF WE STAY!
RUN! RUN!
EVIL DOES NOT RIDE WHERE THE GHOST RIDER TRAVELS! DROP YOUR GUNS! DROP YOUR GUNS!
GNNYYAAA!
YOU!
TOBE PARKER! YOUR SINS HAVE FOUND YOU OUT THIS NIGHT!
GHOST OR NO GHOST — A BULLET WILL BRING HIM DOWN!
BLAM!

TIM HOLT

THERE! SEE PARKER!
AN' HE'S FIRIN' AT THE GHOST RIDER! FORWARD, BOYS! WE'LL TEACH THESE HOMBRES A LESSON THEY'LL NOT SOON FORGET!
THE POUNDING OF HOOVES DRUMS A WARNING THROUGH TOBE PARKER'S BRAIN! WITH A RECKLESS CRY HE DIVES SIDEWAYS TOWARD HIS REARING HORSE...
YOU WIN FOR NOW, GHOST RIDER — YOU WIN!
BUT THERE'S GOIN' TO BE ANOTHER RECKONIN'! TOBE PARKER DON'T QUIT! I'LL BE BACK—!
THEY WILL TRY SOMETHING ELSE NOW. BUT SADDLE PASS IS SAFE, IF YOU LAY THE RAILS ACROSS IT...
WE'LL START RIGHT AWAY!
SOME DAYS LATER, AFTER TOBE PARKER HAS BROODED SAVAGELY...
THE NATIONAL PACIFIC WON THE FIRST ROUND, BUT WE AIN'T LICKED YET! MEBBE IF WE SCARE SOME OF THEIR PASSENGERS, WE CAN HURT 'EM STILL!
WE'LL LIFT THE BULLION BOX IN THE BAGGAGE CAR, THEN RELIEVE THE PASSENGERS OF THEIR VALUABLES. RECKON IF FOLKS GIT TH' IDEA THAT ROAD AGENTS PICK ON THE NATIONAL PACIFIC — THEY WON'T USE IT!
KEEP 'EM UP, HOMBRES!
WE AIN'T MAKIN' A MOVE!

GIVE US A HAND, YOU BOYS! WE'LL RIP OPEN THOSE DOORS WITH OUR ROPES!
THE OTHERS ARE IN THE PASSENGER CARS, TOBE. WE CAN HANDLE THE MESSENGER ALONE—
R.R.
AS THE DOORS LURCH OPEN—
NOT THIS MESSENGER, GENTLEMEN!
FOR I EXPECTED SOME SUCH AN ATTEMPT AS THIS! I WATCHED YOU PUT LOGS ACROSS THE TRACKS—
—THEN I SWUNG ABOARD AS IT CROSSED DUST CANYON!
YIPE!
UGHHH!
CALL YOUR MEN AWAY FROM THE PASSENGERS, PARKER! IF YOU DO NOT—YOU SHALL NEVER LEAVE HERE ALIVE!
GNNNGGGG!
GRAZED WITH FEAR, TOBE PARKER LEAPS FOR HIS SADDLER...
REMEMBER MY WORDS, PARKER! CALL YOUR MEN OFF!
I WILL! I WILL! I WILL!
THAT FIEND OF THE NIGHT! HE AIN'T HUMAN! HE'S WHEREVER YUH DON'T EXPECT HIM! BUT I AIN'T THROUGH YET! I'LL FIND A WAY TO GET BACK AT THE NATIONAL PACIFIC!

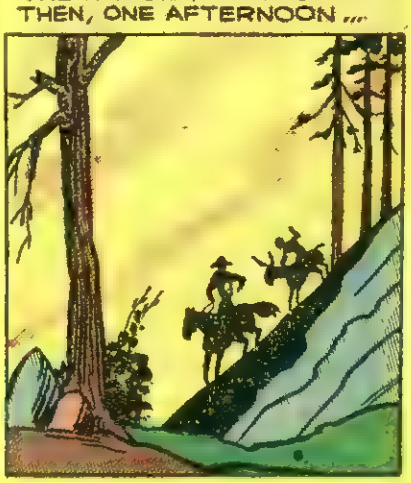


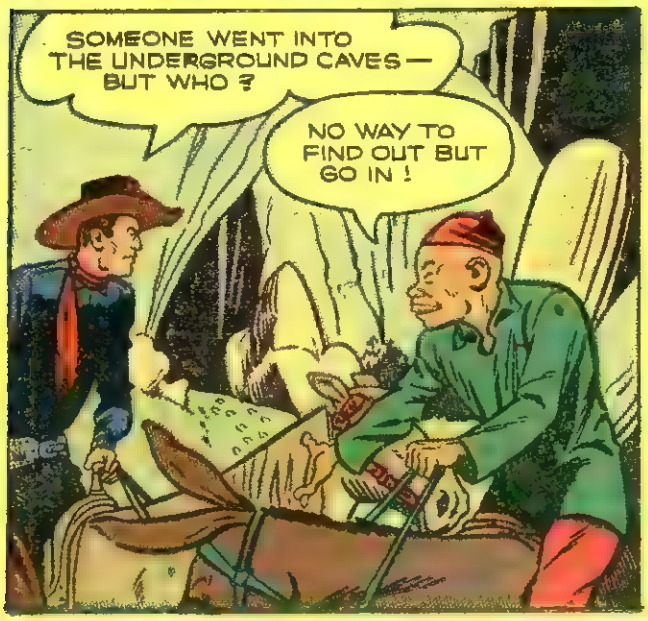


THE GHOST RIDER SAID HE SWUNG ABOARD AT DUST CANYON. THERE'S A RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THAT GAP—BUT NOT MANY KNOW THAT UNDER THE BRIDGE IS A LOT OF UNDERGROUND CAVES!
SO WHAT?

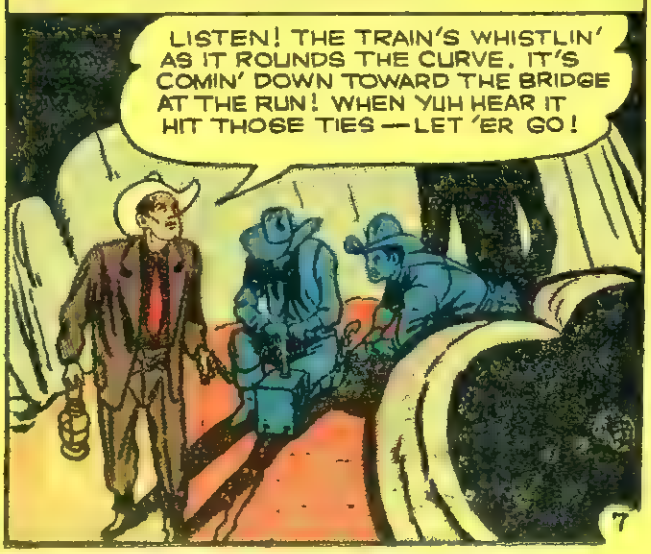
I'LL TELL YUH WHAT. SOME DYNAMITE UNDER THEM CAVES, JUST WHEN A NATIONAL PACIFIC TRAIN IS CROSSIN' THE BRIDGE AN'—POOOOFF! THERE GOES A WHOLE TRAIN! RECKON THAT MIGHT MAKE THEM HOMBRES GET SOME SENSE!

FOR SOME DAYS, REX FURY AND SING SONG PATROL THE TIMBER BELT HIGH ABOVE THE GLEAMING RAILS OF THE NATIONAL PACIFIC. THEN, ONE AFTERNOON ...





AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE DANK DARKNESS OF THE DUST CANYON CAVES ...


LISTEN! THE TRAIN'S WHISTLIN' AS IT ROUNDS THE CURVE. IT'S COMIN' DOWN TOWARD THE BRIDGE AT THE RUN! WHEN YUH HEAR IT HIT THOSE TIES—LET 'ER GO!

TIM HOLT

UNAWARE THAT DEATH WAITS BENEATH THE GLISTENING TRACKS, THE NATIONAL PACIFIC LIMITED THUNDERS FORWARD...
THERE SHE IS! RIGHT ABOVE US! LET 'ER GO!
LEAVE IT ALONE!
yiii!
THERE! NOW THE DYNAMITE CAN'T EXPLODE!
BUT I CAN EXPLODE — LIKE THIS!
GNnnGggg!
THIS TIME I HAVE YOU ALL TOGETHER! NOW — ON YOUR FEET, PARKER! I IMAGINE THE SHERIFF IN TOWN WILL HAVE ROOM IN HIS JAIL FOR YOU...
THE TRAINS WILL MOVE FORWARD NOW! MEN LIKE PARKER WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO HALT PROGRESS FOR THEIR OWN SELFISH ENDS... AS LONG AS THERE IS SOMEONE TO FIGHT THEM... LIKE THE GHOST RIDER...!
the end

MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, INC.
ME
ANC

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

TIM HOLT

No. 14

10¢

In this issue —

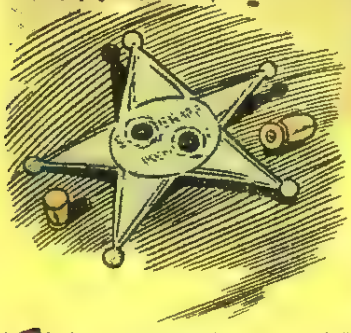
The Bridge at San Gila Gully • The Posse • The Honest Bandits

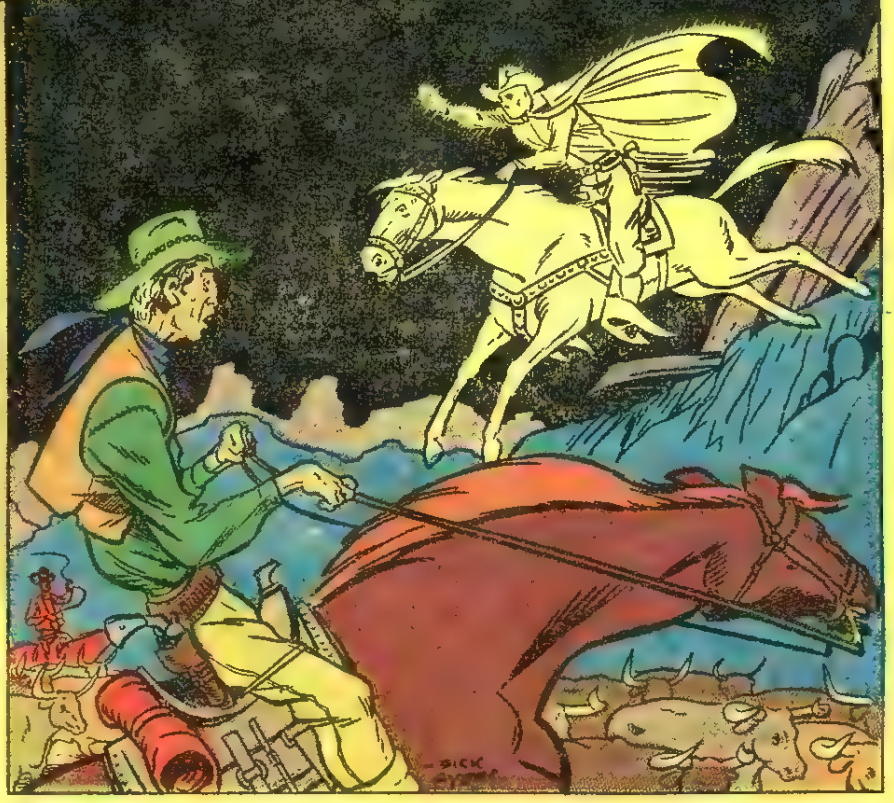
Another exciting adventure of The Ghost Rider!

the GHOST RIDER

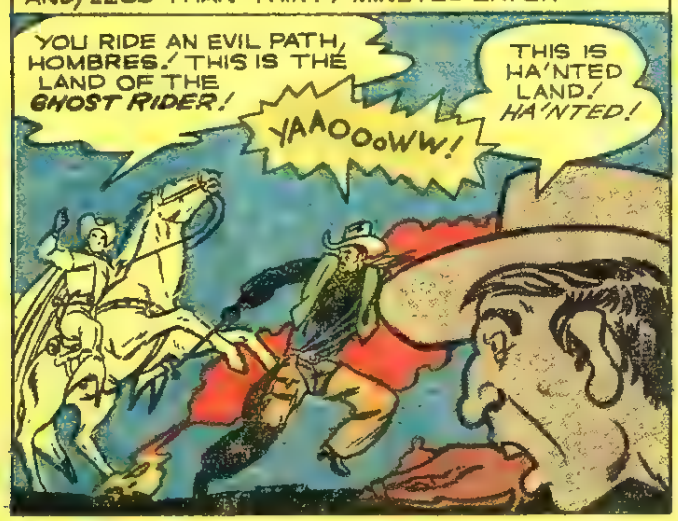
WHEN A BUNCH OF BAD HATS FROM THE MESA COLORADO SECTION DROVE DOWN INTO THE PEACEFUL VALLEY TOWN OF CANYON CITY TO RIDE HERD ON MEN AND BEASTS WITH SMOKING GUNS AND CRACKING RIFLES — ONLY THE SPECTRAL FORM OF *THE GHOST RIDER* DARED RIDE AGAINST BULLET AND HANGMAN'S NOOSE TO BACK THE PLAY OF —

" THE SCARECROW SHERIFF! "





IT WAS THREE HOURS AFTER SUNSET WHEN THE MESA COLORADO BAD HATS MOVED AGAINST THE EAST BASIN HERD OF THE GUNBUTT RANCH. AND, LESS THAN THIRTY MINUTES LATER —



THE WIERD FIGURE OF THE GHOST RIDER MOVES LIKE A DISEMBODIED SPIRIT AMONG THE PANIC-RIDDEN RUSTLERS!

TIM HOLT

HANDS THUMB AND TRIGGER COLTS— BUT WHEN THE HEART IS PUMPING FRIGHT THROUGH THE BODY, THE AIM IS BAD... AND THE EYES PLAY TRICKS./
I'D A SWORN I SHOT RIGHT THROUGH HIM THEN./
I'VE HEARD OF THESE BADMEN./ THEY CAME DOWN FROM MESA, COLORADO... AND HAVE JUST ABOUT TAKEN OVER CANYON CITY./ THEY KILL ANY WHO OPPOSE THEM./
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE MET THEM— ALTHOUGH I'VE BEEN HUNTING THEM FOR WEEKS! BUT I'LL MEET THEM AGAIN, AND SOON. THERE WILL BE NO REST FOR THE GHOST RIDER UNTIL THEY ARE BEHIND BARS...
AT DAWN, A BADLY SHAKEN GROUP OF GUNMEN MEET UNDER A DIMLY LIT LAMP IN THE BACK ROOM OF A CANYON CITY SALOON...
MY HANDS ARE STILL SHAKIN'./
I'VE HEARD OF THAT RIDER, BUT I NEVER BELIEVED IN HIM./
WELL, WHAT'RE WE GOIN' TO DO?
DO? I'LL TELL YUH WHAT WE'LL DO— WE'LL HAVE HIM MADE AN OUTLAW!. WE'LL GIT THE SHERIFF TO GO OUT AN' GUN HIM DOWN— OR JAIL HIM./
SHERIFF JACKSON? HE WON'T FALL FOR ANYTHING LIKE THAT./
MEBBE SHERIFF JACKSON WON'T LIVE VERY LONG, CACTUS./ YUH EVER THOUGHT OF THAT?
YEAH— ALL OF A SUDDEN! MEBBE YUH GOT TH' ANSWER, BART./
TWO MORNINGS LATER, AS SHERIFF JEPH JACKSON RIDES TOWARD THE GUNBUTT SPREAD TO CHECK THE EVIDENCE OF RUSTLING...
HE COULDN'T BE ANY MORE DEAD IF HE WAS SETTIN' IN THE COFFIN RIGHT NOW./ HE'S RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS—
2

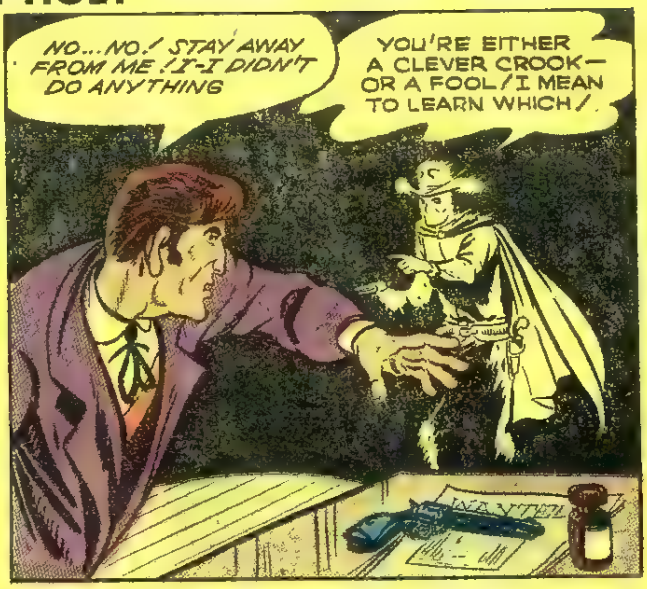
TIM HOLT

GOT HIM!
LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, REX FURY AND SING SONG DROP FROM THEIR SADDLES OVER THE LIMP FORM OF THE LAWMAN...
SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD! SING SONG — GET THE WOUND KIT IN YOUR SADDLEBAG!
WILL DO SAME!
TENDING THE SHERIFF WITH QUICK, AGILE FINGERS, REX FURY CARRIES HIM HIGH INTO THE HILLS TO AN ABANDONED LINE CABIN...
WE'LL GET A DOCTOR OUT HERE AT ONCE! I'VE FIXED THE WOUND SO HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT UNTIL THEN...
MEANWHILE, IN CANYON CITY...
NEVER MIND THE CHATTER. GIT IN THERE AN' VOTE!
ANY LIP — AN' YUH KNOW WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO YUH!
BU-BUT WHAT ABOUT SHERIFF JACKSON?
ELECTION
NEW SHERIFF
YARNELL FOR SHERIFF
NEVER MIND HIM! HE'S DEAD. JUST GIT IN THERE AN' VOTE — FOR ED YARNELL!
YUH MEAN TO SAY THAT THERE TENDERFOOT IS ED YARNELL? THE SHERIFF THAT BART WANTS TO ELECT?
SURE! HE'S A SCARECROW SHERIFF. LIKE A GUY MADE OUT OF STRAW. HE'LL DO WHATEVER WE SAY — OR WE'LL SCARE HIM TO DEATH!
ALL DAY LONG, WITH FISTS AND THREATS, THE BADHATS BRING IN THEIR VOTERS...
ANOTHER VOTER, BART!
BRING HIM OVER HERE TO SIGN HIS NAME. I GOT HIS VOTE ALREADY WRITTEN OUT!
3

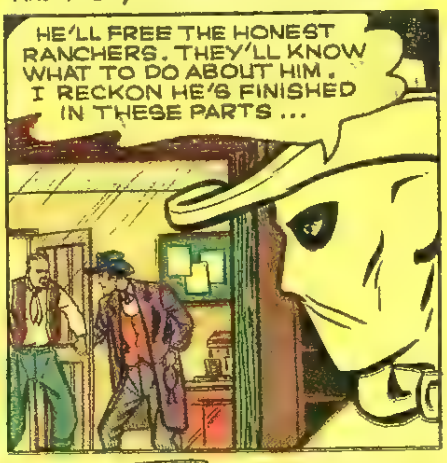
ONE DAY LATER, TENDERFOOT ED YARNELL HAS BEEN ELECTED SHERIFF, WHILE OLD SHERIFF JEPH JACKSON FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE IN A LITTLE CABIN MILES AWAY FROM TOWN ...
WELL... IF YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT ME TO BE THE SHERIFF... I'LL BE GLAD TO. BUT I DON'T KNOW VERY MUCH ABOUT...
KID, FORGIT YORE WORRIES. ME AN' MY BOYS WILL KEEP THIS TOWN UNDER CONTROL — AS YORE DEPUTIES!
IN THE LINE CABIN...
HE MAY PULL THROUGH — WITH LUCK! BUT SOMEONE HAS TO BE WITH HIM ALL THE TIME!!!
I STAY. I FEED HIM, TEND HIS WOUND!
THEN FOLLOWS A SERIES OF DARING RAIDS ON CATTLE RANCHES — ROBBERIES OF STAGECOACHES — HOLDUPS...
PROTESTING RANCHERS ARE DRAGGED BEFORE THE SCARECROW SHERIFF...
CATTLE RUSTLIN', ED! SHALL I LOCK HIM UP?
I DIDN'T RUSTLE! I WAS JUST PICKING UP SOME STRAYS...
ER — I GUESS YOU'D BETTER LOCK HIM UP, IF YOU SAY HE'S A REAL RUSTLER!
HIGH IN THE HILLS...
THOSE VILLAINS HAVE BEEN VISITING RANCHES AND DRAGGING OUT THE OWNERS! WHY? I'VE GOT TO RIDE INTO TOWN — AND LEARN WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM!
AN HOUR LATER, THE SHERIFF'S DOOR OPENS —
HUH? WHAT — ???
REWARD
WANTED
YAAAGGH!

TIM HOLT

IN THE SUDDEN DARKNESS THAT FOLLOWS THE SMASHING OF THE DESK LAMP, A GLOWING FIGURE CONFRONTS THE FEAR-FROZEN TENDERFOOT...
WHA-WHA-WHAT DO-DO YOU WANT?
SO YOU ARE THE NEW SHERIFF? I MIGHT HAVE GUESSED IT. THOSE VILLAINS WANT SOMEONE THEY CAN BULLY OR FOOL!



SLOWLY ED YARNELL'S EYELIDS FLUTTER. AS HE COMES UP OUT OF HIS SWOON, HARD WORDS POUR INTO HIS EARS. DAZEDLY HE NODS, AND THEN, SOME MINUTES LATER...



BUT TO THE GHOST RIDER'S ASTONISHMENT...
THE GHOST RIDER OPENED MY EYES. I'VE DONE WRONG UNKNOWINGLY, BUT I'D LIKE TO MAKE AMENDS. THOSE RANNIES ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE COPPER MINES TO MAKE A TRY FOR THE MINE PAYROLL!
COME ON, WE'LL GIT 'EM FOR ONCE AN' ALL!

THE POOR FOOL/HE MEANS WELL—BUT THOSE HARDENED GUNMEN WILL CUT HIM AND THOSE RANCHERS DOWN AS IF THEY WERE MADE OF WAX/ THOSE RANCHERS ARE MIDDLE-AGED AND OUT OF CONDITION. IT WILL BE MURDER!

TIM HOLT

THEIR RUTHLESS WORK AT THE MINE COMPLETED, THE MESA COLORADO BADMEN TURN THEIR SADDLERS HOMEWARD...
LOOK UP YONDER! AIN'T THAT OUR PAL, THE SCARECROW SHERIFF?
SHORE IS — AN' WHO'S HE GOT WITH HIM? BY THUNDER! IT'S THEM OLD RANCH OWNERS!
WE GOT 'EM ALL WHERE WE WANT 'EM!
SURE! FINISH 'EM ALL OFF! THEN WE CAN TAKE OVER THEIR RANCHES AND THE TOWN!
HIGH ABOVE THE MINE TRAIL, THE GRIM FORM OF THE GHOST RIDER STEPS BACK FROM AN EXPLODING STICK OF DYNAMITE! ROCKS AND STONE DEBRIS LEAP HIGH IN THE AIR — AND GO TUMBLING AND FALLING DOWNWARD...
YIELD, MEN OF EVIL! YIELD TO THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER! YIELD — OR PERISH!
TO HELP CONVINCE YOU...
YOWWP!
WE GOT 'EM! WE GOT 'EM ALL!
THANKS TO THE GHOST RIDER, SON! RECKON YUH'RE PLUMB GLAD HE SHOWED UP, HUH?
I SURE AM — ESPECIALLY SINCE I MEAN TO STAY ON AS DEPUTY AND HELP SHERIFF JACKSON TO MAKE UP FOR MY STUPIDITY! WITH HIS HELP, I KNOW I'LL MAKE A GOOD SHERIFF...
the end

MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, INC.
ME
anc

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

TIM HOLT

No. 15

10¢

In this issue
A Complete Story
of
THE GHOST RIDER

the GHOST RIDER

A WHITE FORM STREAKING THROUGH THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT! A THUD OF HOOVES IN THE EERIE STILLNESS! A SCREAM OF TERROR FROM A GUNMAN'S THROAT, A MOAN OF FRIGHT FROM A ROBBER'S LIPS — *THE GHOST RIDER ROAMS THE WASTELANDS!*

AND WHERE THE WHITE WARRIOR RIDES — EVIL DIES! EVEN THE EVIL OF THE RED RENEGADES WHO FOUGHT UNDER THE WHITE MAN WHO BETRAYED HIS OWN PEOPLE DIES BEFORE THE DREAD "*TERROR OF THE NIGHT!*"

DICK AYERS

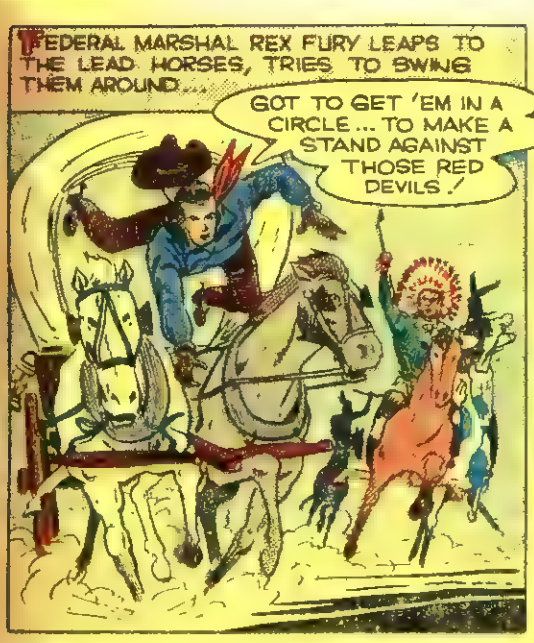
AS A WAGON TRAIN CRAWLS BETWEEN THE SAND HILLS SOUTH OF THE ARKANSAS RIVER, HEADING TOWARD SANTA FE, FEATHERED WAR BONNETS DANCE IN THE BREEZE AS A RED THROAT WHOOPS DEFIANCE ...

KIA! KIA!

AIELLLLAAA!

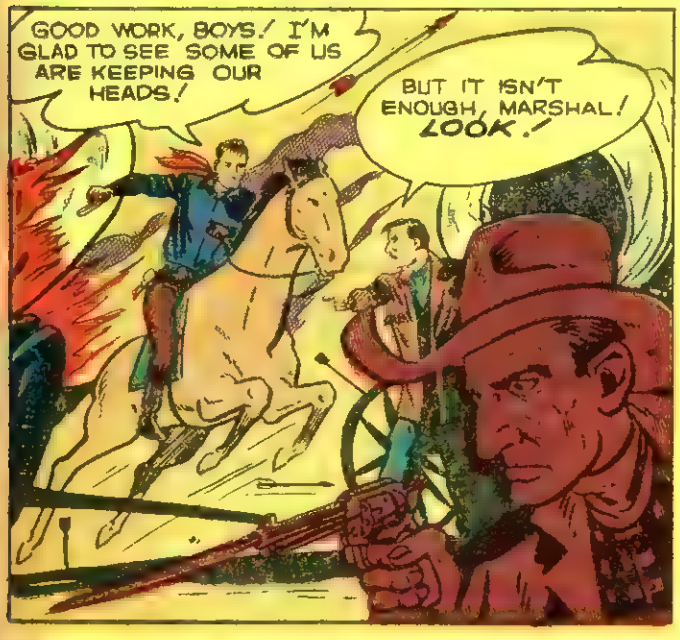
A BOWSTRING TWANGS! A HENRY RIFLE CRACKS VICIOUSLY. A MAN SCREAMS AS HE FALLS FROM THE LEAD WAGON...

AAAAGGGHHH!

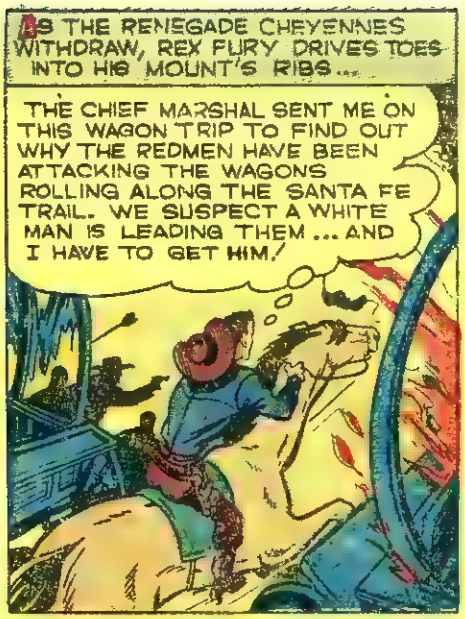

FEDERAL MARSHAL REX FURY LEAPS TO THE LEAD HORSES, TRIES TO SWING THEM AROUND...
GOT TO GET 'EM IN A CIRCLE... TO MAKE A STAND AGAINST THOSE RED DEVILS!

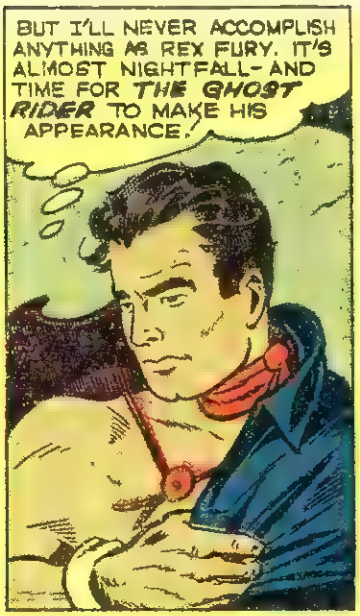
MARSHAL REX FURY'S HANDS DROP AND LIFT AS HE SWINGS UP ON TO THE INDIAN PONY. HIS THUMBS RELEASE HEAVY HAMMERS...

GRAB YORE MOUNTS! RUN FOR IT! THEM INJUNS WILL SCALP US ALL!
CORRAL THAT TALK, PROTHERO! EVEN IF YOU ARE WAGON BOSS – YOU MIGHT PANIC THESE PEOPLE INTO UTTER HELPLESSNESS!

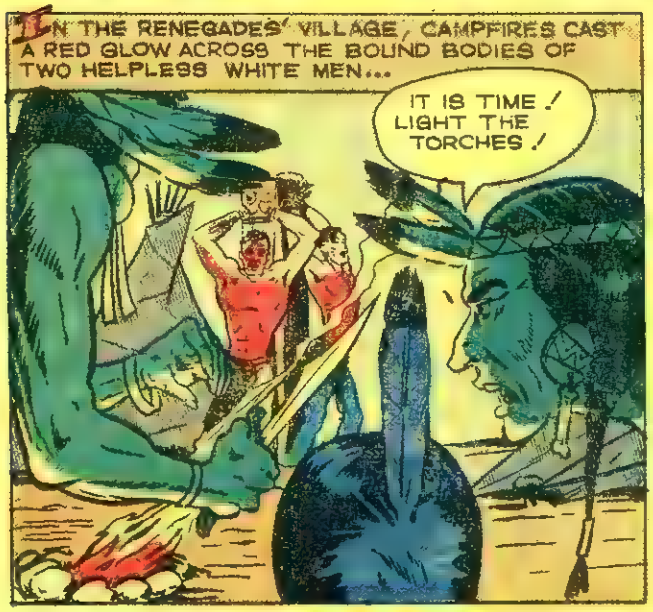


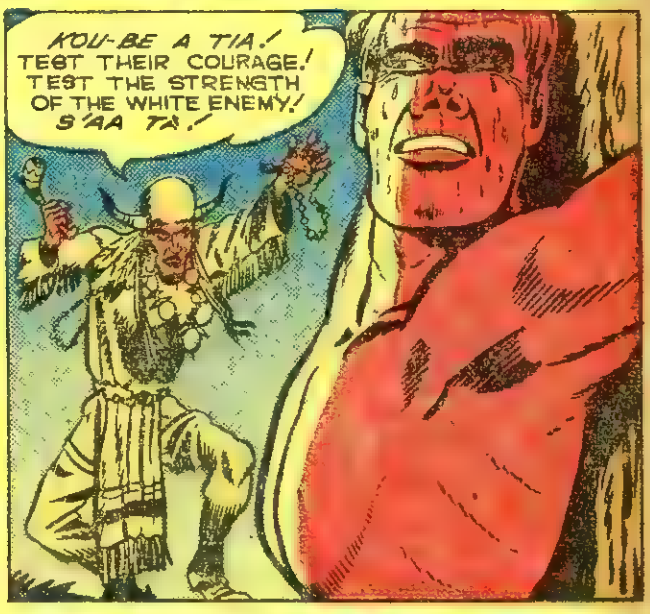
THOSE RED DEVILS HAVE KIDNAPPED PARSONS AND ELKINS – THE TWO MEN WHO HAVE ALL OUR CASH ON 'EM! REMEMBER HOW WE POOLED IT JUST IN CASE OF AN INJUN ATTACK?
YES, I REMEMBER – AND I REMEMBER WHO SUGGESTED IT, TOO! PROTHERO!


AS THE RENEGADE CHEYENNES WITHDRAW, REX FURY DRIVES TOES INTO HIS MOUNT'S RIBS...
THE CHIEF MARSHAL SENT ME ON THIS WAGON TRIP TO FIND OUT WHY THE REDMEN HAVE BEEN ATTACKING THE WAGONS ROLLING ALONG THE SANTA FE TRAIL. WE SUSPECT A WHITE MAN IS LEADING THEM ... AND I HAVE TO GET HIM!


BUT I'LL NEVER ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING AS REX FURY. IT'S ALMOST NIGHTFALL- AND TIME FOR THE GHOST RIDER TO MAKE HIS APPEARANCE.

AND, SECONDS LATER...


IN THE RENEGADES' VILLAGE, CAMPFIRES CAST A RED GLOW ACROSS THE BOUND BODIES OF TWO HELPLESS WHITE MEN...
IT IS TIME! LIGHT THE TORCHES!

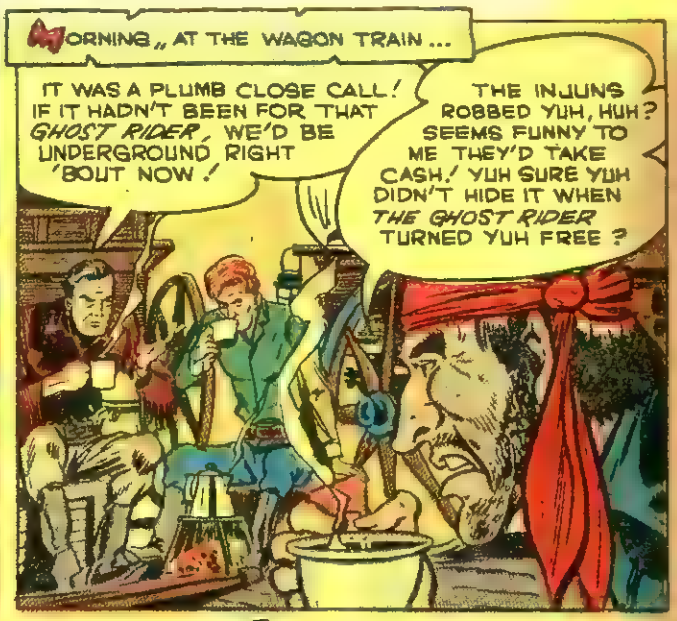

KOU-BE A TIA! TEST THEIR COURAGE! TEST THE STRENGTH OF THE WHITE ENEMY! S'AA TA!

WAVING LIGHTED TORCHES, KEEN KNIVES AND SHARP AXES, THE RENEGADES SWOOP DOWN ON THEIR VICTIMS WITH GUTTURAL SHOUTS!
KEEP YOUR CHIN HIGH, ABE. THIS IS GOIN' TO BE AWFUL ... BUT IT CAN'T LAST FOREVER!
AIAAA! AIIIAAAA!
KIA! KIA!
YEAH... I KNOW... =GULP=

TIM HOLT

CAUGHT UP BY HILLSIDE ECHOES, FLUNG FROM ROCK WALL TO CANYON BLUFF, A VOICE RINGS LOUD AND SOLEMN...
HOLD, CHILDREN OF EVIL! HE WHO WALKS THE NIGHT WIND SPEAKS!
THE GHOST RIDER!
HE COMES WITH THE BREEZE AND GOES WITH THE BREEZE!
AND HIS HAND SMITES ALL WHO WOULD STOP HIM!
COURAGE! COURAGE!
IT'S HIM, CHRIS—HIM THEY CALL THE GHOST WHO RIDES A LIVING HORSE!
THROWN AXES SEVER ROPES! TWO MIGHTY ARMS REACH DOWN...
NOW—JUMP!
HE WHO COMES FROM THE GRAVE IS GONE!
TAKING OUR PRISONERS WITH HIM!
YOU WILL FIND THE WAGON TRAIN BY GOING THROUGH THE PASS BETWEEN THE ROCKS. NOW, TELL ME—WHERE IS THE MONEY THE MEN GAVE YOU?
THE REDSKINS TOOK IT!
THAT'S RIGHT!
INDIANS HAVE NO USE FOR WHITE MEN'S MONEY! THEY WANT ONLY KNIVES AND BLANKETS AND BEADS! SEEMS LIKE WE WERE RIGHT AFTER ALL... THERE IS A WHITE MAN LEADING THEM. BUT—WHO?
4

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO IT IS. WHOEVER THE MAN MIGHT BE, HE HAS TO COME TO THE CHEYENNES TO COLLECT THE CASH – AND WHEN HE DOES... I WILL BE THERE!

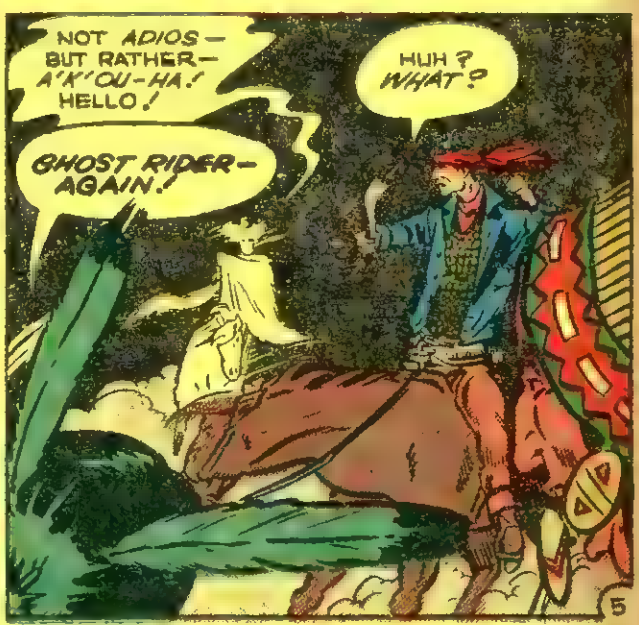

MORNING „ AT THE WAGON TRAIN...
IT WAS A PLUMB CLOSE CALL! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT GHOST RIDER, WE'D BE UNDERGROUND RIGHT 'BOUT NOW!
THE INJUNS ROBBED YUH, HUH? SEEMS FUNNY TO ME THEY'D TAKE CASH! YUH SURE YUH DIDN'T HIDE IT WHEN THE GHOST RIDER TURNED YUH FREE?

WHY, YUH MEALY-MOUTHED WINDBAG! I'D LIKE TO...!
GUILTY CONSCIENCE, HUH?
STOP IT! NO FIGHTIN' 'TWIXT OURSELVES!

JEST THE SAME, MEBBE I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK AT YORE BACK TRAIL! YUH MIGHT FOOL THEM OTHER HOMBRES „ BUT NOT ME!
GO AHEAD! HAVE A LOOK!

FOR HOURS, JEPH PROTHERO RODE INTO THE FOOTHILLS. TOWARD DUSK...
HOWDY, BOYS! HEARD YUH COULDN'T KEEP HOLD TO YORE PRISONERS!
THAT GHOST RIDER IS DEVIL!

HERE IS THE WHITE MAN'S GREEN MONEY! BAH! WHAT GOOD IS PAINTED PAPER?
GOOD ENOUGH FER ME. YUH'LL FIND PLENTY OF TRADE GOODS FER YUH AN' YORE BRAVES BACK AT THE WAGON CAMP. I'M LEAVIN' IT UNDER THE REMAINS OF THE BURNED WAGONS! ADIOS, CHIEF!


NOT ADIOS – BUT RATHER– A'A''OU-HA! HELLO!
HUH? WHAT?
GHOST RIDER– AGAIN!

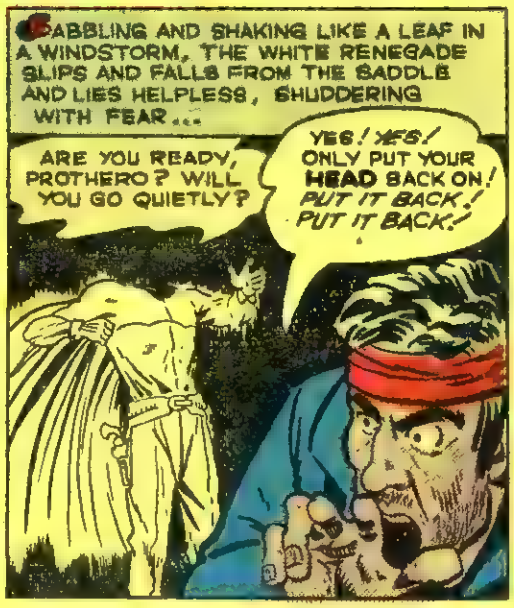
TIM HOLT

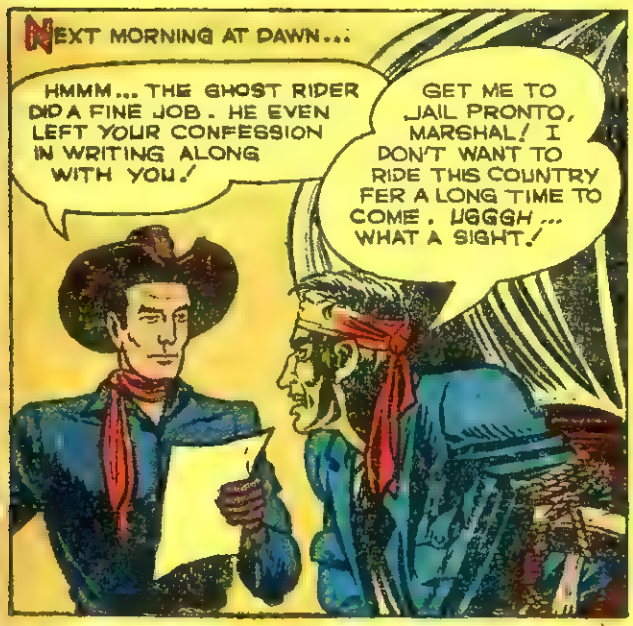
HE WHO RIDES THE WIND!
FLEE! FLEE!
THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS! I'LL SALIVATE HIM WITH LEAD!

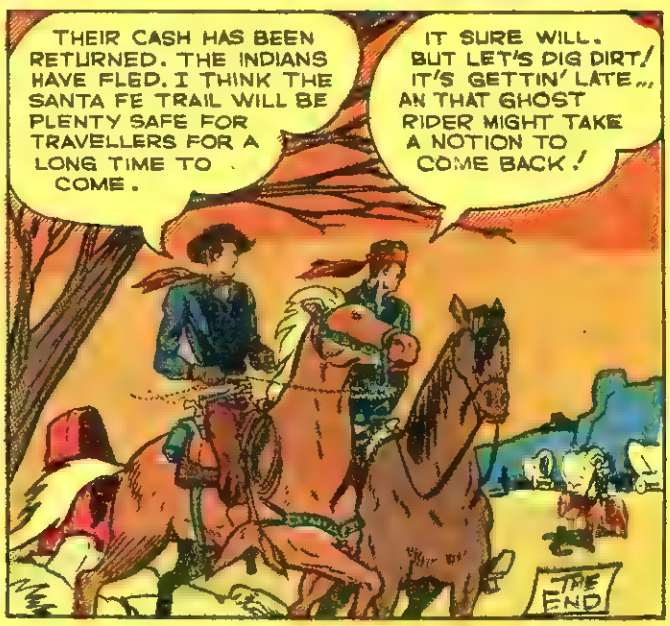
AND THEN — BEFORE JEPH PROTHERO'S BULGING EYES AND SWEATING FACE — THE SPECTRAL HORSEMAN FADES FROM SIGHT EXCEPT FOR...
YAAEEOOEEL!
HE'S GONE AN' LOST — HIS BODY!

HAND SHAKING CRAZILY, PROTHERO PUMPS LEAD MADLY — AND WILDLY!
FLIPPING OVER THE BLACK LINING OF MY CLOAK CAN GIVE SOME PRETTY WEIRD EFFECTS! NOW I'LL USE IT ANOTHER WAY...!
BLAM!
BLAM!

NO! LAND O' GOSHEN! GO AWAY!
I AM YOUR DOOM, JEPH PROTHERO! COME WITH ME!


GABBLING AND SHAKING LIKE A LEAF IN A WINDSTORM, THE WHITE RENEGADE SLIPS AND FALLS FROM THE SADDLE AND LIES HELPLESS, SHUDDERING WITH FEAR...
ARE YOU READY, PROTHERO? WILL YOU GO QUIETLY?
YES! YES! ONLY PUT YOUR HEAD BACK ON! PUT IT BACK! PUT IT BACK!


NEXT MORNING AT DAWN...
HMMM... THE GHOST RIDER DID A FINE JOB. HE EVEN LEFT YOUR CONFESSION IN WRITING ALONG WITH YOU!
GET ME TO JAIL PRONTO, MARSHAL! I DON'T WANT TO RIDE THIS COUNTRY FER A LONG TIME TO COME. UGGGH... WHAT A SIGHT!


THEIR CASH HAS BEEN RETURNED. THE INDIANS HAVE FLED. I THINK THE SANTA FE TRAIL WILL BE PLENTY SAFE FOR TRAVELLERS FOR A LONG TIME TO COME.
IT SURE WILL. BUT LET'S DIG DIRT! IT'S GETTIN' LATE... AN THAT GHOST RIDER MIGHT TAKE A NOTION TO COME BACK!
THE END

MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, INC.
ME
anc

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

TIM HOLT

No. 16

10¢

In this issue:

Another exciting adventure of the GHOST RIDER!

the GHOST RIDER

OUT OF THE GREED AND FURY THAT WAS THE OLD WEST, SOUNDS THE GALLOPING HOOVES OF A GREAT WHITE STALLION, AND ON HIS BACK A GLOWING FIGURE — GHOSTLY, WEIRD, SPECTRAL! FROM THE THROATS OF GOLD-GREEDY MEN, FROM THE RAW LIPS OF KILLERS AND OUTLAWS — A CRY OF FEAR RISES SHRILLY! THEY KNOW THIS MAN! THEY KNOW HIM FOR —

THE GHOST OF THE GHOST TOWN!

ON AN EARLY SPRING MORNING, REX FURY REINS IN AFTER A HOT TRIP ACROSS THE SUN-ROASTED SANDS OF A SOUTHWESTERN DESERT. AS MAN AND MOUNT SIP THE COOL WATERS OF A SPRING, A WINCHESTER SPANGS A BULLET OFF A ROCK!

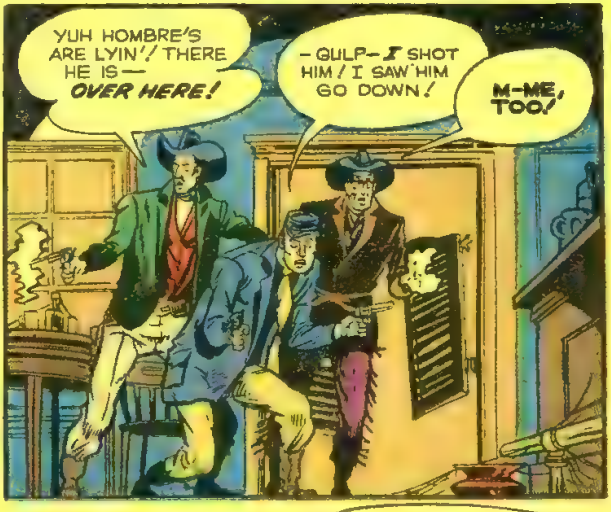
TIM HOLT

HUH! THEY'RE MIGHTY PERSISTENT! RECKON I'VE STEPPED ON SOMEBODY'S TOES — OR MAYBE SOMEBODY'S HOLED UP HERE FROM THE LAW AND KNOWS I'M A FEDERAL MARSHAL...!
DIG DIRT, SPECTRE! FIRST THING YOU KNOW THOSE HOMBRES WILL SURROUND ME — AN' I'LL HAVE TO KILL ONE OF THEM!
BUT AS THE POWERFUL WHITE STALLION FLEES, THE THUNDER OF DISTANT HOOFBEATS ECHOES HIS OWN...
SHADES OF NIGHT! THEY'RE SURE PERSISTENT! WHAT DID WE EVER DO TO THEM, SPECTRE! WELL, IF THEY WANT TO RUN — WE'LL SET A FAST PACE!
MAN AND HORSE RACE MADLY ACROSS THE WASTELANDS, UNTIL, AT DUSK, SPECTRE'S HOOFS BRAKE TO A GLIDING HALT BEFORE AN ABANDONED SALOON IN A DISMAL GHOST TOWN...
THEY'RE STILL AFTER ME. MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA FOR REX FURY TO VANISH —!
— AND IN HIS PLACE — WILL APPEAR —
THE GHOST RIDER!
HE WENT IN HERE!
COME ON! WE'LL SMOKE HIM OUT!
CARRY HIM OUT, YUH MEAN!
MESA SALOON

BOOTS THUMP ON THE DUSTY FLOOR! HARSH VOICES SNARL IN TRIUMPH. AND THEN — A SHOCKED SILENCE — BROKEN ONLY BY A MAN'S SOB OF FEAR!
ULP! A-A-A HEAD! W/-WITHOUT A B-B-BODY!

L-LOOK! THERE HE IS!
IT'S THET COWPOKE PLAYIN' TRICKS ON US! I'LL BRING HIM DOWN!

I DONE GOT HIM! HE'S GONE!
YOU MISSED HIM! HE'S OVER ON THIS SIDE OF THE ROOM!


YUH HOMBRE'S ARE LYIN'! THERE HE IS — OVER HERE!
— GULP — I SHOT HIM! I SAW HIM GO DOWN!
M-ME, TOO!

HE-HE-HE WAS DEAD!
BUT HE-HE KEPT COMIN' BACK TO LIFE!
IT WAS A GHOST, I TELL YUH! THE GHOST OF — THIS GHOST TOWN!

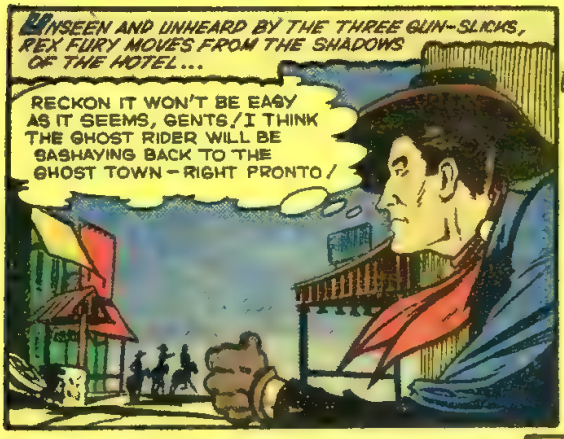
ODD WHAT TRICKS A MAN'S IMAGINATION CAN DO TO HIM — WITH THE HELP OF SOME MIRRORS, MY COSTUME, AND MY BLACK LARIAT!
... HMMM ... THAT BLUE DIRT! WHERE DID I PICK THAT UP?

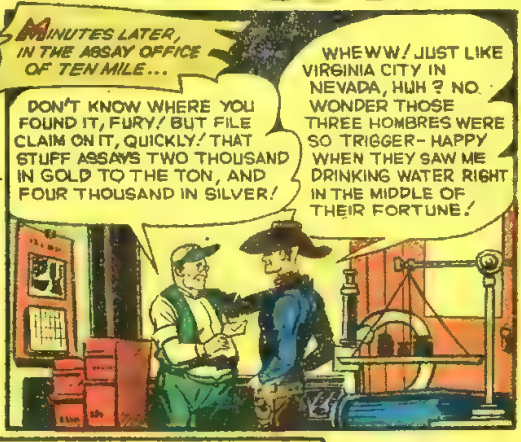
I'VE SEEN BLUE CLAY LIKE THIS BEFORE. WHERE? ... WHY, OF COURSE — I'M JUST BEGINNING TO SEE THE REASON WHY THEY WERE CHUCKING LEAD AT ME. THEY KNOW WHAT THIS STUFF IS, TOO!
3

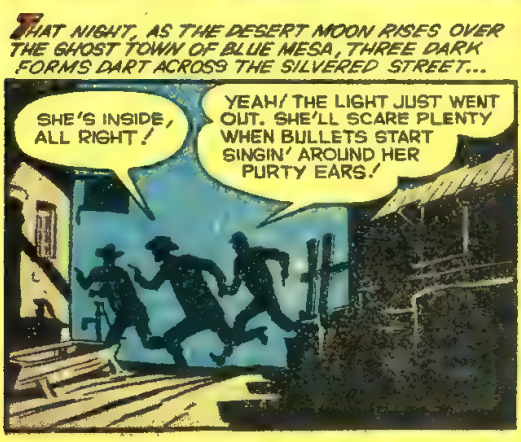
TIM HOLT

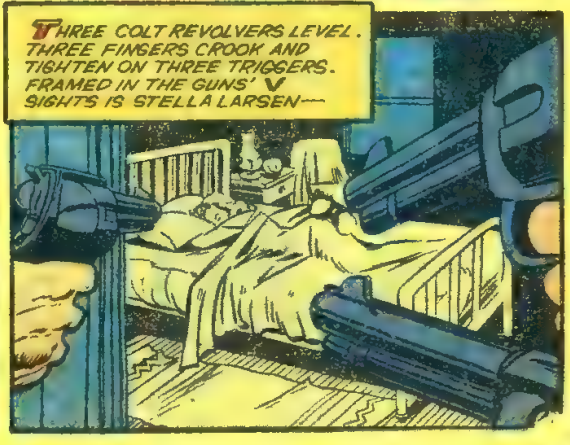
TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE COW TOWN OF TEN MILE, PRETTY STELLA LARSEN IS TALKING OF THAT SAME GHOST TOWN...
LARSEN, HUH? ANY RELATION TO OLD ED LARSEN WHO USED TO OWN A HOTEL OVER IN BLUE MESA, THE GHOST TOWN...
I'M HIS NIECE. I INHERITED THE SALOON THERE, AND THE LAND AROUND IT.

INHERITED THE SALOON? SAY— YUH AIN'T FIGGERIN' ON GOIN' THERE, ARE YUH? THEY SAY IT'S HA'NTED. THREE RIDERS COME IN LAST NIGHT SHAKIN' 'CAUSE THEY SEEN A GHOST — A REAL LIVE GHOST./
NONSENSE, SIR./ BUT THANK YOU, ANYHOW.
YUH HEAR THET? SHE'S HEADED OUT TO THAT TOWN./
A GHOST I DON'T MIND SO MUCH. ME DON'T WANT WHAT WE DO. BUT SHE WILL— 'CAUSE SHE OWNS IT./
WELL, LET'S HIGHTAIL IT AFTER HER./ WE CAN GET RID OF A FEMALE, EASY./


UNSEEN AND UNHEARD BY THE THREE GUN-SLICKS, REX FURY MOVES FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE HOTEL...
RECKON IT WON'T BE EASY AS IT SEEMS, GENTS./ I THINK THE GHOST RIDER WILL BE SASHAYING BACK TO THE GHOST TOWN — RIGHT PRONTO./


MINUTES LATER, IN THE ASSAY OFFICE OF TEN MILE...
DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU FOUND IT, FURY./ BUT FILE CLAIM ON IT, QUICKLY./ THAT STUFF ASSAYS TWO THOUSAND IN GOLD TO THE TON, AND FOUR THOUSAND IN SILVER./
WHEWW./ JUST LIKE VIRGINIA CITY IN NEVADA, HUH? NO WONDER THOSE THREE HOMBRES WERE SO TRIGGER-HAPPY WHEN THEY SAW ME DRINKING WATER RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THEIR FORTUNE./


THAT NIGHT, AS THE DESERT MOON RISES OVER THE GHOST TOWN OF BLUE MESA, THREE DARK FORMS DART ACROSS THE SILVERED STREET...
SHE'S INSIDE, ALL RIGHT./
YEAH/ THE LIGHT JUST WENT OUT. SHE'LL SCARE PLENTY WHEN BULLETS START SINGIN' AROUND HER PURTY EARS./


THREE COLT REVOLVERS LEVEL. THREE FINGERS CROOK AND TIGHTEN ON THREE TRIGGERS. FRAMED IN THE GUNS' 'V' SIGHTS IS STELLA LARSEN—

TIM HOLT

YEEOOOWW!
A-A-A HAND JUST FLOATIN' THERE IN THE AIR!
NOT JUST A HAND! A HAND — WITH A CLUB!
THUD!
I'M GETTIN' OUT O' HERE! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THET WOMAN WAS A GHOST, TOO!
ARE YOU GOING SOMEPLACE, HOMBRE?
MMMGGHHH!
OH, I SEE! YOU'RE GOING ON A — TRIP!
TH-THE GHOST AGAIN!
I AIN'T COMIN' BACK TO THIS TOWN ANYMORE!
Yiiii!
NEXT MORNING —
THAT'S RIGHT, MA'M! I FOUND BLUE CLAY AND HAD IT ASSAYED. IT ADDS UP TO A FORTUNE — AND IT'S ALL YOURS!
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IF YOU FOUND IT... ISN'T IT YOURS? THERE WAS SO MUCH EXCITEMENT LAST NIGHT — I'M SURE THREE MEN CAME INTO MY ROOM... BUT... I'M ALL UPSET!
NO NEED TO BE UPSET, MA'M. THE FORTUNE IS ON YOUR LAND. THOSE THREE HOMBRES WHO CAME HERE LAST NIGHT WANT IT. THEY THOUGHT TO SCARE YOU OUT AN' GET IT THEMSELVES! FILE CLAIM ON IT AN' YOU'VE GOT 'EM BEATEN!
I SEE. I'LL RIDE AT ONCE AND — THANK YOU!
MESA SALOON

TIM HOLT

THE GHOST TOWN OF BLUE MESA IS MANY MILES FROM TEN MILE. THE WAY IS LONG AND HOT. TOWARD SUNSET, STELLA LARSEN MOVES THROUGH BUZZARD PASS, UNAWARE THAT THE THREE GUN SLICKS HAVE RACED BEYOND HER—

HERE SHE COMES NOW!

SHOOT HER DOWN! REMEMBER—THAT GHOST AIN'T HERE—SO, LET'S RIDE!

LESS THAN A MILE BEHIND STELLA, REX FURY HAS SHADOWED HER ALL DAY LONG. NOW HE SPURS FORWARD AS— THE GHOST RIDER!

THOSE THREE OWLHOOTS—ON THAT RIDGE UP AHEAD! SPURRING DOWN TOWARDS THAT GIRL!

IT'S HIM AGAIN—THE GHOST!

STOP TALKIN'—SHOOT!

SUDDENLY—AS THE OUTLAWS SHUDDER IN FRIGHT AND AWE—THE GHOST RIDER LOSES HIS HEAD!

Yiiiiii!

MY HAND IS SHAKIN' SO MUCH—I CAN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT!

STARTLED AND SPOOKED, THE OUTLAWS' HORSES START BUCKING, WITH SHRILL WHINNIES OF FEAR...

A BLACK LARIAT! I'VE HEARD OF YOU! YOU'RE THE—THE GHOST RIDER!

YES, MA'M! AND NOW—IF YOU'LL DO ME A FAVOR...

CONTINUE ON INTO TEN MILE! TELL THE SHERIFF THREE OUTLAWS WHO TRIED TO KILL YOU AND STEAL YOUR CLAIM TO THAT GOLD AND SILVER-BEARING GROUND ARE HERE—JUST WAITING TO BE THROWN INTO JAIL!

I'LL DO IT, GHOST RIDER! AND—ALIVE OR DEAD—I'M GLAD YOU'RE MY FRIEND...!

The End

MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, INC.
No. 17

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

TIM HOLT

10¢

in this issue

2 thrilling tales of THE GHOST RIDER!

Read "The Hooks of Horror!"

TIM HOLT

the GHOST RIDER

THE GHOST RIDER, SPECTRAL NEMESIS OF JUSTICE, BRINGS ANOTHER CRIMINAL TO THE END OF A KILLER'S CAREER. STRIKING NERVE-CURDLING TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF HIS ENEMIES, THE GHOST RIDER TAKES HIS SKILLFUL KNOWLEDGE OF THE MINDS OF MEN—AND ADDS IT TO THE WHIP OF GUILTY CONSCIENCE IN *"SCOURGE OF GUILT!"*

THE DEAD ONES RISE TO CONDEMN YOUR CRIME, MURDERER!

GHOSTS! GHOSTS! GHOSTS!

Citizens of Dry Rock— Sheriff Cal Banner was murdered in cold blood! I will not rest until I bring his killer to justice.
The Ghost Rider

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

HMMPH!

TIM HOLT

YI YI YI YI YI YI

HA HA HA!

ME THINKEE CERTAIN TWO BULLIES EARNING MUCH NEEDED KICK IN PANTS!

JEB CALVERT ATTORNEY AT LAW

ME, I'M SPIKE!

AN' I'M MIKE! YUH SENT FER US?

YES - AH, YES! SIT DOWN, GENTLEMEN!

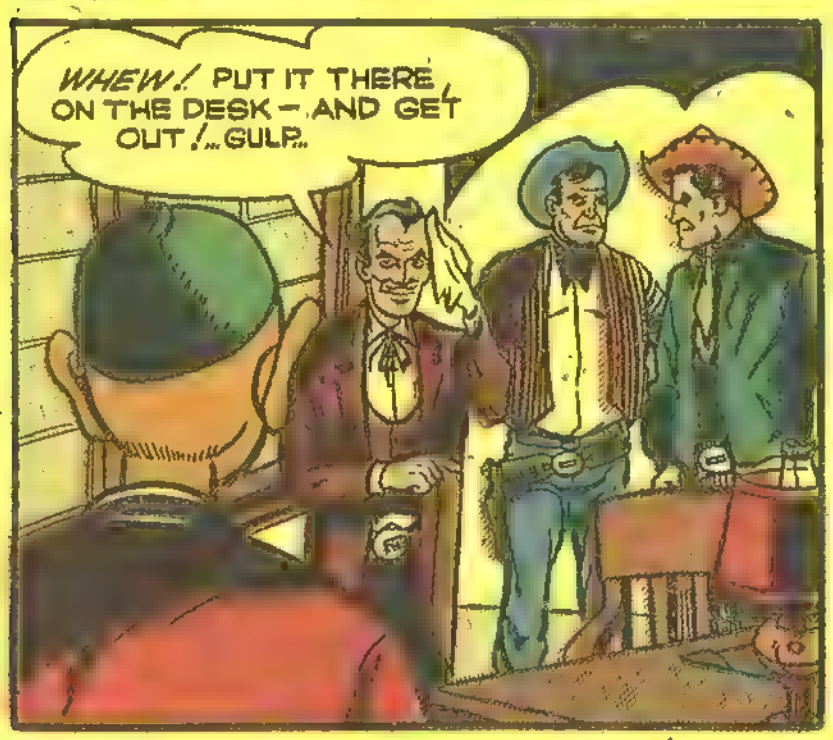
I SENT FOR YOU BECAUSE OF YOUR FINE REPUTATION AS THE *ROUGHEST, TOUGHEST* GUNRIDERS IN THE TERRITORY. NO ONE CAN MATCH YOUR *STRENGTH*, YOUR UTTER *FEARLESSNESS*! BOTH OF YOU ARE *DELIGHTFULLY CRUEL*!

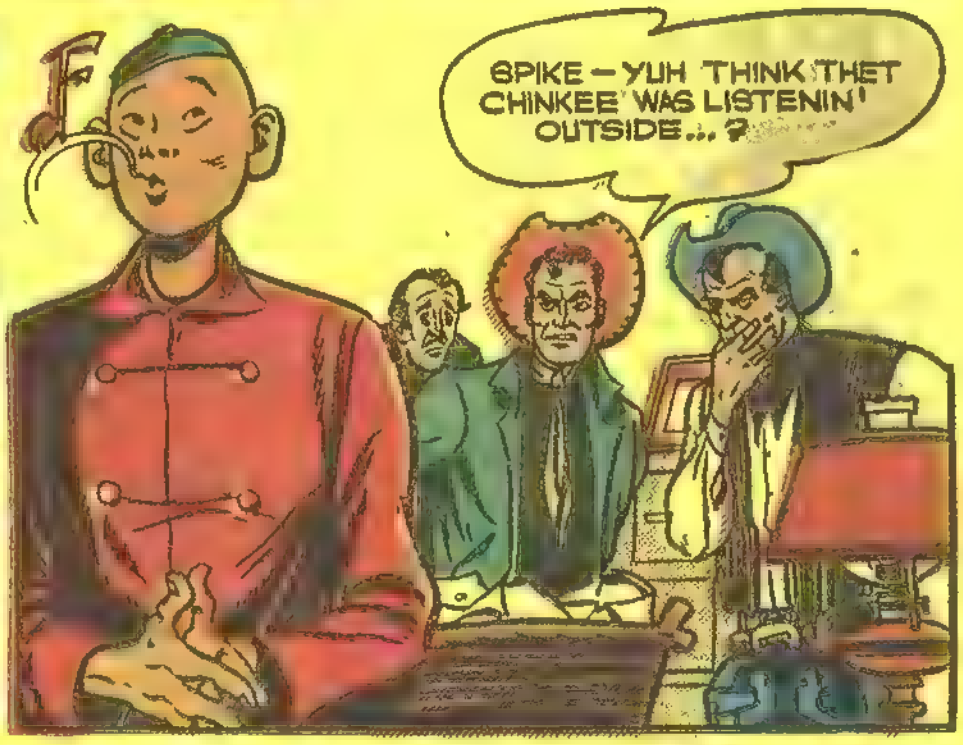
WAL - WE *TRY*!

I NEED YOUR PROTECTION — AND I'LL PAY YOU WELL! YOU SEE, **I'M** THE ONE WHO KILLED SHERIFF BANNER. I HAD TO GET RID OF HIM WHEN HE FOUND ME FAKING A LAND TITLE. YOU PROBABLY KNOW ALREADY THAT THE GHOST RIDER HAS PLEDGED TO AVENGE THE SHERIFF...?

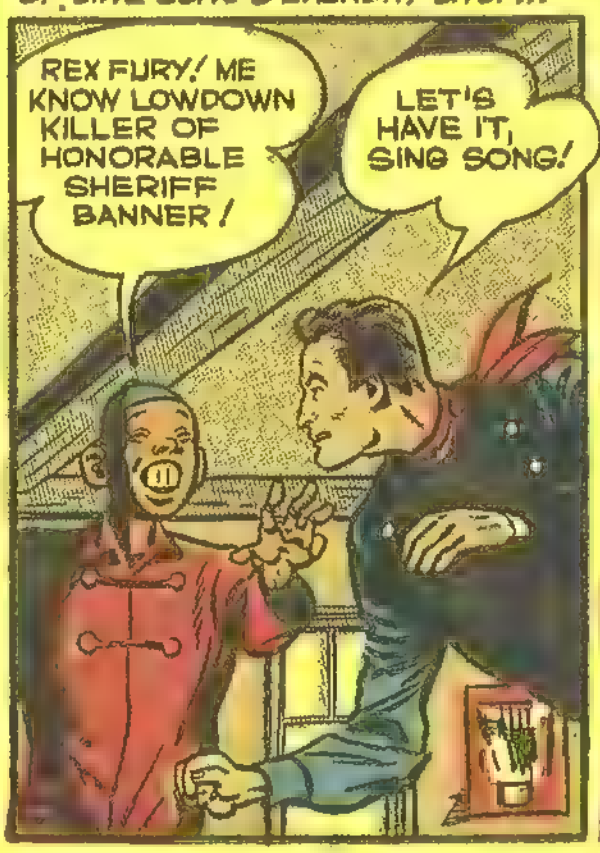
TIM HOLT

HEH-HEH! NATURALLY, I'M NOT *AFRAID* OF THE GHOST RIDER. I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, PERSONALLY — NOT AT *ALL!* BUT, WELL — YOU KNOW HOW IT IS — JUST IN CASE — NOT THAT I'M THE SLIGHTEST BIT AFRAID, YOU KNOW, BUT...





AND IN THE SECRET BACK ROOM OF SING SONG'S LAUNDRY SHOP...



SING SONG LISTEN-HEAR AT KEYHOLE, HEAR JEB CALVERT CONFESS HIM MURDER SHERIFF! HIM HIRE TWO BIG GIANT BULLIES FOR PROTECTION! HIM MUCH FRIGHTED OF GHOST RIDER!
SO...!

TIM HOLT

BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OVER, THEY'LL **ALL** HAVE GOOD REASON TO FEAR THE GHOST RIDER!

OH MY, OH ME — WARM-HOT TIME IN OLD TOWN TONIGHT, YOU BETCHA!

THAT NIGHT — AT THE LOST GAP HOTEL ...

GIT YORE WARBAG PACKED, SPIKE. WE'RE DUE OUT TUH CALVERT'S RANCH TONIGHT TUH BEGIN THIS HERE PER-TECTION JOB!

RIGHT! SAY D YUH FIGGER THIS GHOST RIDER TO BE A' REAL LIVE SPOOK?

NOW WHUT KIND O' TALK IS THET? THAR AIN'T NO SECH THING AS SPOOKS! YUH TURNIN' SOFT ON ME?

AW, I WUZ JIST FUNNIN', PARDNER! IT'LL TAKE A HEAP SIGHT MORE'N A OLD SPOOK TUH SKEER *ME!*

BUT, SUDDENLY!

HEY! WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?

THE GHOST RIDER!

IT IS I — HE WHO RIDES IN DARKNESS, IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT, AND THE GLOOM OF THE GRAVE!

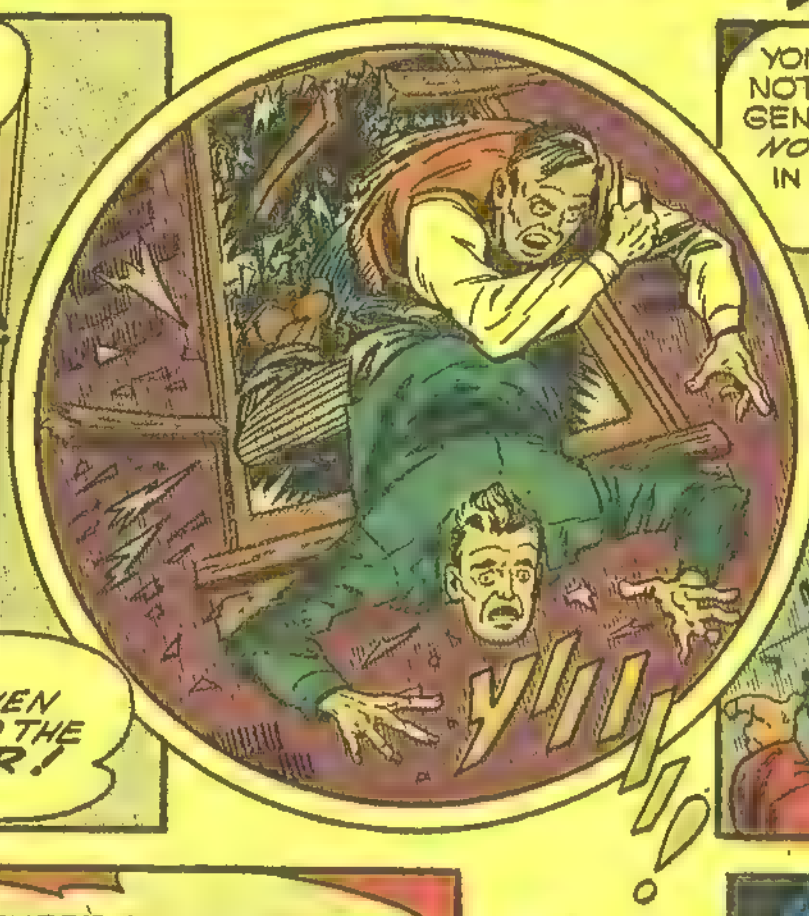
DIDYA GIT 'IM?

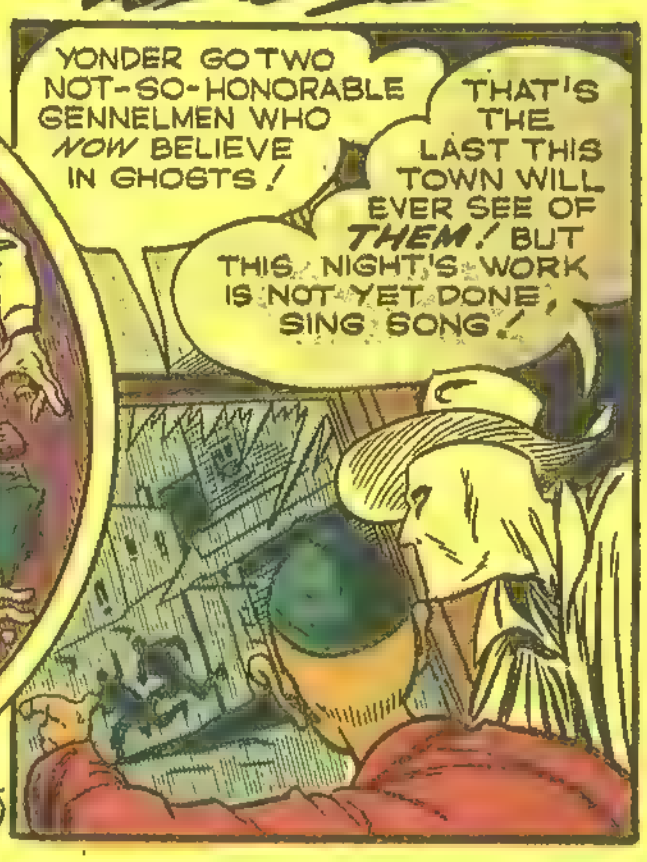
YUH KIDDIN'? AFORE I EVEN STARTED SHOOTIN', HE JIST SORTA — GULP — *DISAPPEARED!*

'THE BLACK SIDE OF MY CAPE CERTAINLY COMES IN HANDY FOR THE OLD VANISHING ACT! BUT, NOW TO WORK ...

THOUGH I BE INVISIBLE, STUPID ONES — THOUGH I BE OF MIST AND SPIRIT — **STILL** YOU MAY FEEL MY FISTS!

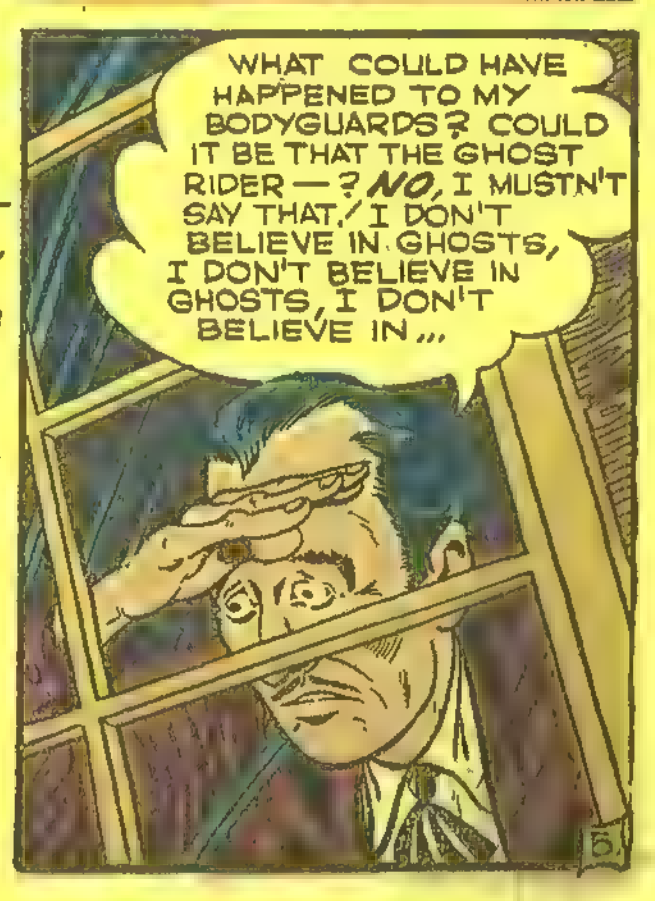
TIM HOLT




YONDER GO TWO NOT-SO-HONORABLE GENNELMEN WHO NOW BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!
THAT'S THE LAST THIS TOWN WILL EVER SEE OF THEM! BUT THIS NIGHT'S WORK IS NOT YET DONE, SING SONG!

THE GHOST RIDER KNOWS THE MINDS OF MEN— FOR FEAR CLOSES ITS ICY FIST AROUND JEB CALVERT'S HEART...

AT CALVERT'S RANCHHOUSE ...


WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO MY BODYGUARDS? COULD IT BE THAT THE GHOST RIDER — ? NO, I MUSTN'T SAY THAT! I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, I DON'T BELIEVE IN ...

TIM HOLT

THE GHOST RIDER! AI-EE-EE-EE-EE-EE!

I HAVE COME FOR YOU, MURDERER OF SHERIFF BANNER! YOU MAY FLEE TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH, BUT YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME!

NO! HE'LL NEVER GET ME! NEVER! I'LL RIDE TO DEVIL'S HOLE — NO ONE KNOWS THAT SPOT BUT ME!

I LOST HIM! SAFE! (SOB) SAFE AT LAST!

JEB CALVERT! EVEN FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE DEEPEST WATERS I COME! CONFESS YOUR CRIME, JEB CALVERT!

NO! NO! NO! NO!

I'LL KILL YOU FIRST! I'LL GET YOU—I'LL GET YOU!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

YOU CANNOT KILL THE ALREADY DEAD, JEB CALVERT!

HE'S STILL THERE! I'M GOING MAD, MAD! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY, GOT TO...!

THAT BOOK ON VENTRILOQUISM I SENT FOR CERTAINLY CAME IN HANDY. HE WAS SO SCARED IT NEVER OCCURRED TO HIM THAT WHAT HE SAW WAS MY *REFLECTION* FROM UP HERE!

TIM HOLT

GRAZED WITH FEAR AND GUILT, CALVERT TWISTS AND TURNS IN HIS MAD FLIGHT — BUT IT SEEMS THE GHOST RIDER IS EVERYWHERE.

NO LONGER ABLE TO REASON SANELY, HE CLIMBS A SILO.

I'LL BE SAFE UP HERE! ONLY WAY UP IS THIS LADDER AND I CAN DEFEND THAT!

NOW, THAT'S A CRAZY THING FOR HIM TO DO — THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO BEAT HIM TO THE TOP OF THAT SILO.

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LOOP MY LARIAT OVER THAT WINCH ARM UP THERE — AND LET MY HORSE, SPECTRE, PULL ONE END...

...AND I GET LIFTED UP LIKE A BALE OF HAY. MY LARIAT, BEING SPECIALLY DYED BLACK, IS *INVISIBLE* — CALVERT WILL THINK I'M FLYING!

HIGH OR LOW, STILL I COME, JEB CALVERT! CONFESS! GIVE UP!

THIS FIEND *FLIES!* HE IS A GHOST! THERE'S NO USE GOING ON — NO USE LIVING! I'LL JUMP!

NO, JEB CALVERT! WE WILL GO DOWN TOGETHER!

AAAA!

AND WE'LL GO BACK TO TOWN AND TO JUSTICE TOGETHER!

HERE HE IS, CITIZENS — THE MURDERER OF SHERIFF BANNER! THE GHOST RIDER NEVER FAILS!

YES, I *DID* IT! I *DID* IT! JAIL ME, KILL ME. — ANYTHING! JUST GET ME AWAY FROM THIS FIEND!

IT IS DONE!

The Ghost Rider

TIM HOLT

JIM THURLOW shifted his weight in the Pueblo saddle so that the stiff leather creaked. He put a shaking hand to his blue shirt and rubbed the sweat off his palm. He was afraid: afraid of the lurking *something* that lay in the timbered slopes of the Horsehead Mountains, all around him, afraid of the fate that might await him as it had awaited so many others. Even the weight of his heavy Colt revolver against his thigh brought no reassurance.

A dead man lay huddled in a crushed cactus at the hoofs of his bay gelding. The dead man had been a friend, a little rancher with whom he had laughed back in Natahatchi. On his face was the burned imprint of a branding iron in the shape of a hook. The dead man was the fifth such man that Jim Thurlowe had found in the last two months.

"Might be I was plumb hasty in takin' over this marshal job," he told the gelding. "Now I got to go on up there — back into the high hills — and try to learn what hombre is stampin' dead men with a hook iron."

He eased himself out of the kak and lifted down a short spade from his saddle roll. He dug a shallow grave and covered it with stones. Then he drew a sleeve across his damp forehead and squinted thoughtfully at the setting sun.

"Don't cotton to the idea of bein' alone up here at night, but I reckon I can't ride back down to Natahatchi without some sort of action to show for my ride. Folks have been askin' embarrassin' questions about me, lately. They want to know who's been doin' all the killin' and brandin' up here on Horsehead."

Sighing, Thurlowe stepped into the stirrup and swung up. He eased the bay forward under the firs and the cedars, moving steadily upward along a carpet of fallen pine needles. As he rode, he loosened the revolver in its holster at his side.

The killings—all five of them, all with the hook brand etched into their faces with a red-hot branding iron—had begun a litle over two months ago. Prior to the first killing, the small ranchers on the slopes of Horsehead Mountain had reported cattle missing. There had been no clues as to where they had gone, but one rancher told Thurlowe that he was "fixin' to ride straight up old Horsehead. Them steers got to be somewhere. If they ain't below my spread, they sure got to be above it!" Two days later, the rancher's body, riddled with shells and branded on the cheek, had been discovered.

"It was right after that when the folks got scared," the marshall brooded. "Two other hombres turned up the same way—shot and branded! Those hooks on their faces—burned deep! Hooks of horror, everybody called 'em."

And now old Ed Silliman lay in a shallow grave, back there a few miles. Number five in the hook-brand mystery! A cold wind came down out of the Horsehead pines and made

Jim Thurlowe shiver. Would he be—*number six?*

He was bending his head to pass under the curving branch of a giant conifer when something thin and wet whipped across his face—

Jim Thurlowe screamed. Whatever it was stung and bit, and clung like a living thing to his chin and throat! After a moment it slipped down off his chin, circling his neck. It tightened, squeezing! Thurlowe heard a low roaring in his ears, saw tiny red globes of pain swim up before his staring eyes!

His hands clawed at the thing. In the darkness he had not recognized it. Now his fingers knew it as a lariat, dipped in water. And then, just when his fingers were ripping at it to loosen it, the red pain swam up all around him, knocking him backwards into a roaring blackness. . . .

Jim Thurlowe opened his eyes to the red dance of a campfire. Three men were watching him carefully, their cruel little eyes bright in the firelight. One was an Indian with black, dank hair framing his flat, coppery face, his muscular arms bare and long. The others were heavy-browed, their faces revealing the greeds and hungers that directed their every move. In them, Thurlowe recognized typical outlaws.

One of the white men, a man with a dotted neckerchief hanging around his neck, kicked suddenly at a branding iron buried in the glowing red logs of the fire. His grin was sly.

He asked, "Yuh been shadowin' us long enough to have known yore way in an' out of these hills, lawman! We're plumb surprised yuh fell into our little trap."

To speak hurt his throat, but Jim Thurlowe forced his words. "Shadow you? I've never been on these heights before."

The other white man, a slight beard hiding his jaw and mouth, stepped across the edge of the fire and drove a fist into Thurlowe's face. "Don't lie to us, marshal. It ain't healthy! We ain't babes in these woods. We've heard yuh out there, spyin' on us. But even the 'breed couldn't find yuh! What's yore secret? We sure nuff aim to learn it. Might come in handy, eh, Hal?"

The man with the spotted neckerchief laughed. "Sure will, 'specially when we move down onto the flats some night to rustle off some more beef."

The Indian moved, bending forward, staring with his flat black eyes into the bright flames. He grunted in satisfaction. "Brand hot now. Make good mark."

Jim Thurlowe froze. His muscles tensed against the ropes that bound him to a big stake. His eyes were drawn by the brand as by a magnet. "You—you aren't fixin' to mark me —with that?"

The man with the beard slid around behind Thurlowe and looped another lariat over his arms and neck. The knot of the noose pressed the back of his neck. A savage voice grated in his ear, "Thet's just what we do aim to do, hombre! We don't want no folks climbin' this mountain! If we want folks to see us, we'll come down—fer their cattle. Haw! Haw! Redman—grab holt of that iron. Git a move on!"

The breed bent forward, lifted the hot red brand. The man behind Thurlowe tensed his powerful body as Jim prepared to struggle.

And then—

The night came alive with sound!

A horse was thundering through the underbrush—a great giant of a white stallion, mane flying in the breeze, hooves thudding on the hard ground! In the saddle, swaying easily to the mad pace of the white horse—black emptiness! *Nothing!*

A cry broke from the lips of the petrified half-breed! He dropped the branding iron and tried to run. But the man with the spotted neckerchief was thrusting him aside. The white horse hit the two of them with his chest and sent them reeling, screaming with pain and fright, onto the blazing fire.

A pale, glowing hand moved from the darkness on top of the stallion—reached down and seemed to bury itself in the shoulder of the man behind Thurlowe—lifted the man and flung him violently aside!

Jim Thurlowe needed only a few seconds to shuck off the ropes that bound him. His hand clawed for his gun on a nearby stool. He whirled, gun in hand—

Now the man that bestrode the white stallion was visible. He was white and shining, as a ghost might be. In his hand a long black whip, almost invisible in the night, lay coiled. Thurlowe gulped in sudden awe. "You—I know *you!* Men call you—*the Ghost Rider!*"

A deep, sonorous voice answered him. "That is right. I have been watching these men for some days. They heard me, but could not see me. I have marked their hiding places, their cattle grazelands, on this map— together with a record of the men they have killed. Take it. Take the men to town. See that they pay—at the end of a hangman's noose!"

Jim Thurlowe reached out for the papers the mysterious rider was handing him. Then, with a catch at his throat, he saw the great cloak whirl up—and seemingly blot the Ghost Rider from human sight! Now he was just a black nothingness on the white horse. His voice cried out, *"Up, Spectre! On!"*

And the marshall was left alone with his groaning, terrified prisoners.

The End.

ME

anc

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

TIM HOLT

No. 18

10¢

In this issue:

the GHOST RIDER

the GHOST RIDER

FOR YEARS THE OLD MINE SHAFT NORTH OF THE TOWN OF CACTUS GAP STOOD EMPTY AND DESERTED. OLD LEGENDS TOLD OF FABULOUS WEALTH BENEATH ITS WARPED AND WOODEN PLANKS. BUT THEY TOLD, TOO, OF THE STRANGE DEATH THAT OVERCAME ALL WHO BRAVED THE TERRORS OF THAT ANCIENT SHAFT TO LOOK FOR IT...!

AND THEN CAME THE EERIE FIGURE OF THE GHOST RIDER TO FACE THE GRIM THREAT OF THE CURSED PIT AND THE GREED OF LIVING MEN AS HE DELIBERATELY OFFERED HIS LIFE TO—

THE MURDERING MINE!

DICK AYERS

ON A HOT MAY AFTERNOON, REX FURY AND SING SONG REIN IN ON A HOGBACK RIDGE OVERLOOKING THE TOWERING WOODEN SHAFT...

SO THAT'S THE OLD KILLER MINE! IT USED TO BELONG TO THE INDIANS YEARS AGO WHEN A COUPLE OF MEN DIED— AND THE PLACE WAS CURSED!

ME SCARED! ME SHAKING ALL OVER!

KEEP AWAY! THIS THING IS CURSED! BEWARE!

THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT IT. I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT JUST WHY—

NO DO, REX FURY! SING SONG FRAID! PLEASE NOT DO!

TIM HOLT

YOU WIN THIS TIME, SING SONG. BUT SOMEDAY I'LL RETURN AND EXPLORE THAT SHAFT JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY!

REMEMBER, CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT. MAYBE IT KILL YOU TOO. NO GO BACK!

SOME TIME LATER, IN THE LITTLE COW TOWN OF CACTUS GAP, AS REX FURY SWINGS FROM THE SADDLE —

SOB SOB OHHHH!

OOOOPS!

WHY, MA'AM— YOU'RE CRYING! WHAT HAPPENED?

NOTHING! PLEASE— IT ISN'T ANYTHING. DON'T TRY TO HELP ME! YOU'D ONLY GET— INTO TROUBLE!

SING SONG SEE HER COME OUT OF STORE CRYING!

OH, SO THAT'S IT? WELL, LET'S GO RIGHT BACK IN THERE, MISS!

NO! PLEASE! YOU'LL ONLY— GET HURT!

SO YOU WENT LOOKIN' FOR HELP, DID YOU? YOU KNOW ED CRIMP'S ORDERS. YOU GET NO FOOD! NO BLANKETS! NO NOTHING! NOW— VAMOSE!

I'M NOT SURE WHAT ALL THIS IS ABOUT YET—

BUT I AIM TO FIND OUT PRONTO! WHERE I COME FROM, HOMBRE— NOBODY TALKS TO A LADY LIKE THAT!

NO.... NO!

MAYBE A MOUTHFUL OF FLOUR WILL MAKE YOU TALK WHITE!

STRANGER— WATCH OUT! TWO MEN IN THE DOORWAY— WITH GUNS!

TIM HOLT

WITH A QUICK FLIP OF HIS POWERFUL WRISTS, REX FURY HURLS THE BARREL SIDEWAYS— AND FOLLOWS IT IN A LONG DIVE!

YIII!

GNNNGGG!

SEEMS AS THOUGH MORE THEN ONE MAN IN THIS TOWN NEEDS A LESSON IN MANNERS—!

—AND HERE'S WHERE I CONTINUE MY CAREER AS A TEACHER!

SPLAT!

NOW— PALAVER! WHY WON'T THE STOREKEEP SELL THAT GIRL ANY FOOD?

ED CRIMP TOLD HIM NOT TO! CRIMP RUNS THIS TOWN!

AN' HE'LL RUN YUH *OUT* OF IT, STRANGER!

SECONDS AFTERWARD, INSIDE THE STORE...

WHEN YOU COME TO, PARDNER— YOU CAN SELL **ME** SOME THINGS! MISS, YOU TELL HIM WHAT I'M GOING TO NEED! HERE'S MY MONEY!

AND JUST TO MAKE SURE NOBODY INTERRUPTS HIM WHILE HE'S WORKING— I'LL JUST PLANT MYSELF IN THIS DOORWAY!

WHILE REX STANDS GUARD AT THE STORE... ACROSS THE STREET AND DOWN A FEW DOORS IN THE PRAIRIE QUEEN SALOON.

—BUYIN' STUFF FOR DEBORAH LILLEY! FOOD! BLANKETS! EVERYTHING SHE NEEDS!

GET THE REST OF THE BOYS! I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT— **BUT TAKE THAT FOOD AND STUFF AWAY FROM DEBORAH LILLEY!**

TIM HOLT

LOOK— MORE OF CRIMP'S MEN!

NOW DON'T YOU WORRY YOUR PRETTY HEAD, MISS DEBBY—

MY BRONC AND I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THEIR KIND! GIDDAP, BOY!!

HEY!

WATCH OUT!

AT FULL GALLOP, REX FURY HITS THE BAD HATS—

WHUPPP!

GLURK!

GYYMARAA!

NOW MAYBE FOLKS CAN DO THEIR SHOPPING AROUND HERE WITHOUT FIGHTING OFF HALF THE TOWN!

THUD!

ED CRIMP IS AFTER MY RANCH— I HAVE THE BEST GRAZELAND AND WATER IN THE VALLEY! SINCE MY PARENTS DIED, I'VE HAD TO SCRATCH GRAVEL TO KEEP MY TWO KID BROTHERS AND MYSELF GOING. CRIMP OFFERS TO BUY— BUT HE WON'T PAY A DECENT PRICE. NOW HE'S TRYING TO FREEZE ME OUT...

HMMM... RECKON I'LL BE AROUND HERE A WHILE!

THAT NIGHT, HIGH IN THE HILLS, REX FURY DISAPPEARS — AND IN HIS PLACE COMES — THE GHOST RIDER!

ON, SPECTRE— ON!

STILL LATER THAT NIGHT, AS ED CRIMP SITS ALONE IN HIS SALOON OFFICE...

THE BOYS'LL MAKE UP FOR THAT BEATING THEY TOOK TODAY. EVEN IF I HAVE TO—

WLLLPP! WHA— WHAT'S THAT?

TIM HOLT

HOT FURY BEATS THROUGH ED CRIMP. SNATCHING UP A SIXGUN, HE HURTLES DOWNSTAIRS — TOWARD A RENDEZVOUS WITH A PAIR OF GHOSTLY FEET!

SOME IDIOT PLAYIN' A JOKE / I'LL TEACH HIM TO TRY STUNTS ON ED CRIMP! WAIT'LL I GIT MY HANDS ON—!

WITH WILD EYES AND SHAKING HAND, CRIMP RUNS THROUGH THE NIGHT—

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DOES IT... BUT I SURE AIM... TO FIND OUT!

AND THEN — SUDDENLY — LIKE A COLD MIST — AN EERIE WIND FILTERS THROUGH THE GRAVE YARD HEIGHTS OF BOOT HILL...

HE'S NO MAN— HE'S A GHOST! AN' HE'S LED ME... RIGHT TO A GRAVE — MY GRAVE!

RESERVED FOR ED CRIMP

THIS IS A WARNING, ED CRIMP! FORGET THIS MAD ATTEMPT TO FORCE DEBORAH LILLEY AWAY FROM HER RANCH / YOU UNDERSTAND? LEAVE HER ALONE!

THIS TRICK OF VENTRILOQUISM COMES IN HANDY ONCE IN A WHILE...

I-I HEAR YUH, I-I PROMISE!

RESERVED FOR ED CRIMP

DAWN BRUSHES THE HILLS WITH PINK BRILLIANCE AS THE GHOST RIDER SWINGS FROM THE SADDLE AND WALKS TOWARD THE OLD MINE SHAFT...

DON'T KNOW AS I TRUST CRIMP AND WHILE I'M WAITING TO SEE IF HE PLAYS SQUARE, I'LL NEED A HIDEOUT. WHAT BETTER PLACE THAN— THE MURDERING MINE?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL FIND— BUT I'M GOING DOWN ANYHOW!

MEANWHILE, A NERVE-SHATTERED ED CRIMP TALKS IN HOARSE WHISPERS TO HIS GUN-SLICKS IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE CACTUS CITY SALOON...

SOMEBODY — MEBBE EVEN A GHOST — SURE THREW A SCARE INTO ME! WE GOT TO ACT NOW — OR NEVER! GIT YORE BRONCS, BE READY FOR A RIDE. TONIGHT WE HIT THE LILLEY RANCH FULL FORCE — AND BURN IT TO THE GROUND!

TIM HOLT

ALL DAY LONG, ED CRIMP AND HIS BAD HATS BUILD UP THEIR COURAGE AT THE BAR.

TOWARD EVENING THEY HIT THE TRAIL NORTHWARD, TOWARD THE STIRRUP SPREAD—

WITHOUT A RANCH— WITHOUT CORRALS OR BARNS OR STABLES— THAT LIBBEY GIRL WILL GRAB AT WHATEVER PRICE I GIVE HER! LET'S RIDE!

LATER— AT THE STIRRUP RANCH...

DEBBY— A LOT OF MEN OUTSIDE— WITH TORCHES! THEY'RE STARTIN' TO BURN DOWN THE STABLES!

OHHHH!

SOME HOURS BEFORE THIS, AS THE GHOST RIDER LOWERED HIMSELF IN THE OLD MINE SHAFT, A STRAY BEAM OF SUNLIGHT BRIGHTENED THE BOTTOM...

GOLD! GOLD ALL OVER! BIG CHUNKS AND LITTLE NUGGETS! A KING'S FORTUNE! AND— MY FEET! I CAN'T MOVE!

I'M SINKING... GOING DOWN! QUICKSAND! THAT'S THE SECRET OF HOW THIS MINE KILLS ITS PREY! MEN SEE THE GOLD— LOSE THEIR HEADS— GET DRAWN UNDER THE SANDS!!!

WITH A STEADY PRESSURE OF POWERFUL ARM MUSCLES, THE GHOST RIDER LIFTS HIMSELF AGAINST THE STEADY SUCTION OF THE TREACHEROUS GROUND! MUSCLES STRAIN! SWEAT BEADS THE NIGHT SHADE'S BROW, AND THEN THE SANDS LOOSEN.

IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO SEE HOW A MAN— GREEDY FOR GOLD— WOULD BE SO OVERCOME WITH HIS FIND THAT HE WOULDN'T NOTICE THE SUCTION UNTIL— TOO LATE! A FEW SECONDS MORE, AND EVEN I WOULD HAVE BEEN DRAGGED UNDER!

SINCE THE MINE SHAFT IS ON MISS DEBORAH'S LAND— THE GOLD IN IT BELONGS TO HER! WITH IT SHE CAN HIRE MEN TO FIGHT FOR HER AND— THUNDERATION! A FIRE! AND IT'S ON HER STIRRUP RANCH!

AS ED CRIMP'S HARDCASES TURN THEIR ATTENTION FROM THE STABLE TO THE HOUSE, A BLACK WHIP— INVISIBLE IN THE DARKNESS, MOVES LIKE A STRIKING SNAKE!

I COULDN'T SAVE THE STABLE— BUT THE HOUSE AND BARN MAY BE ANOTHER STORY—!

TIM HOLT

A SLOWING HAND STEALS A GUN AND USES IT AGAINST ITS OWNER...

SPLAT

GLERRK!

THE BLACK, INVISIBLE WHIP SHOOTS THROUGH THE AIR — AND A MAN SCREAMS AS IT COILS AROUND HIS WRIST!

GHNNYYAAA!

HEY!

YWUUU!

THIS IS THE START OF A LITTLE TRIP FOR YOU GENTLEMEN — A TRIP THAT WILL END IN JAIL!

THE GRAVESTONE WARNED YOU, CRIMP! YOU'VE DUG YOUR OWN GRAVE — THE GRAVE OF A LONG STRETCH IN THE PENITENTIARY!

GNNNGGG!

THUD!

YOU SAVED OUR RANCH!

GOLLY WILLIKENS!

IT'S THE — GHOST RIDER!

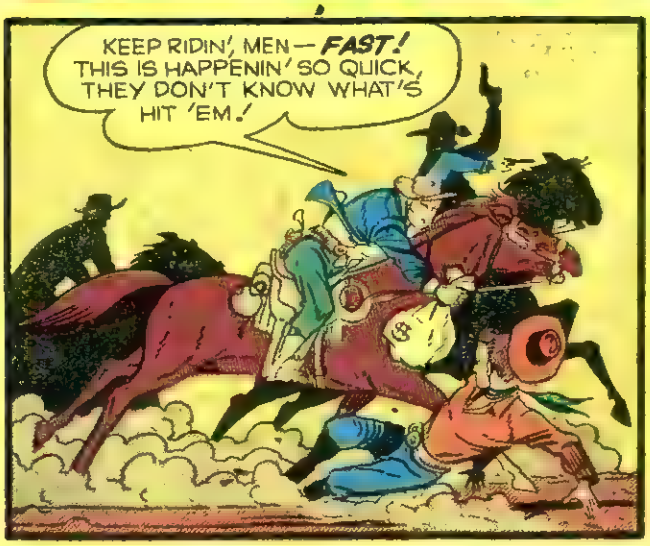
TIE THEM UP WITH THESE LARIATS, BOYS! A FRIEND OF MINE — REX FURY — WILL PREFER CHARGES AGAINST THEM IN COURT! MEANWHILE, I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE GOLD MINE THAT BELONGS TO YOU...

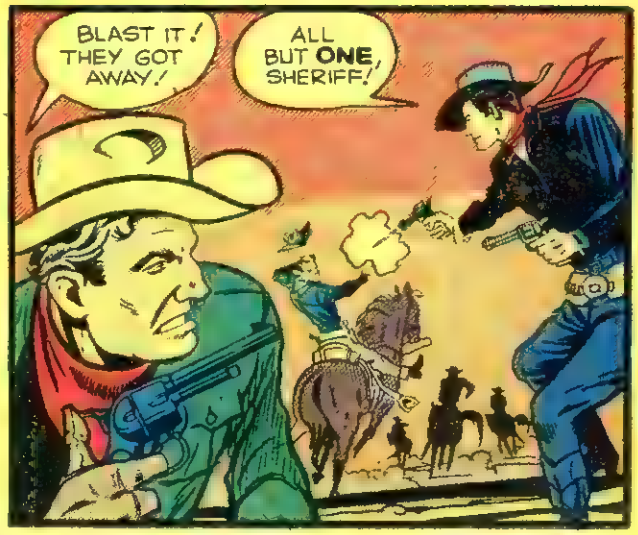
SOME MINUTES LATER, AFTER DEBORAH LILLEY HAS LEARNED THAT SHE NEED FEAR NO ONE FROM NOW ON —

UP, SPECTRE — AWAY!

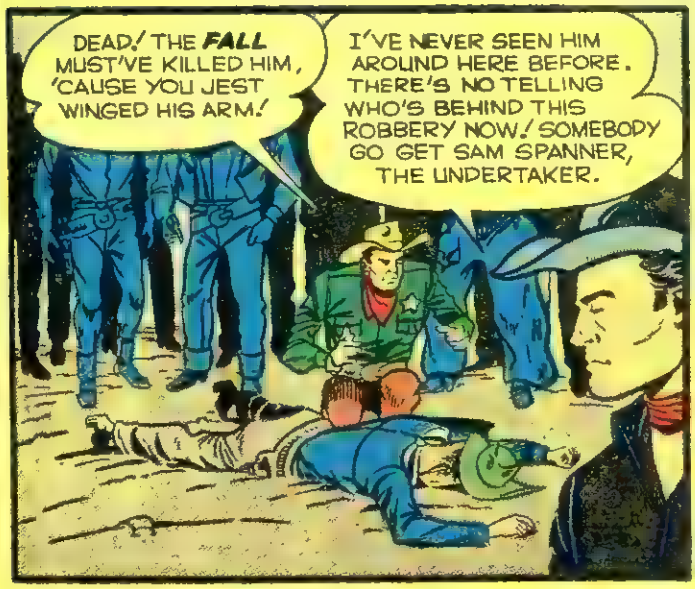
ME
anc
No. 19
WESTERN ADVENTURES
TIM HOLT
10¢
in this issue
"They Dig by Night!"
a Ghost Rider thriller!

the GHOST RIDER
GHOULS! DIGGERS OF GRAVES! DEFILERS OF DEATH! I COME TO DEFEND THE DEAD!
Yiiiii! THE GHOST RIDER!
HERE LIES A NO GOOD OWLHOOT
DICK AYERS
IN ALL THE ANNALS OF WESTERN CRIME, THERE IS NOTHING MORE GHOULISH THAN THE TALE OF THE OPENED GRAVES AT MIDNIGHT! THE MONSTERS WHO VIOLATED THE GRAVE-YARD WERE SO GREEDY THAT THEY WOULD NOT PERMIT EVEN THE BONES OF THE DEAD TO REST IN PEACE...! READ HOW THE GHOST RIDER COMES TO GRIPS WITH THIS GRISLY HORROR IN— THEY DIG BY NIGHT!
ONE DAY, AS A NEW SHIPMENT OF GOLD BULLION IS BEING CARRIED INTO THE BANK...
IT'S A ROBBERY!
TARNATION! WHAR'D THEY COME FROM SO SUDDEN?
BANK


KEEP RIDIN', MEN— FAST! THIS IS HAPPENIN' SO QUICK, THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HIT 'EM!


BLAST IT! THEY GOT AWAY!
ALL BUT ONE, SHERIFF!

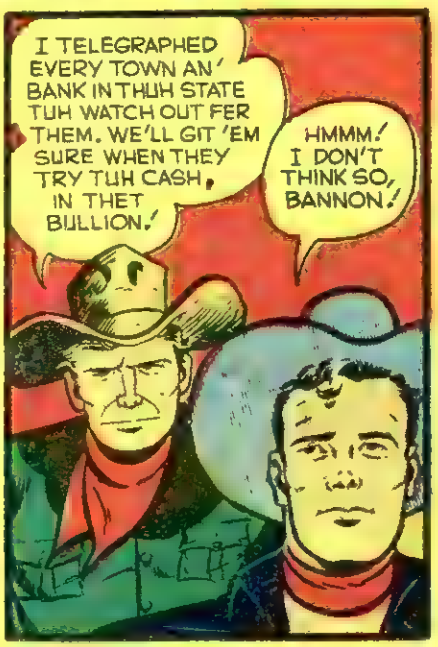
TIM HOLT


DEAD! THE FALL MUST'VE KILLED HIM, 'CAUSE YOU JEST WINGED HIS ARM!
I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM AROUND HERE BEFORE. THERE'S NO TELLING WHO'S BEHIND THIS ROBBERY NOW! SOMEBODY GO GET SAM SPANNER, THE UNDERTAKER.

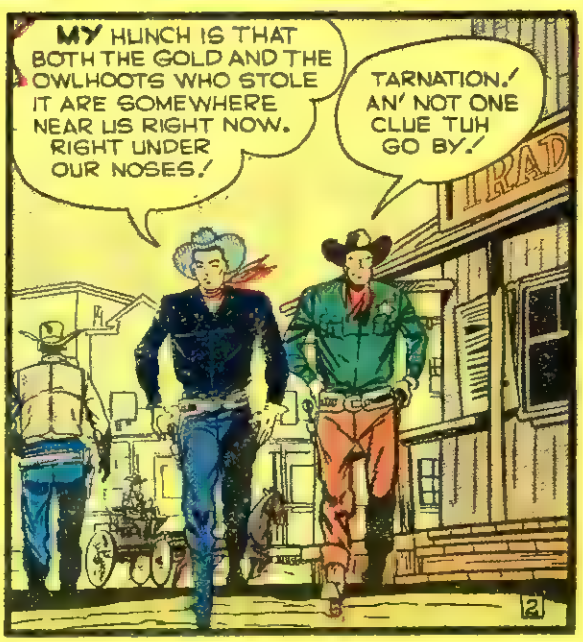
THE NEXT DAY...
WAL, THAR HE GOES— A NAMELESS OWLHOOT! YUH SHORE DONE HIM UP IN A SOLID COFFIN, SAM.
I DID THUH BEST I COULD, BANNON.

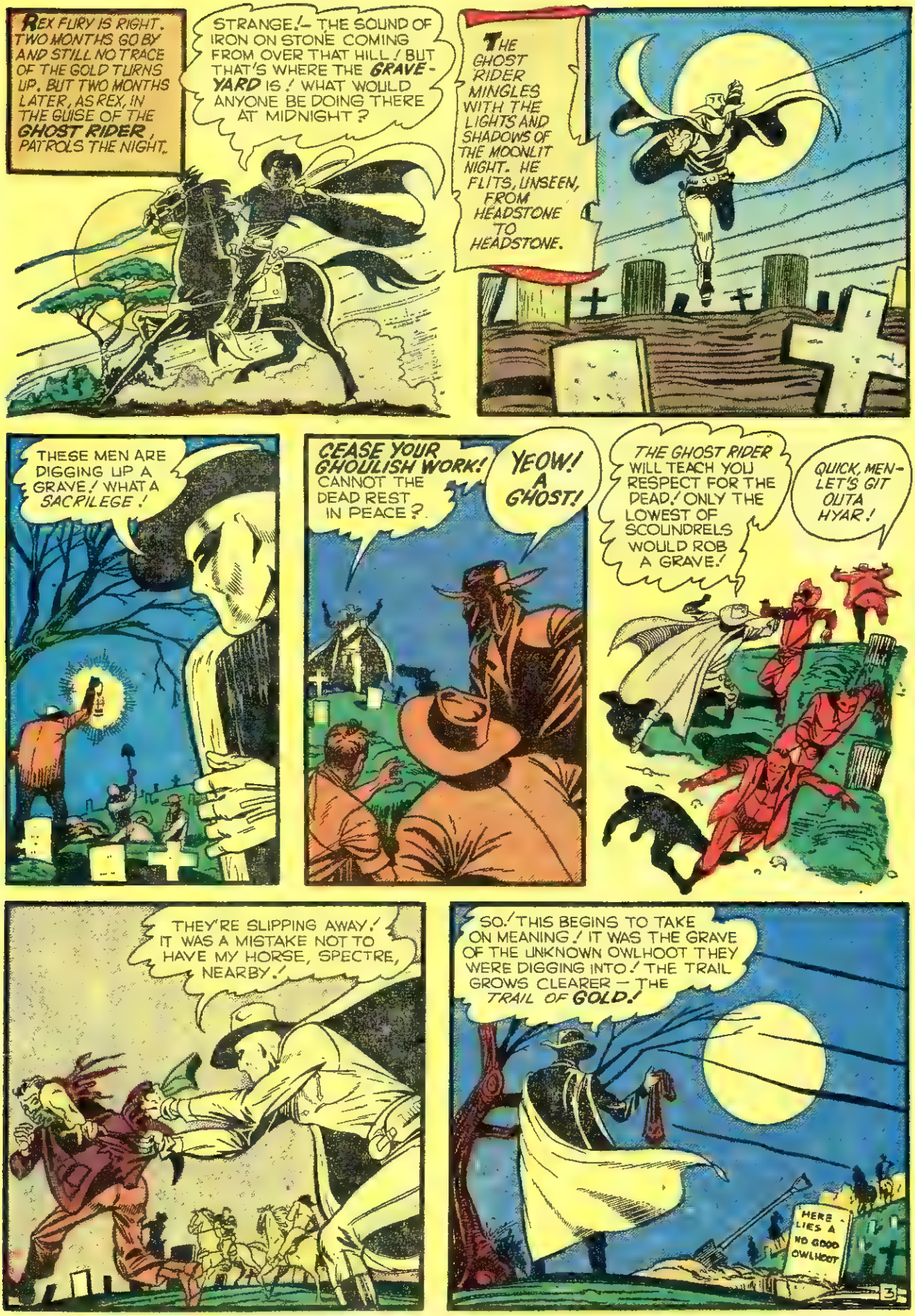
ALL I GOT TUH SAY IS IT'S A ROTTEN SHAME THUH STATE'S GOT TUH PAY FER THIS FUNERAL.
SPANNER, THE UNDERTAKER, WILL BE A RICH MAN IF WE KILL ANY MORE OF THESE COYOTES!

WAL, ANYWAY, I RECKON WE'LL BE KETCHIN' THEM GOLD ROBBERS SOON, REX!
HOW DO YOU FIGURE THAT, SHERIFF?

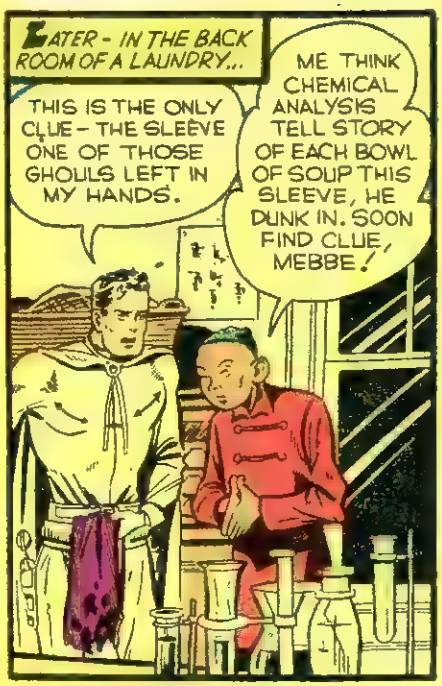

I TELEGRAPHED EVERY TOWN AN' BANK IN THUH STATE TUH WATCH OUT FER THEM. WE'LL GIT 'EM SURE WHEN THEY TRY TUH CASH IN THET BULLION.
HMMM! I DON'T THINK SO, BANNON!

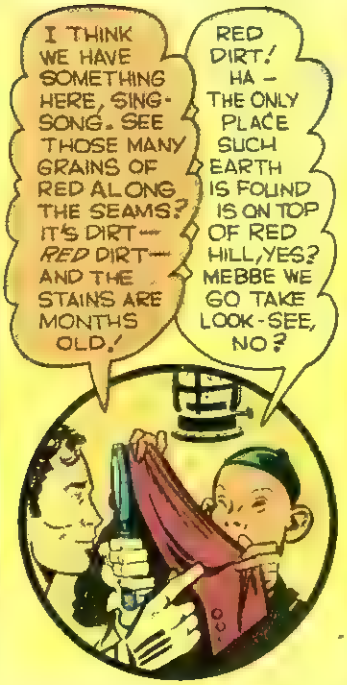
I THINK THEY'RE TOO SMART FOR THAT. THEY'LL CACHE THAT GOLD AWAY AND LIE LOW FOR A COUPLE OF MONTHS UNTIL THE FUSS BLOWS OVER. NO, SHERIFF, THEY WON'T TRY TO CASH IN THE GOLD TOO SOON.


MY HUNCH IS THAT BOTH THE GOLD AND THE OWLHOOTS WHO STOLE IT ARE SOMEWHERE NEAR US RIGHT NOW. RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES!
TARNATION! AN' NOT ONE CLUE TUH GO BY!

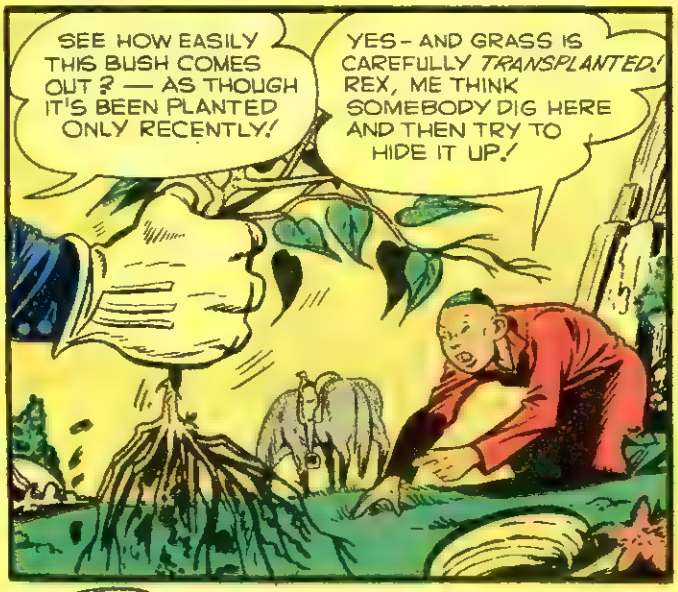

REX FURY IS RIGHT. TWO MONTHS GO BY AND STILL NO TRACE OF THE GOLD TURNS UP. BUT TWO MONTHS LATER, AS REX, IN THE GUISE OF THE GHOST RIDER, PATROLS THE NIGHT.
STRANGE!- THE SOUND OF IRON ON STONE COMING FROM OVER THAT HILL! BUT THAT'S WHERE THE GRAVE-YARD IS! WHAT WOULD ANYONE BE DOING THERE AT MIDNIGHT?
THE GHOST RIDER MINGLES WITH THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE MOONLIT NIGHT. HE FLITS, UNSEEN, FROM HEADSTONE TO HEADSTONE.
THESE MEN ARE DIGGING UP A GRAVE! WHAT A SACRILEGE!
CEASE YOUR GHOULISH WORK! CANNOT THE DEAD REST IN PEACE?
YEOW! A GHOST!
THE GHOST RIDER WILL TEACH YOU RESPECT FOR THE DEAD! ONLY THE LOWEST OF SCOUNDRELS WOULD ROB A GRAVE!
QUICK, MEN- LET'S GIT OUTA HYAR!
THEY'RE SLIPPING AWAY! IT WAS A MISTAKE NOT TO HAVE MY HORSE, SPECTRE, NEARBY!
SO! THIS BEGINS TO TAKE ON MEANING! IT WAS THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN OWLHOOT THEY WERE DIGGING INTO! THE TRAIL GROWS CLEARER — THE TRAIL OF GOLD!
HERE LIES A NO GOOD OWLHOOT
3

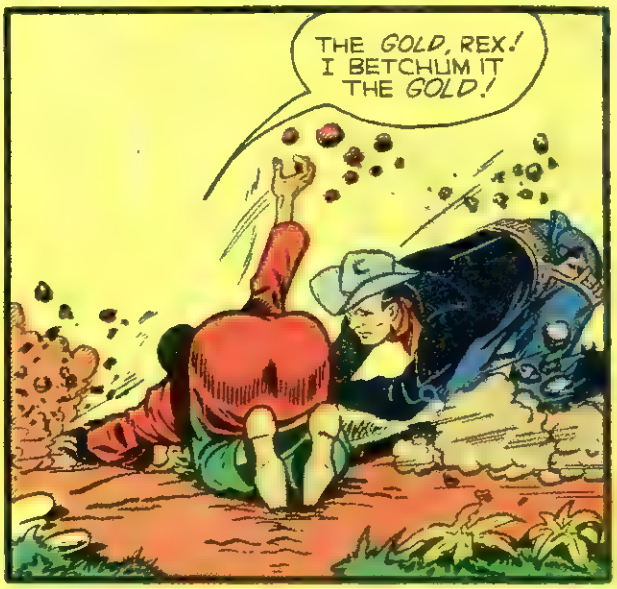
TIM HOLT

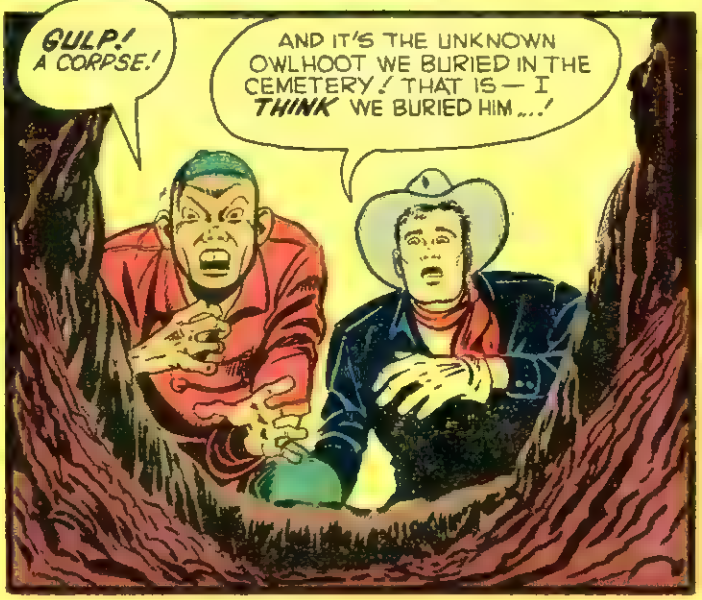

LATER - IN THE BACK ROOM OF A LAUNDRY...
THIS IS THE ONLY CLUE - THE SLEEVE ONE OF THOSE GHOULS LEFT IN MY HANDS.
ME THINK CHEMICAL ANALYSIS TELL STORY OF EACH BOWL OF SOUP THIS SLEEVE, HE DUNK IN. SOON FIND CLUE, MEBBE!

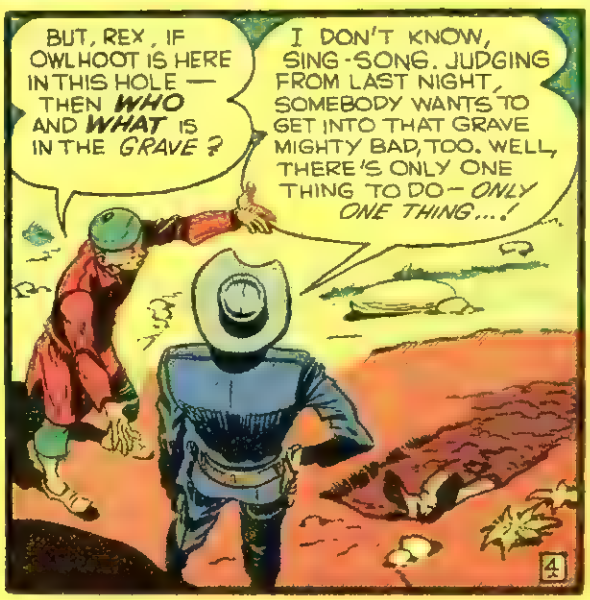

I THINK WE HAVE SOMETHING HERE, SING-SONG. SEE THOSE MANY GRAINS OF RED ALONG THE SEAMS? IT'S DIRT— RED DIRT— AND THE STAINS ARE MONTHS OLD!
RED DIRT! HA — THE ONLY PLACE SUCH EARTH IS FOUND IS ON TOP OF RED HILL, YES? MEBBE WE GO TAKE LOOK-SEE, NO?

THE NEXT DAY, SING-SONG AND REX FURY GO EXPLORING AROUND RED HILL...
MEBBE FALSE ALARM, REX. NO CAN FIND OWLHOOT HIDEOUT IN THIS HILL.
MEBBE WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE WRONG THING, SING-SONG. TAKE A LOOK AT THAT BUSH THERE — DOESN'T IT STRIKE YOU THAT THERE'S SOMETHING JUST TOO PERFECT ABOUT IT?

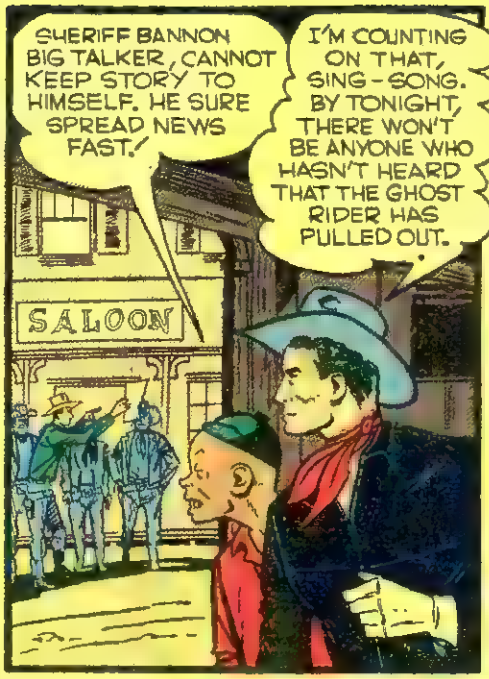

SEE HOW EASILY THIS BUSH COMES OUT? — AS THOUGH IT'S BEEN PLANTED ONLY RECENTLY!
YES - AND GRASS IS CAREFULLY TRANSPLANTED! REX, ME THINK SOMEBODY DIG HERE AND THEN TRY TO HIDE IT UP!

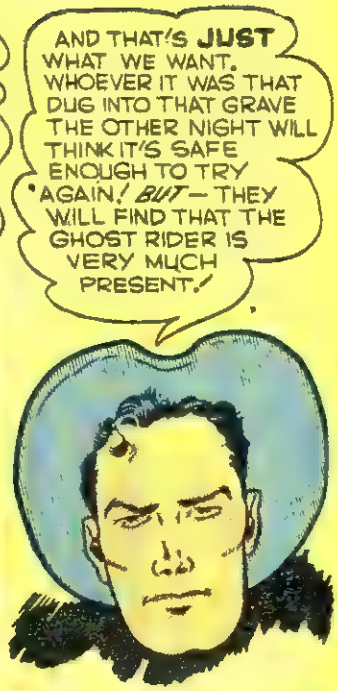

THE GOLD, REX! I BETCHUM IT THE GOLD!


GULP! A CORPSE!
AND IT'S THE UNKNOWN OWLHOOT WE BURIED IN THE CEMETERY! THAT IS — I THINK WE BURIED HIM...!

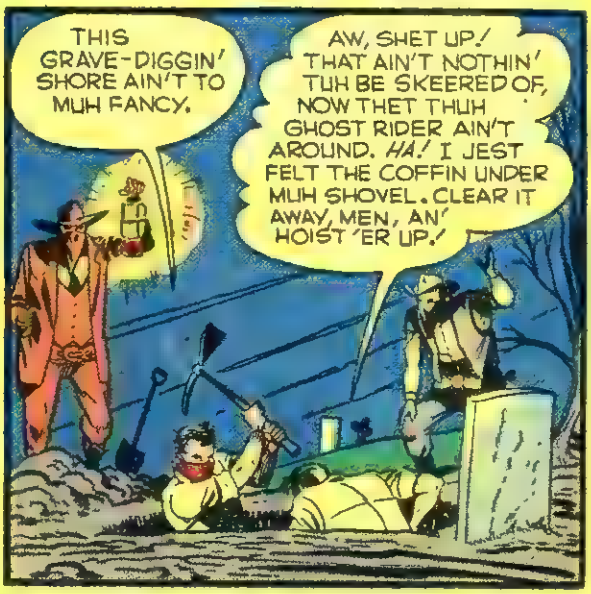

BUT, REX, IF OWLHOOT IS HERE IN THIS HOLE — THEN WHO AND WHAT IS IN THE GRAVE?
I DON'T KNOW, SING-SONG. JUDGING FROM LAST NIGHT, SOMEBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THAT GRAVE MIGHTY BAD, TOO. WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO — ONLY ONE THING...!
4

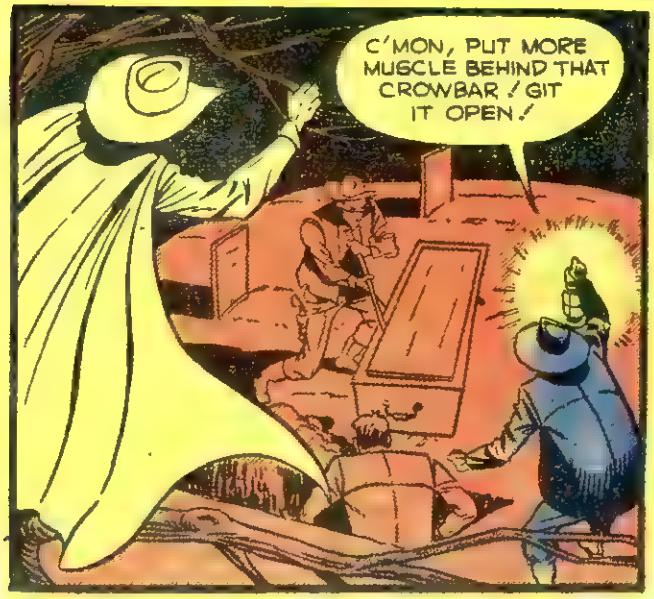
NEXT MORNING — SHERIFF BANNON FINDS A STRANGE NOTE PINNED TO HIS OFFICE DOOR ...
JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT! NOW WHUT YUH THINK OF THET?
FAREWELL! THE SEARCH FOR JUSTICE CALLS ME TO OTHER LANDS. I HAVE DONE MY WORK HERE
The Ghost Rider

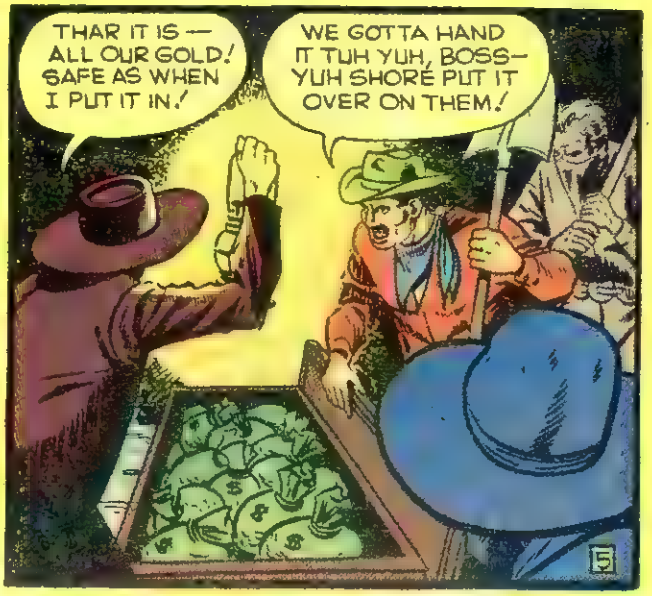

SHERIFF BANNON BIG TALKER, CANNOT KEEP STORY TO HIMSELF. HE SURE SPREAD NEWS FAST!
I'M COUNTING ON THAT, SING-SONG. BY TONIGHT, THERE WON'T BE ANYONE WHO HASN'T HEARD THAT THE GHOST RIDER HAS PULLED OUT.
SALOON


AND THAT'S JUST WHAT WE WANT. WHOEVER IT WAS THAT DUG INTO THAT GRAVE THE OTHER NIGHT WILL THINK IT'S SAFE ENOUGH TO TRY AGAIN! BUT — THEY WILL FIND THAT THE GHOST RIDER IS VERY MUCH PRESENT!

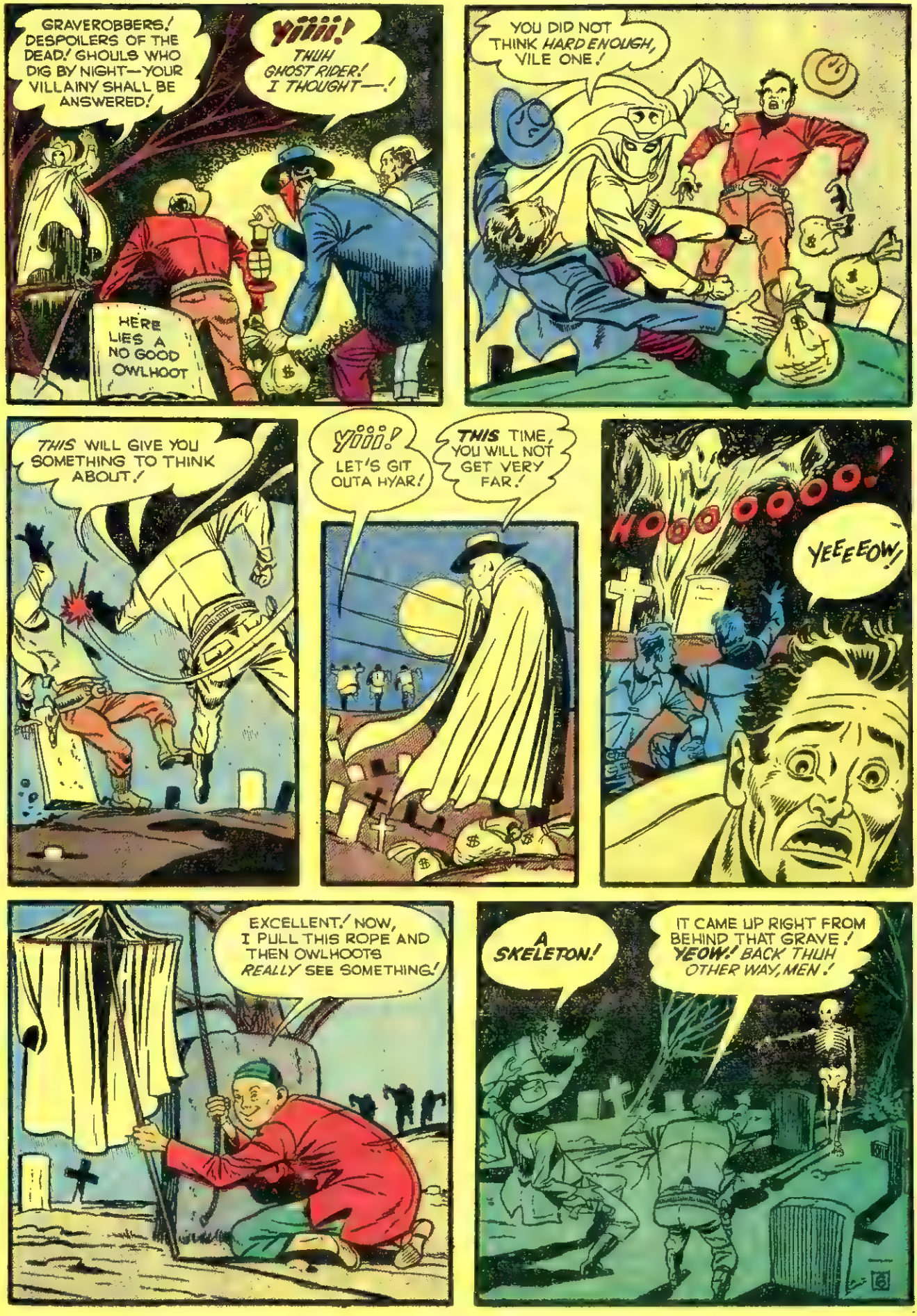
THAT NIGHT. THE CEMETERY ..... MIDNIGHT BRINGS PROOF OF REX FURY'S SHREWDNESS...
I SHORE HOPE THE GHOST RIDER MEANT WHUT HE SAID WHEN HE WROTE THET NOTE!
GULP! WHUT WUZ THET?
JEST AN OWL, YUH DOPE! HYAR WE BE AT THUH GRAVE NOW. START DIGGIN' MEN!


THIS GRAVE-DIGGIN' SHORE AIN'T TO MUH FANCY.
AW, SHET UP! THAT AIN'T NOTHIN' TUH BE SKEERED OF, NOW THET THUH GHOST RIDER AIN'T AROUND. HA! I JEST FELT THE COFFIN UNDER MUH SHOVEL. CLEAR IT AWAY, MEN, AN' HOIST 'ER UP!

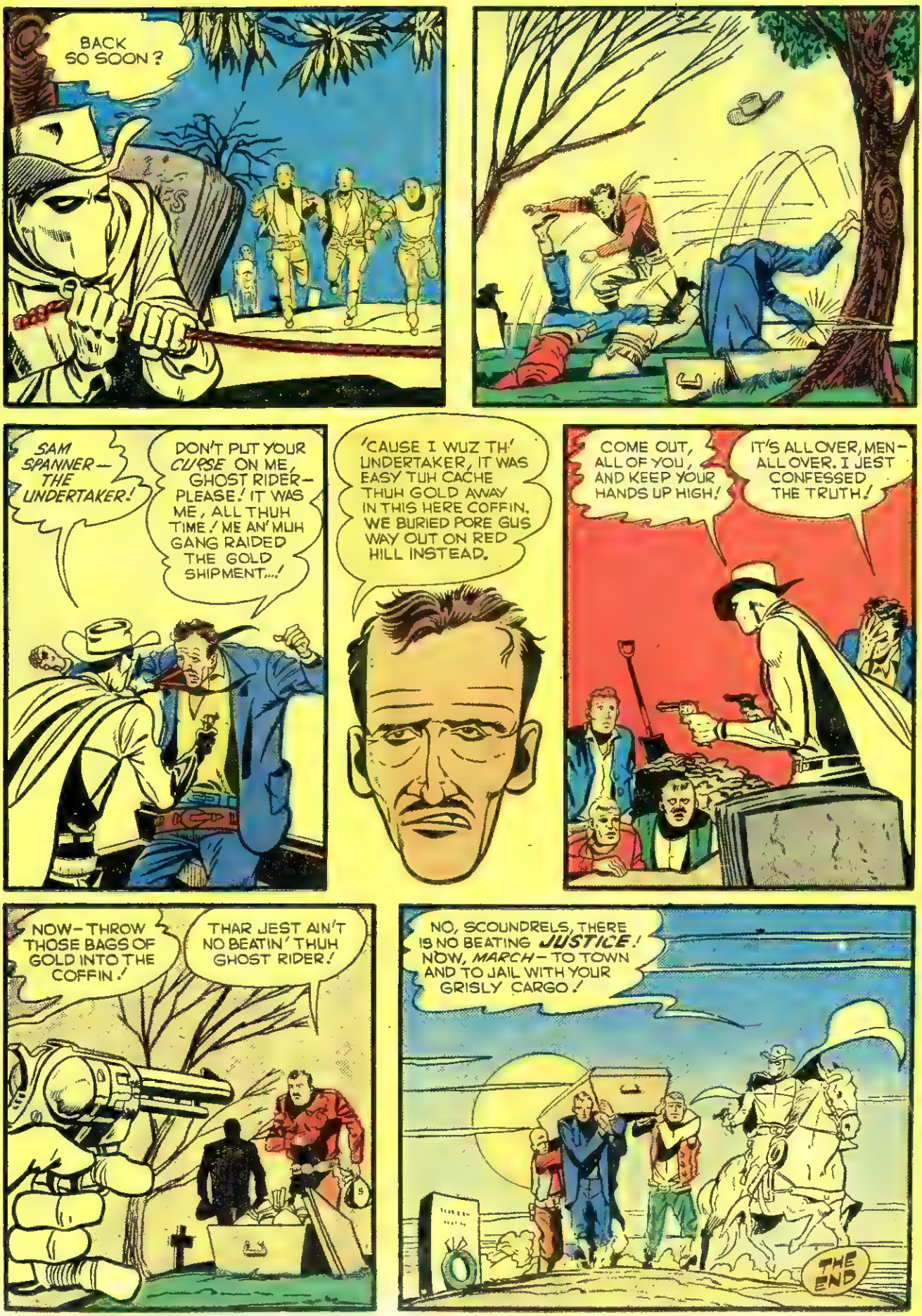

C'MON, PUT MORE MUSCLE BEHIND THAT CROWBAR! GIT IT OPEN!


THAR IT IS — ALL OUR GOLD! SAFE AS WHEN I PUT IT IN!
WE GOTTA HAND IT TUH YUH, BOSS — YUH SHORE PUT IT OVER ON THEM!
5

TIM HOLT


GRAVEROBBERS! DESPOILERS OF THE DEAD! GHOULS WHO DIG BY NIGHT—YOUR VILLAINY SHALL BE ANSWERED!
Yiiii! THUH GHOST RIDER! I THOUGHT—!
HERE LIES A NO GOOD OWLHOOT
YOU DID NOT THINK HARD ENOUGH, VILE ONE!
THIS WILL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT!
Yiii! LET'S GIT OUTA HYAR!
THIS TIME, YOU WILL NOT GET VERY FAR!
HOOOOOOOO!
YEEEEOW!
EXCELLENT! NOW, I PULL THIS ROPE AND THEN OWLHOOTS REALLY SEE SOMETHING!
A SKELETON!
IT CAME UP RIGHT FROM BEHIND THAT GRAVE! YEOW! BACK THUH OTHER WAY, MEN!

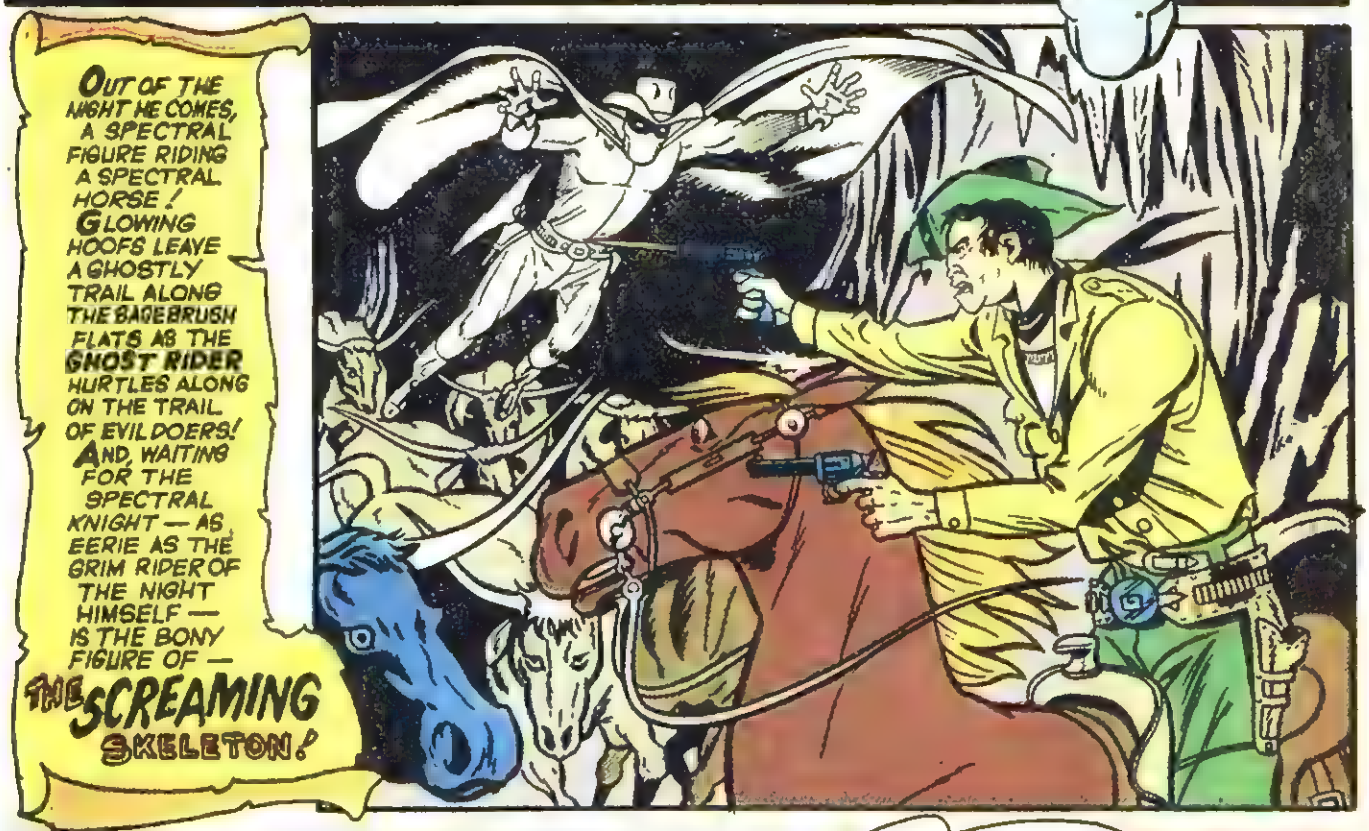
TIM HOLT

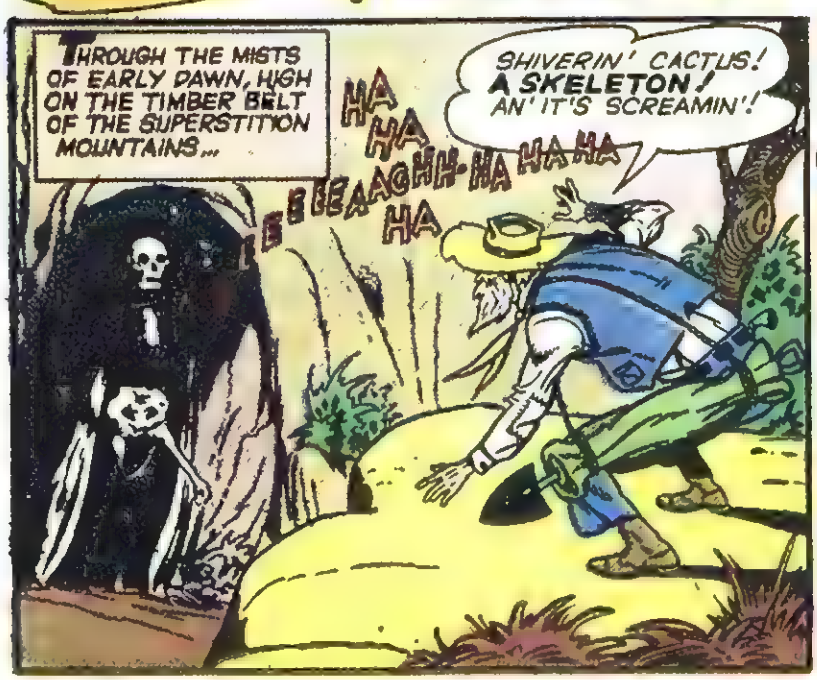

BACK SO SOON?
SAM SPANNER— THE UNDERTAKER!
DON'T PUT YOUR CURSE ON ME, GHOST RIDER— PLEASE! IT WAS ME, ALL THUH TIME! ME AN' MUH GANG RAIDED THE GOLD SHIPMENT...!
'CAUSE I WUZ TH' UNDERTAKER, IT WAS EASY TUH CACHE THUH GOLD AWAY IN THIS HERE COFFIN. WE BURIED PORE GUS WAY OUT ON RED HILL INSTEAD.
COME OUT, ALL OF YOU, AND KEEP YOUR HANDS UP HIGH!
IT'S ALL OVER, MEN— ALL OVER. I JEST CONFESSED THE TRUTH!
NOW— THROW THOSE BAGS OF GOLD INTO THE COFFIN!
THAR JEST AIN'T NO BEATIN' THUH GHOST RIDER!
NO, SCOUNDRELS, THERE IS NO BEATING JUSTICE! NOW, MARCH— TO TOWN AND TO JAIL WITH YOUR GRISLY CARGO!
THE END

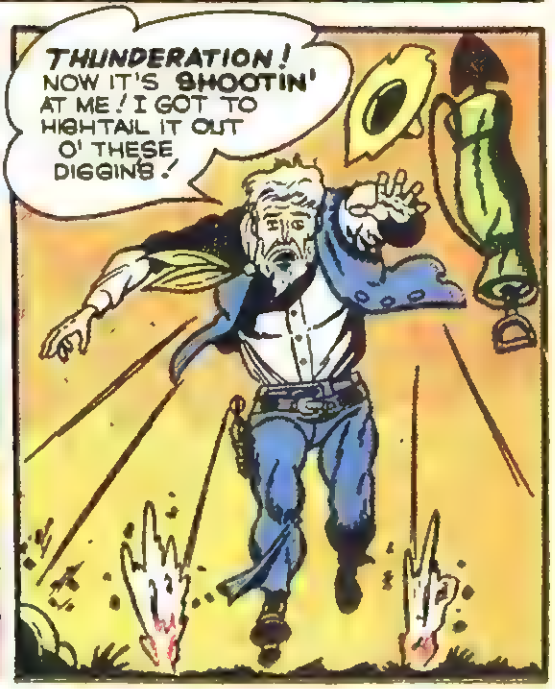
MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, INC.
ME
anc
No. 20
10c
TIM HOLT
as "RED-MASK"

the GHOST RIDER

AYERS


OUT OF THE NIGHT HE COMES, A SPECTRAL FIGURE RIDING A SPECTRAL HORSE! GLOWING HOOFS LEAVE A GHOSTLY TRAIL ALONG THE SAGEBRUSH FLATS AS THE GHOST RIDER HURTLES ALONG ON THE TRAIL OF EVIL DOERS! AND, WAITING FOR THE SPECTRAL KNIGHT — AS EERIE AS THE GRIM RIDER OF THE NIGHT HIMSELF — IS THE BONY FIGURE OF — THE SCREAMING SKELETON!


THROUGH THE MISTS OF EARLY DAWN, HIGH ON THE TIMBER BELT OF THE SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS...
SHIVERIN' CACTUS! A SKELETON! AN' IT'S SCREAMIN'!
HA HA HA HA HA
EEEAAGHH-HA HA



TIM HOLT

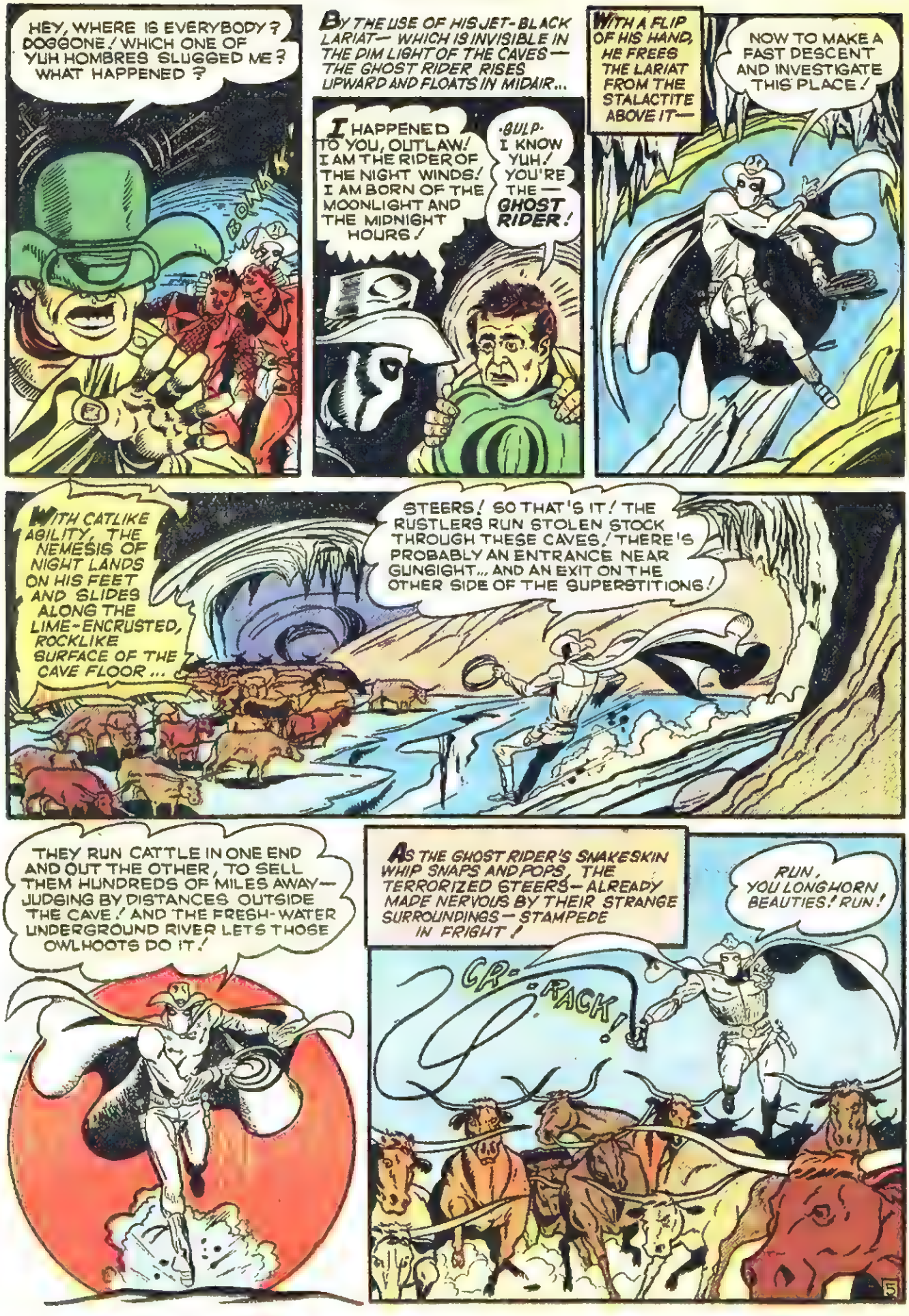
AND THEN, JUST AS OLD EPHRIAM MORGAN WAS ALMOST OUT OF RANGE...
GNNGGG.... HE GOT ME!
WHEEE
WHIZ
SOME HOURS LATER—
HOLD UP, BOY! LOOKS LIKE THIS OLD TIMER HAS HAD A TOUGH TIME OF IT! HE'S BEEN SHOT— IN THE BACK!
SAW A SKELETON! OVER BY THE HILLS. THEN IT STARTED— OR SOMEBODY STARTED— POT-SHOOTIN' AT ME!
EASY, OLD TIMER! I'LL BANDAGE THAT WOUND AND TAKE YOU IN TO GUNSIGHT!
AS REX FURY BRINGS OLD EPHRIAM MORGAN ACROSS THE SOTOL— DOTTED WASTELANDS, A GROUP OF HARDFACED RIDERS REIN IN ON A HILLTOP ABOVE THEM—
THERE'S TWO OF THE DIRTY KILLERS NOW!
COME ON, BOYS! LET'S SAVE ROPE— AN' SHOOT 'EM DOWN!
SECONDS LATER, AS HOT LEAD HITS AND RICOCHETS OFF THE GROUND...
KEEP A-RUNNING, BRONC! THOSE HOMBRES— WHOEVER THEY ARE— ARE TOO RILED TO PAY ANY HEED TO MY PEACE SIGNALS!
RECKON THE ONLY LANGUAGE THEY UNDERSTAND IS— GUN TALK!
REIN UP, GENTS— BEFORE I DROP MY SIGHTS BELOW THOSE HATS I'M SALIVATING!
HUH?
WHAT...?
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
2

SECONDS LATER, AFTER HURRIED EXPLANATIONS HAVE BEEN MADE ...
YUH SAY YORE NAME IS REX FURY? HMMM... SEEMS I'VE HEARD OF YUH... SOMEWHERE. WE HAD YUH TABBED FER A COUPLE O' RUSTLERS WE BEEN HUNTIN' OVER BY THE LAVA FIELDS. WE TRAILED 'EM THAT FAR, BUT THAT HARD LAVA DON'T SHOW NO HOOFMARKS!
AN HOURS RIDING BRINGS REX AND THE SHERIFF INTO THE COW TOWN OF GUNSIGHT...
CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY DO WITH THE STEERS THEY RUSTLE, EITHER. AIN'T ENOUGH WATER IN THEM LAVA FLATS FER A PACK RAT! THEY MUST SWING BACK THIS WAY TO SELL THEIR STOLEN STOCK, BUT HANGED IF I KNOW WHERE!
CASINO
THAT NIGHT, AS THE SUN DIPS BELOW THE HORIZON...
IF OLD EPHRIAM MORGAN SAW A GHOST IN A CAVE IN THE SUPERSTITIONS, I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT...!
HE SAW A SKELETON, ALL RIGHT— AND THAT'S IT!
SECONDS LATER, A GLOWING HEAD SURMOUNTED BY A GLEAMING STETSON, FLOATS IN THE MOONLIGHT BESIDE THE SKELETON—
HOWDY, OLD TIMER. I'VE BEEN LOOKING A LONG TIME FOR YOU!
YOU— YOU HAVE?
WE'RE A COUPLE OF DEAD ONES, WE ARE! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
I'M THE SKELETON OF TOKALAKA, APACHE CHIEF!
A FEW YARDS AWAY, TWO STARTLED, FRIGHTENED MEN STARE AT ONE ANOTHER, THEIR FACES PALE WITH SHOCK...
D-D-DID YOU H-HEAR WHAT I HEARD?
YEAH... YEAH! I-I THINK I DID!
3

TIM HOLT

THERE'S N-NOBODY THERE NOW!
AIN'T I GOT EYES? I CAN'T SEE NOTHING THERE EITHER!
BUT I'M HERE, HOMBRES! CAN'T YOU FEEL ME?
OR MAYBE YOU PREFER THE BACKWARD APPROACH?
GLURRK!
DON'T RUN AWAY AND LEAVE ME ALL ALONE, BOYS! I HAVEN'T SEEN A PAIR OF HUMANS LIKE YOU IN I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG!
STAY AWAY!
RUN FASTER, FASTER!
AS THE GHOST RIDER BURSTS INTO THE VASTNESS OF THE SUBTERRANEAN CAVERNS, HE HALTS IN SUDDEN AMAZEMENT!
AN UNDERGROUND RIVER! WHY— IF THIS IS WHAT I THINK IT IS, IT MEANS SHERIFF LEAHY HAS FOUND HIS RUSTLERS!
BOSS! BOSS! THERE'S A-A GHOST OR SOMETHIN' LIKE IT FOLLOWIN' US!
THERE SURE IS! HE'S RIGHT BEHIND US!
YUH TWO ARE LOCO! THERE'S NOBODY BEHIND YOU!
YOU ARE RIGHT! I'M BEHIND YOU, NOW!
OW!
THUD!

TIM HOLT


HEY, WHERE IS EVERYBODY? DOGGONE! WHICH ONE OF YUH HOMBRES SLUGGED ME? WHAT HAPPENED?
BONK!
BY THE USE OF HIS JET-BLACK LARIAT— WHICH IS INVISIBLE IN THE DIM LIGHT OF THE CAVES— THE GHOST RIDER RISES UPWARD AND FLOATS IN MIDAIR...
I HAPPENED TO YOU, OUTLAW! I AM THE RIDER OF THE NIGHT WINDS! I AM BORN OF THE MOONLIGHT AND THE MIDNIGHT HOURS!
·GULP· I KNOW YUH! YOU'RE THE— GHOST RIDER!
WITH A FLIP OF HIS HAND, HE FREES THE LARIAT FROM THE STALACTITE ABOVE IT—
NOW TO MAKE A FAST DESCENT AND INVESTIGATE THIS PLACE!
WITH CATLIKE AGILITY, THE NEMESIS OF NIGHT LANDS ON HIS FEET AND SLIDES ALONG THE LIME-ENCRUSTED, ROCKLIKE SURFACE OF THE CAVE FLOOR...
STEERS! SO THAT'S IT! THE RUSTLERS RUN STOLEN STOCK THROUGH THESE CAVES! THERE'S PROBABLY AN ENTRANCE NEAR GUNSIGHT... AND AN EXIT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SUPERSTITIONS!
THEY RUN CATTLE IN ONE END AND OUT THE OTHER, TO SELL THEM HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY— JUDGING BY DISTANCES OUTSIDE THE CAVE! AND THE FRESH-WATER UNDERGROUND RIVER LETS THOSE OWLHOOTS DO IT!
AS THE GHOST RIDER'S SNAKESKIN WHIP SNAPS AND POPS, THE TERRORIZED STEERS— ALREADY MADE NERVOUS BY THEIR STRANGE SURROUNDINGS— STAMPEDE IN FRIGHT!
RUN, YOU LONGHORN BEAUTIES! RUN!
CR-RACK!
5

TIM HOLT

CUSS THAT GHOST RIDER! HE DID THIS! I COULD HEAR THAT WHIP POPPIN' AN' SNAPPIN' LIKE THUNDER! YIIIII — THEY'RE RIGHT ON TOP OF ME!
THERE YUH ARE! GHOST OR NO GHOST — I'M AIMIN' TO PUT HOT LEAD IN YUH!
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE HOW BRAVE YOU GUNMEN REALLY ARE — SO LET US FIND OUT!
THE SNAKESKIN WHIP LASHES OUT — COILS AROUND THE LIFTED SIXGUN — YANKS IT FREE OF THE GUN SLICK'S HAND!
WE SHALL FIGHT THIS OUT, HOMBRE! JUST YOU AND I — ON THE BACKS OF THESE RUNNING CATTLE! THE WINNER GOES AWAY TO DO WHAT HE WILL — THE LOSER WILL FALL UNDER THE STEERS' HOOFS — AND BE CUT TO RIBBONS!
NO — NO!!!
NO! DON'T MAKE ME FIGHT! IF I DON'T WIN — I'LL BE KILLED! I DON'T WANT TO DIE... DON'T MAKE ME! I'LL CONFESS... I'LL TELL YUH EVERYTHING...!
HE'S FAINTED FROM SHEER FRIGHT! WHILE HE'S LIKE THIS, I'LL MAKE OUT THAT CONFESSION AND HAVE HIM SIGN IT. THEN I'LL TAKE HIM AND HIS MEN INTO GUNSIGHT!
HERE ARE YOUR RUSTLERS, SHERIFF. THIS CONFESSION EXPLAINS EVERYTHING, AND IMPLICATES EVERY ONE OF THESE MEN. THE REST I LEAVE TO YOU. IT IS DAWN — AND I MUST BE GOING!
JUMPIN' JERUSALEM THORNS! THE GHOST RIDER! GULP!!!
THE END

ME
magazine enterprises, inc.
No. 21

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

TIM HOLT

10¢

THE GHOST RIDER in "SPECTRAL WITNESS" — RED MASK in "THE POOL OF PERIL!"

TIM HOLT

the GHOST RIDER

DICK AYERS

IN THE SPECTRAL WITNESS!

REX FURY, IN THE GRIM GUISE OF **THE GHOST RIDER**, ANSWERS A SNEERING CHALLENGE — AND, WITH NEW AND EERIE CUNNING, FORCES A **CONFESSION OF HORROR!** THE GHOST RIDER, SPECTRAL FIGHTER FOR JUSTICE, HAS **HIS** DAY IN COURT —

IN THE BACKROOM OF MATT JUDD'S LAW OFFICE...

OLD MAN TRAVIS IS ON HIS WAY HERE FROM THE NEXT TOWN— AND HE'S GOT PAPERS ON HIM TO PROVE THAT I SWINDLED HIM IN A LAW CASE LAST YEAR. *YOU'RE* PICKED, NED STEVENS— YOU'RE THE MAN WHO'S GOING TO STOP HIM!

YOU POSE AS A ROAD AGENT, SEE? BE SURE YOU GET HIS MONEY, SO IT'LL LOOK LIKE THAT'S YOUR MAIN PURPOSE. YOU CAN KEEP WHAT DOUGH YOU PICK UP, BUT I WANT THOSE **PAPERS** — GET IT?

I GOTCHA, BOSS.

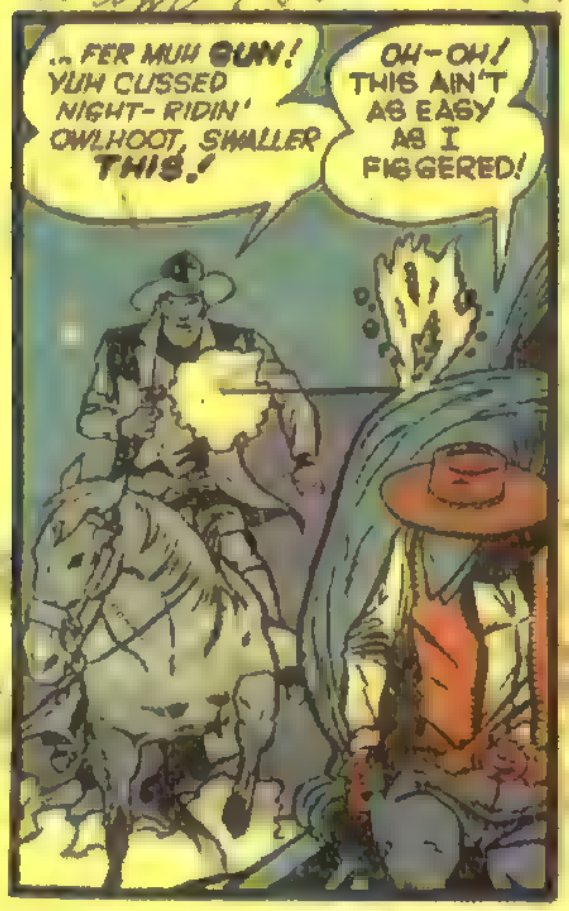
LATER, AT A LONELY SPOT ALONG THE ROAD. A BLACK, MOONLESS NIGHT BLOTS OUT THE PRAIRIE...

BLACK AS PITCH! IT SURE COULDN'T BE A BETTER NIGHT FER THIS!

ALL RIGHT, YOU— THIS IS A STICK UP! **REACH!**

WHUT THUH—! I'LL **REACH** ALL RIGHT...!

Jim Holt in TIM HOLT Boat Rock



OUT OF THE BUSHES STEPS THE HAUNT OF THE NIGHT— THE GHOST RIDER! ALWAYS PATROLLING THE DARKNESS, EVER RIDING THE WINGS OF NIGHT IN PURSUIT OF EVIL ...!
I COME, MAN OF EVIL— TO SETTLE A SCORE WITH MURDER!
YIIIII— THIIH GHOST RIDER!

BUT A SUDDEN SOUND FROM THE WOUNDED MAN DIVERTS THE GHOST RIDER'S ATTENTION...
AH — HE LIVES! THEN — NEVER MIND ABOUT NED STEVENS, FOR I WILL SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH HIM LATER! MY FIRST DUTY IS TO SAVE THIS OLD MAN, IF I CAN!
THIS IS MUH CHANCT FER A GETAWAY!

WITH A LAST EXPIRING SIGH, TRAVIS DIES IN THE GHOST RIDER'S ARMS..
DEAD! AND THE GUILTY ONE HAS ESCAPED! OVER THIS POOR OLD MAN'S DEAD BODY, I MAKE THIS VOW — THAT I WILL BRING NED STEVENS TO JUSTICE BEFORE THE LAW ...!

TIM HOLT

NED STEVENS RETURNS DIRECTLY TO HIS CHIEF, MATT JUDD...

I GOT THUH PAPERS, BOSS — BUT I HAD TUH KILL THUH OLD CODGER! THEN I HAD TUH SCRAP WITH THUH GHOST RIDER, TOO — BUT I GOT AWAY... B-BUT HE SAW ME DO IT, BOSS — THUH GHOST RIDER SAW ME! MY MASK WUZ OFF!

HE'LL PUT THE FINGER ON ME, BOSS! THUH GHOST RIDER KNOWS WHO KILLED TRAVIS! WHUT'LL I DO? WHUT'LL I DO?

CUT YOUR BLABBERING, STEVENS! CALM DOWN, YOU FOOL!

AS LONG AS IT WAS ONLY THE GHOST RIDER WHO SAW YOU DO IT, THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. HE CAN'T PIN A THING ON YOU — UNDERSTAND? JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME...!

NEXT DAY, WHEN THE SHERIFF AND REX FURY RETURN FROM PICKING UP THE BODY OF TRAVIS...

WHUT THUH — ! HYAR'S A NOTE STUCK T'MUH DOOR WITH A DAGGER! NOW WHO COULDA DONE THET?

GOOD OLD GINS SONG — RIGHT ON THE JOB!

I DON'T KNOW, SHERIFF — LET'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS.

WAL, I'LL BE DURNED!

THE GHOST RIDER'S USUALLY RIGHT, SHERIFF. I THINK WE OUGHT TO PICK UP NED STEVENS FOR QUESTIONING — I JUST SAW HIM GO INTO THE SALOON WITH MATT JUDD.

NED STEVENS KILLED TRAVIS. I WAS A WITNESS — THE GHOST RIDER!

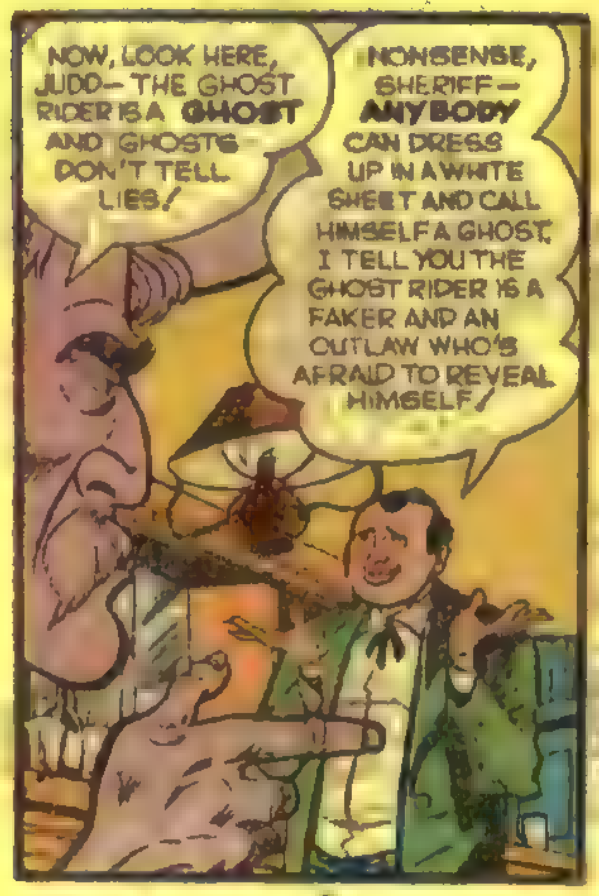
WHUT YUH SAY THUH THIS, NED STEVENS?

DON'T SAY A THING, NED — I'LL HANDLE THIS! SHERIFF, YOU CAN'T PIN THAT MURDER ON NED STEVENS WITHOUT A SINGLE WITNESS, WITHOUT EVIDENCE!

NO WITNESSES! NOT EVEN THUH GHOST RIDER?

I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, SHERIFF. THE GHOST RIDER IS AN **UNIDENTIFIED OUTLAW** — AND A **LEGAL WITNESS** MUST CLEARLY IDENTIFY HIMSELF! **EVERYBODY** KNOWS THAT! THIS NOTE COULD BE A **LIE**! IT WON'T HOLD UP IN A COURT OF LAW!

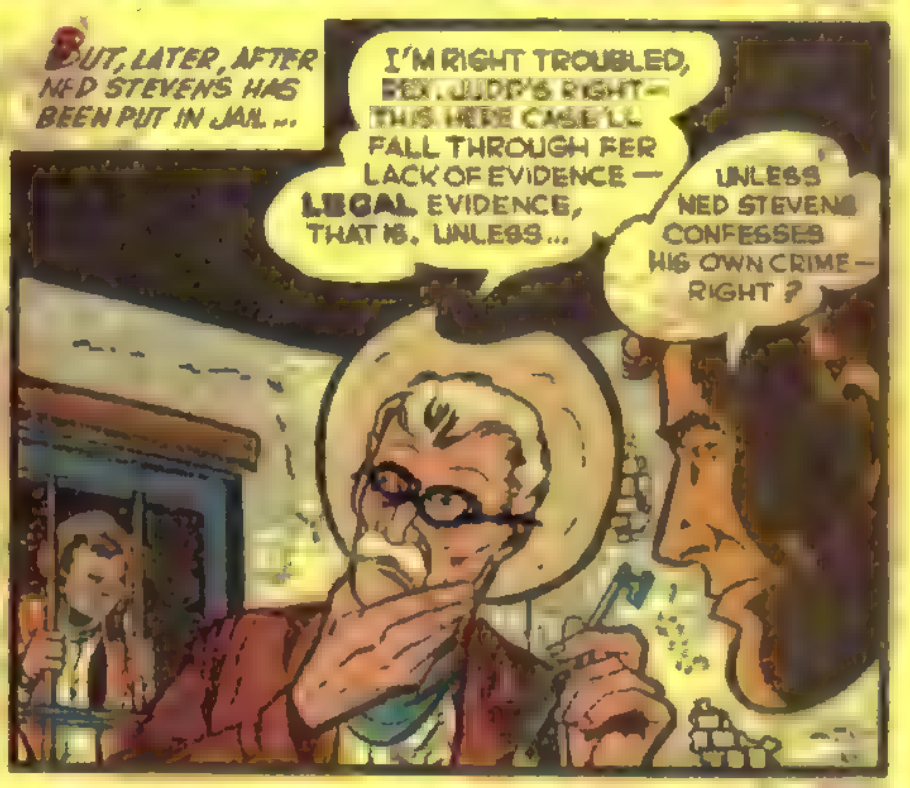
TIM HOLT


NOW, LOOK HERE, JUDD— THE GHOST RIDER IS A GHOST AND GHOSTS DON'T TELL LIES!
NONSENSE, SHERIFF— ANYBODY CAN DRESS UP IN A WHITE SHEET AND CALL HIMSELF A GHOST. I TELL YOU THE GHOST RIDER IS A FAKER AND AN OUTLAW WHO'S AFRAID TO REVEAL HIMSELF!

HOW COME THAT FAKE SPOOK ALWAYS NEEDS DARKNESS FOR HIS TRICKS? LUMINOUS PAINT— THAT'S WHAT! WHY, EVEN IF HE WAS A GHOST— NO COURT WOULD UPHOLD THE EVIDENCE OF SOMEONE WHO WASN'T EVEN ALIVE! IT'S NOT LEGAL!

NO, SHERIFF— I'M WILLING TO BET THAT OUTLAW GHOST RIDER KILLED TRAVIS HIMSELF AND IS TRYING TO PIN THE BLAME ON POOR INNOCENT NED HERE!
MEBBE SO. BUT JEST THE SAME...

... I'M ARRESTIN' YUH ON SUSPICION— ANYWAY! YUH KIN DEFEND YORESELF AT THUH HEARIN' TOMORROW!
LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME, NED— THIS CASE IS A CINCH!


BUT, LATER, AFTER NED STEVENS HAS BEEN PUT IN JAIL...
I'M RIGHT TROUBLED, REX. JUDD'S RIGHT— THIS HERE CASE'LL FALL THROUGH FER LACK OF EVIDENCE— LEGAL EVIDENCE, THAT IS. UNLESS...
UNLESS NED STEVENS CONFESSES HIS OWN CRIME— RIGHT?

THAT NIGHT, IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE CANTON LAUNDRY...
SING-SONG, HOW CAN WE MAKE NED STEVENS CONFESS HIS CRIME?
SUCH BE HARD JOB, REX FURY. I AM THINKING IT IS JOB FOR HONORABLE GHOST RIDER— YES?

I WOULD HAVE TO APPEAR AT THE TRIAL AS THE GHOST RIDER, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, IN SUCH A WAY TO CONVINCE STEVENS THAT I REALLY AM A GHOST. I'D HAVE TO SCARE HIM INTO CONFESSING! I'M GOING TO NEED SOME BRAND NEW TRICKS, SING-SONG!
HMMMMM...

TIM HOLT

OBSERVE, REX FURY — CHEESECLOTH! OUR PROBLEM IS SOLVED! THE HONORABLE GHOST RIDER **WILL** APPEAR AT THE COURT TOMORROW" AND HE WILL STRIKE HORROR INTO THE HEARTS OF ALL EVIL ONES!

THE NEXT DAY— THE DAY OF THE TRIAL! THE VERY ELEMENTS SEEM TO CONSPIRE TO AID THE CAUSE OF THE GHOST RIDER— FOR OUT OF THE RAIN-SODDEN PRAIRIES COMES A GREAT GREY FOG, WRAPPING ITS GHOSTLY VEIL IN MYSTERY OVER THE CHILL BUILDINGS AND COUNTRYSIDE. THE FOG IS A FITTING CLOAK FOR **THE GHOST RIDER**, WHO MAKES HIS WAY SILENTLY ALONG A LEDGE OF THE COURTHOUSE...

THIS FOG WILL HELP THE ILLUSION...

YOUR HONOR, THE SHERIFF HAS FAILED TO PRODUCE A SINGLE SHRED OF **LEGAL** EVIDENCE THAT NED STEVENS WAS INVOLVED IN THE MURDER OF TRAVIS. THIS CASE OUGHT TO BE DISMISSED!

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, JUDD.

NOW TO PUT ON THIS CHEESECLOTH CAPE. IT WAS A WONDERFUL IDEA TO PAINT BARS ON IT, JUST HEAVY ENOUGH TO SEE. THEN, TO SLIP INSIDE THAT WINDOW...

THE BARS, PAINTED FAINTLY ON THE CHEESECLOTH CAPE, MERGE MISTILY WITH THE REAL BARS OF THE WINDOW AND— AIDED BY THE SHIFTING LIGHTS OF THE FOG— IT APPEARS TO THE HORRIFIED COURTROOM THAT THE GHOST RIDER IS— **TRANSPARENT!**

CONFESS, NED STEVENS! CONFESS YOUR CRIME OF HORROR! I SPEAK FOR THE DEAD! I SPEAK FOR THE MURDERED TRAVIS WHO CANNOT REST!

GULP! I-I KIN SEE RIGHT THROUGH HIM! HE— HE **IS** A GHOST! YYYYYYYYYY!

TIM HOLT

NOW TO IGNITE THIS CAPE WHICH HAS BEEN DUSTED WITH GUNPOWDER...!

THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT, THEN A BLACK PALL OF SMOKE ...

...AND, UNDER COVER OF THIS FLASH, I CAN GET DOWN TO THE FLOOR ...

...AND, AS THOUGH BY MAGIC, WHEN THE SMOKE HAS GONE AND THE FLASH IS OVER, THE GHOST RIDER APPEARS ON THE FLOOR OF THE COURTROOM — "SOLID" AGAIN...

WILL YOU CONFESS, NED STEVENS, OR SHALL I—?

NO! DON'T TOUCH ME! I CONFESS! I KILLED TRAVIS!

BUT HE MADE ME! TRAVIS HAD PAPERS TO PROVE THAT JUDD SWINDLED HIM—THAT'S WHY JUDD MADE ME DO IT!

WHY, YOU ROTTEN LITTLE STOOL-PIGEON—!

BUT YOU WON'T GET ME! NOBODY CAN GET ME!

SOMEBODY GRAB HIM!

THAT WINDOW—WHAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE GHOST RIDER IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

THE GHOST RIDER IS ONE WHOM YOU CANNOT ESCAPE, MAN OF EVIL!

YOU'LL HAVE TO FLY IF YOU WANT TO CATCH ME, GHOST RIDER!

THAT CLOTHESLINE...

VERY WELL—THEN I SHALL FLY! BEWARE, JUDD—BEWARE!

E-E-E-E-E-E!

AND YOU SHALL FLY, TOO—WITH MY HELP!

AND AN ANGRY CROWD WAITS BELOW...

HERE HE IS! HIS PUNISHMENT AWAITS THE WORD OF THE LAW!

BY GOLLY, GHOST RIDER—YUH SHORE SOLVED THIS ONE. TELL ME NOW, ARE YUH REALLY A GHOST?

AND—AS THOUGH IN ANSWER TO THE SHERIFF'S QUESTION—THERE IS ANOTHER BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT, BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATING THE SWIRLING MIST!

I-I G-G-GUESS THET ANSWERS MUH QUESTION, ALL RIGHT!

AN EXTRA GUNPOWDER CAPSULE SURE COMES IN HANDY NOW AND THEN! THAT FLASH AND SMOKE SHIELDED ME LONG ENOUGH TO GET AWAY THROUGH THIS HOUSE. NOW, TO STOW THIS COSTUME IN SOME BUSHES AND...

I GUESS I GOT LEFT BEHIND IN THE RUSH, SHERIFF. SAY, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU GOT JUDD.

THE GHOST RIDER GOT 'IM, REX! HE TURNED THUH VARMINT OVER TUH US—AN' THEN *DISAPPEARED* IN A FLASH O'LIGHT!

YUP, HE'S A GHOST, ALL RIGHT! THAR JEST AIN'T NO DOUBT ANYMORE ABOUT THET! AN' I'M SHORE GLAD HE'S ON **OUR** SIDE...!

THE END

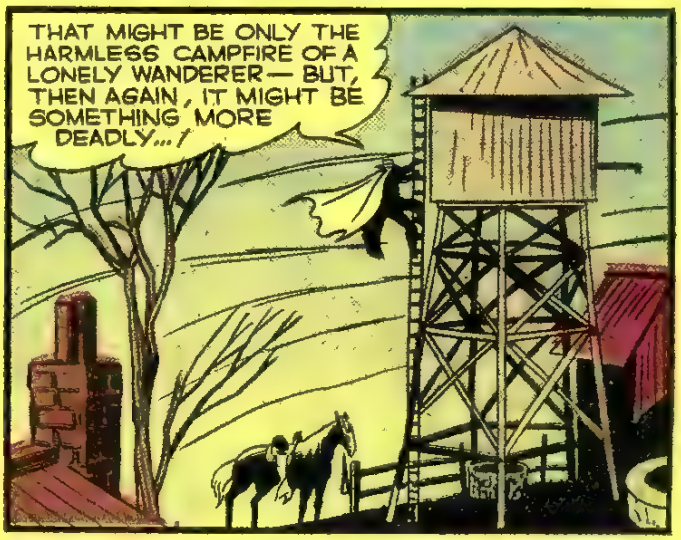
MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, INC.
ME
A NC
10¢
No. 22

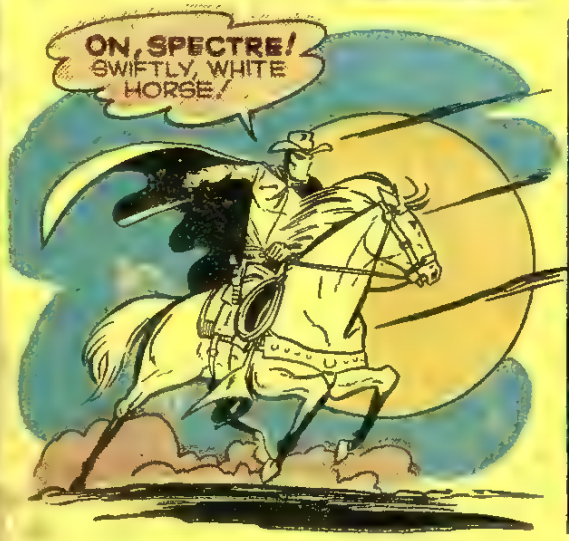
TIM HOLT

as Red Mask!

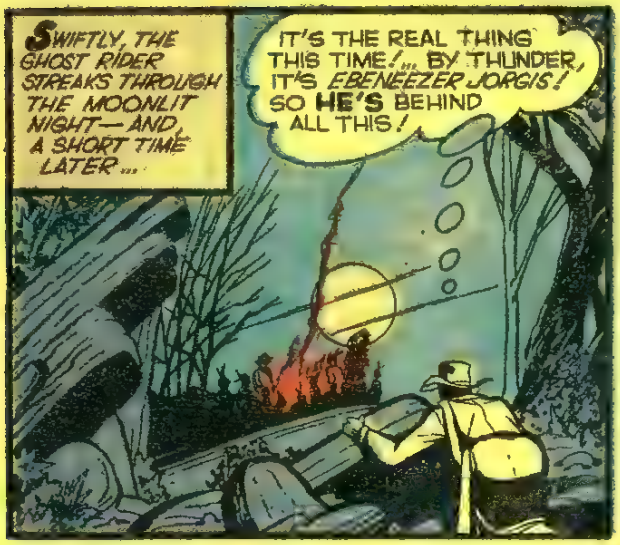
the GHOST RIDER
IN DEATH BY THE FLAME!
WE MEET OUR END TOGETHER, GHOST RIDER! THET BURNIN' HOUSE IS FULL O' GUNPOWDER!
AYERS

AH!— A DISTANT GLOW REFLECTED AGAINST THE LOW CLOUDS...!


THAT MIGHT BE ONLY THE HARMLESS CAMPFIRE OF A LONELY WANDERER— BUT, THEN AGAIN, IT MIGHT BE SOMETHING MORE DEADLY...!


ON, SPECTRE! SWIFTLY, WHITE HORSE!

HIT'S THUH GHOST RIDER— GALLOPIN' LIKE WHITE FURY!
I HOPE HE'S ON THUH RIGHT TRACK THIS TIME!
I SHORE HOPE HE KIN SETTLE THIS NASTY INJUN BUSINESS BEFORE THAR'S A MASSACRE!


SWIFTLY, THE GHOST RIDER STREAKS THROUGH THE MOONLIT NIGHT—AND, A SHORT TIME LATER...
IT'S THE REAL THING THIS TIME!... BY THUNDER, IT'S EBENEEZER JORGIS! SO HE'S BEHIND ALL THIS!

ALL THERE AS WE ORDERED! BUT TELL US, WHITE MAN — WHY DO YOU SELL US THESE RIFLES AND GUNPOWDER? DO YOU NOT KNOW THAT WE WILL USE THEM AGAINST YOUR OWN PEOPLE?
WAL, I'LL BE FRANK WITH YOU, CHIEF...

...THAR'S MONEY IN IT, CHIEF — YOU PAY ME WELL! AN' THET'S ALL I CARE ABOUT— LITTLE ME! ALSO— AS LONG AS YOU DEPEND ON ME TUH GIT YORE ARMAMENTS FER YUH, I'M SAFE!

YOU ARE A TRAITOR TO YOUR OWN PEOPLE, JORGIS— BUT THAT IS TO OUR ADVANTAGE. WE WILL DO BUSINESS WITH YOU!
I'LL DROP THIS LITTLE BAG OF GUNPOWDER INTO THE FIRE...!

WHUT THUH—!?!?
CAN IT BE THAT EVIL SPIRITS ARE WITH US?
POOF!

NO! IT IS A GOOD SPIRIT WHO DOGS YOUR FOOTSTEPS — FIGHTING EVIL AND BRINGING PUNISHMENT TO TRAITORS!

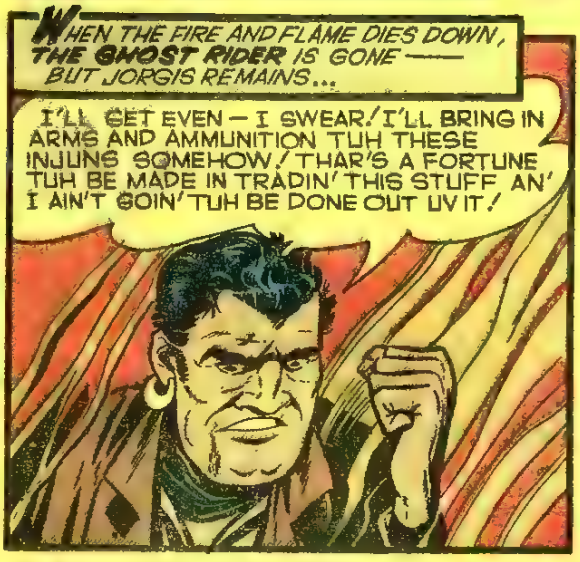
THE GHOST RIDER!
YIIIIIEEE!
DROP THAT GUN, EBENEEZER JORGIS!

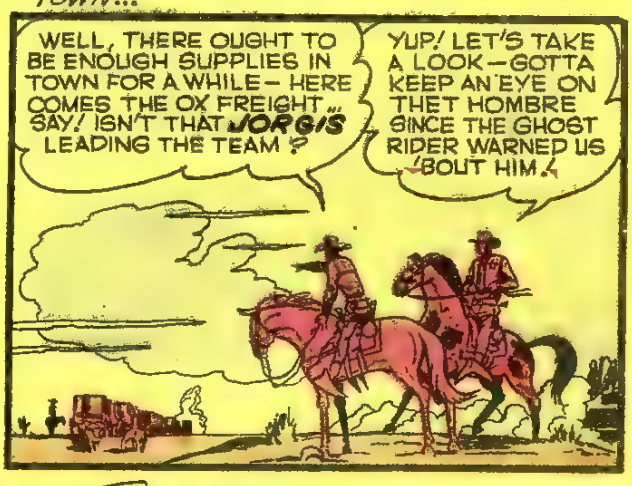
TIM HOLT

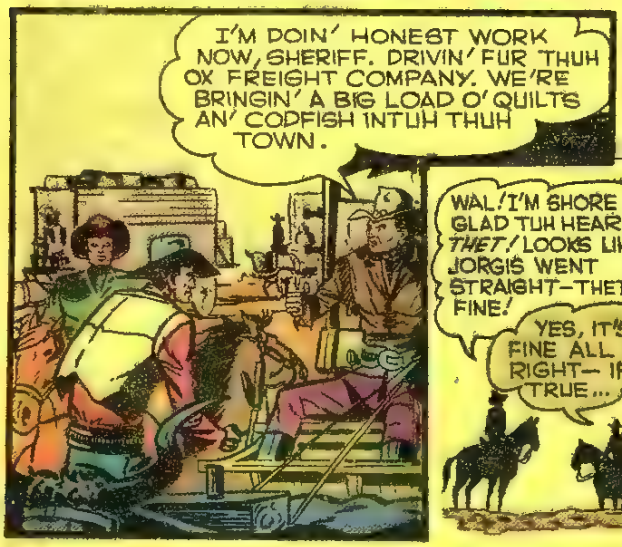
THIS IS WARNING, JORGIS — MAKE AN HONEST LIVING OR *GET OUT OF THE AREA!* THIS IS THE **LAST** WARNING!

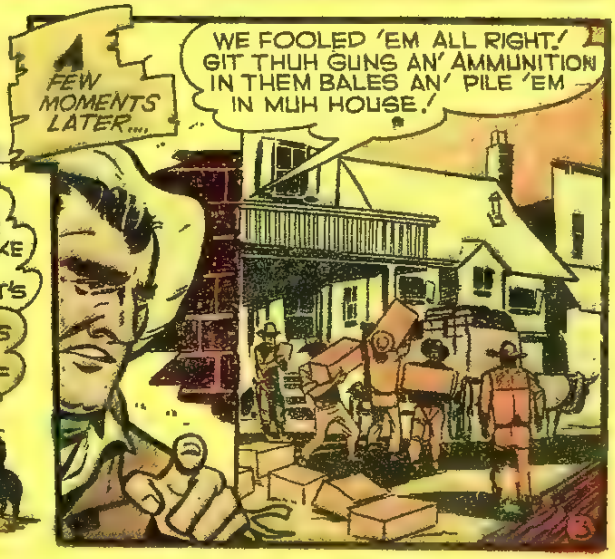
AND NOW — TO DESTROY THIS GUNPOWDER AND THESE GUNS, THESE INSTRUMENTS OF TREACHERY AND MURDER!
30-30
RIFLES
AMMO

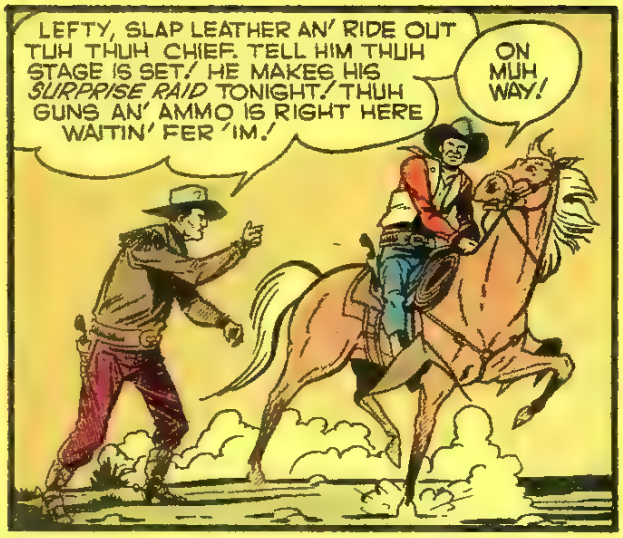
CRR OOMM!

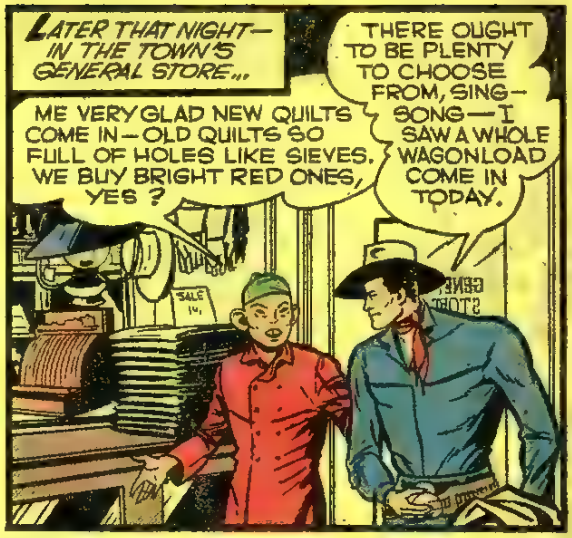

*WHEN THE FIRE AND FLAME DIES DOWN, **THE GHOST RIDER** IS GONE —— BUT JORGIS REMAINS...*
I'LL GET EVEN — I SWEAR! I'LL BRING IN ARMS AND AMMUNITION TUH THESE INJUNS SOMEHOW! THAR'S A FORTUNE TUH BE MADE IN TRADIN' THIS STUFF AN' I AIN'T GOIN' TUH BE DONE OUT UV IT!

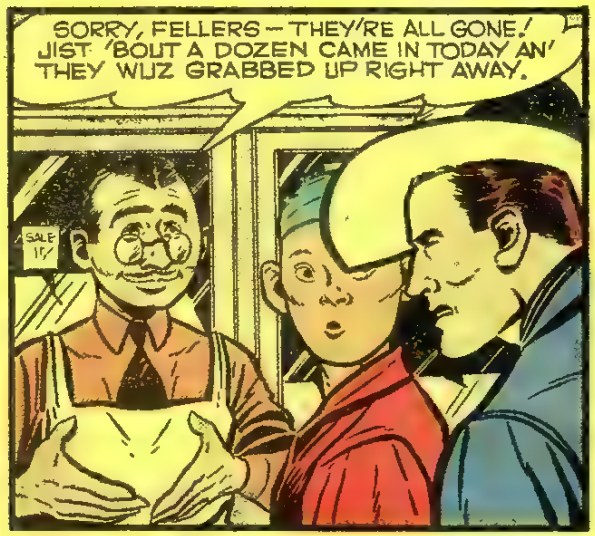

MANY WEEKS LATER. REX FURY AND SHERIFF HENDRIX GUARD THE ROAD THAT LEADS INTO TOWN...
WELL, THERE OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH SUPPLIES IN TOWN FOR A WHILE — HERE COMES THE OX FREIGHT... SAY! ISN'T THAT ***JORGIS*** LEADING THE TEAM?
YUP! LET'S TAKE A LOOK — GOTTA KEEP AN EYE ON THET HOMBRE SINCE THE GHOST RIDER WARNED US 'BOUT HIM!

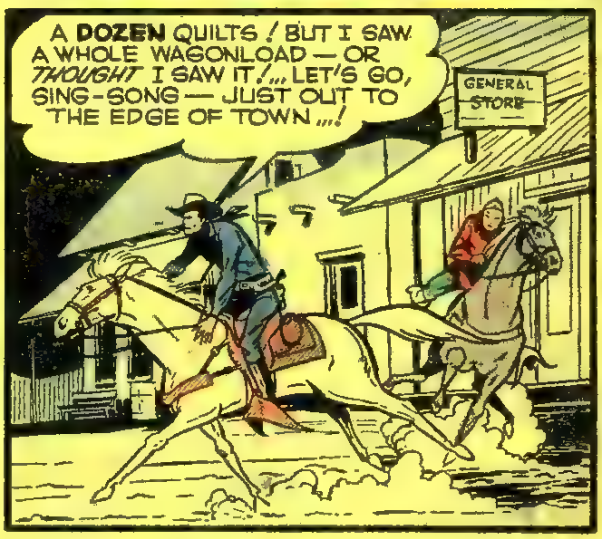

I'M DOIN' HONEST WORK NOW, SHERIFF. DRIVIN' FUR THUH OX FREIGHT COMPANY. WE'RE BRINGIN' A BIG LOAD O' QUILTS AN' CODFISH INTUH THUH TOWN.
WAL! I'M SHORE GLAD TUH HEAR *THET!* LOOKS LIKE JORGIS WENT STRAIGHT — THET'S FINE!
YES, IT'S FINE ALL RIGHT — IF TRUE...

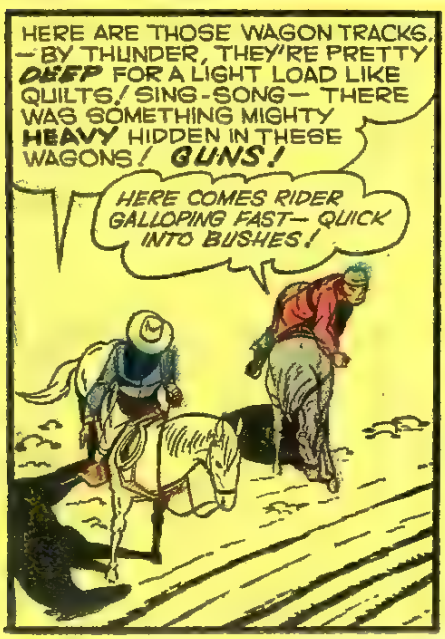

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
WE FOOLED 'EM ALL RIGHT! GIT THUH GUNS AN' AMMUNITION IN THEM BALES AN' PILE 'EM — IN MUH HOUSE!


LEFTY, SLAP LEATHER AN' RIDE OUT TUH THUH CHIEF. TELL HIM THUH STAGE IS SET! HE MAKES HIS *SURPRISE RAID* TONIGHT! THUH GUNS AN' AMMO IS RIGHT HERE WAITIN' FER 'IM!
ON MUH WAY!


LATER THAT NIGHT— IN THE TOWN'S GENERAL STORE...
ME VERY GLAD NEW QUILTS COME IN — OLD QUILTS SO FULL OF HOLES LIKE SIEVES. WE BUY BRIGHT RED ONES, YES?
THERE OUGHT TO BE PLENTY TO CHOOSE FROM, SING-SONG — I SAW A WHOLE WAGONLOAD COME IN TODAY.


SORRY, FELLERS — THEY'RE ALL GONE! JIST 'BOUT A DOZEN CAME IN TODAY AN' THEY WUZ GRABBED UP RIGHT AWAY.

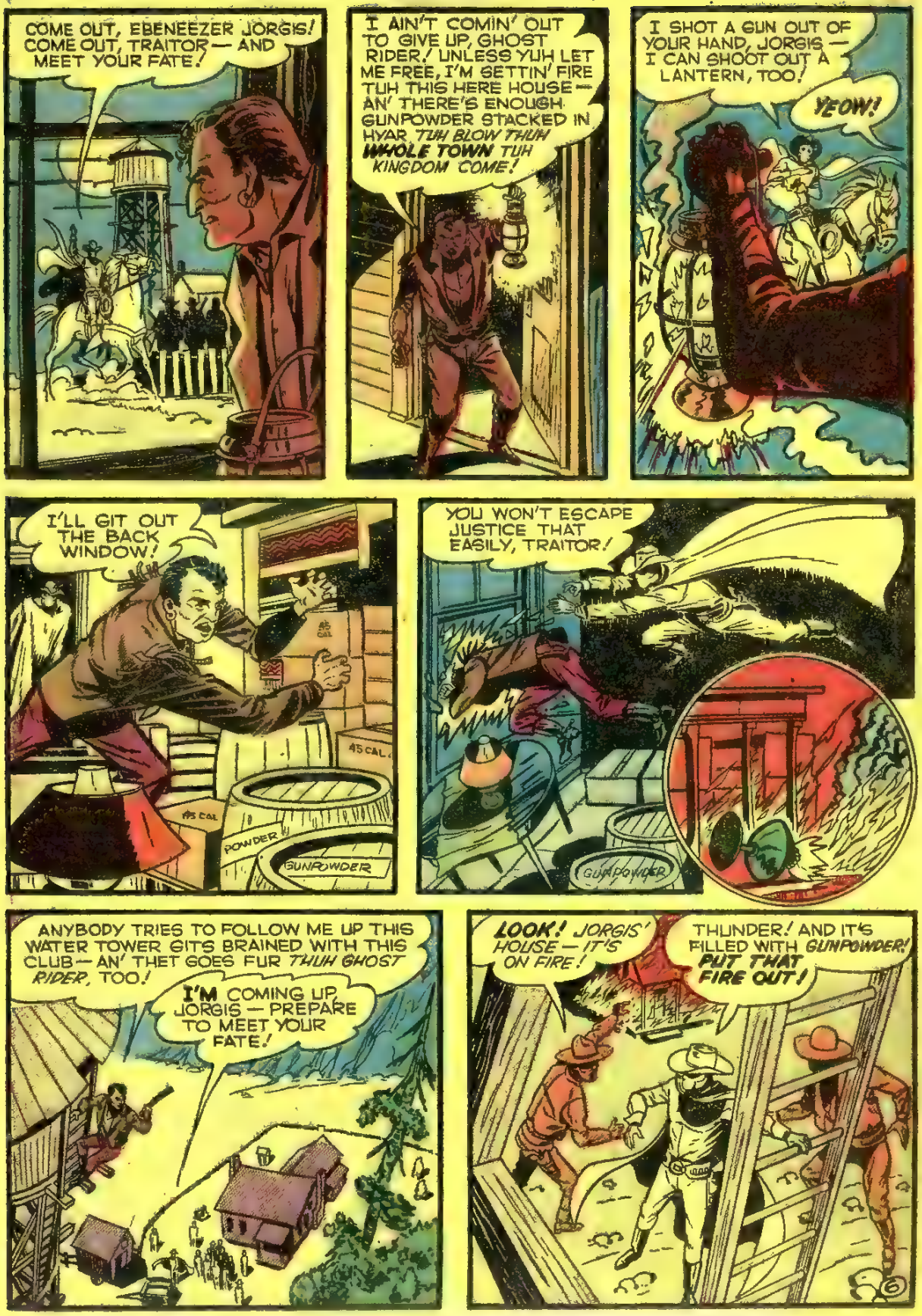

A **DOZEN** QUILTS! BUT I SAW A WHOLE WAGONLOAD — OR *THOUGHT* I SAW IT!... LET'S GO, SING-SONG — JUST OUT TO THE EDGE OF TOWN...!
GENERAL STORE


HERE ARE THOSE WAGON TRACKS. — BY THUNDER, THEY'RE PRETTY ***DEEP*** FOR A LIGHT LOAD LIKE QUILTS! SING-SONG — THERE WAS SOMETHING MIGHTY **HEAVY** HIDDEN IN THESE WAGONS! ***GUNS!***
HERE COMES RIDER GALLOPING FAST — QUICK INTO BUSHES!

THAT'S ONE OF JORGIS' DRIVERS — AND HE'S COMIN' BACK FROM *INDIAN COUNTRY*! I THINK I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND, SING-SONG!
ME, TOO! JORGIS UP TO OLD TRICKS!

SECONDS ARE PRECIOUS, SING-SONG — HURRY BACK AND GET YOUR GUN! AS FOR ME — IT'S TIME FOR ***THE GHOST RIDER*** TO RIDE AS HE NEVER RODE BEFORE!

A FEW URGENT MINUTES LATER, THE BOOMING VOICE OF THE GHOST RIDER ECHOES THROUGH THE STREETS OF RED HOOK...
TO ARMS, MEN OF RED HOOK— TO ARMS! THE INDIANS APPROACH! SIEZE YOUR WEAPONS — AND FOLLOW ME!
HARDWARE STORE
HURRY! HURRY! TAKE UP FIRING POSITIONS AT THE END OF TOWN! I HEAR THE THUNDER OF THE INDIAN HORSES EVEN NOW!
A MOMENT LATER— THE "SURPRISE" RAIDERS STORM INTO THE TOWN, BUT FIND...
FIGHT, WARRIORS! WE MUST BATTLE THROUGH TO JORGIS' HOUSE WHERE WEAPONS AWAIT US! ATTACK!
YIIIIII— WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED! THEY ARE READY FOR US!
PINNNG! ZIPP!
ON, SPECTRE!
IT IS THE GHOST RIDER WHO FIGHTS AGAINST US! FALL BACK, WARRIORS— FALL BACK BEFORE THIS DREAD SPIRIT! RETREAT!
SO MUCH FOR THEM!
AND NOW— TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH A CERTAIN MR. JORGIS! MAKE WAY, MEN OF RED HOOK...!
5


COME OUT, EBENEEZER JORGIS! COME OUT, TRAITOR — AND MEET YOUR FATE!
I AIN'T COMIN' OUT TO GIVE UP, GHOST RIDER, UNLESS YUH LET ME FREE, I'M GETTIN' FIRE TUH THIS HERE HOUSE — AN' THERE'S ENOUGH GUNPOWDER STACKED IN HYAR TUH BLOW THUH WHOLE TOWN TUH KINGDOM COME!
I SHOT A GUN OUT OF YOUR HAND, JORGIS — I CAN SHOOT OUT A LANTERN, TOO!
YEOW!
I'LL GIT OUT THE BACK WINDOW!
45 CAL.
POWDER
GUNPOWDER
YOU WON'T ESCAPE JUSTICE THAT EASILY, TRAITOR!
GUNPOWDER
ANYBODY TRIES TO FOLLOW ME UP THIS WATER TOWER GITS BRAINED WITH THIS CLUB — AN' THET GOES FUR THUH GHOST RIDER, TOO!
I'M COMING UP, JORGIS — PREPARE TO MEET YOUR FATE!
LOOK! JORGIS' HOUSE — IT'S ON FIRE!
THUNDER! AND IT'S FILLED WITH GUNPOWDER! PUT THAT FIRE OUT!

TIM HOLT

NO USE! THUH FIRE'S GOT A HEAD START ON US!
THAR JEST AIN'T ENOUGH WATER HANDY TUH PUT OUT A FIRE LIKE THET!
IN ANOTHER MINUTE THIS WHOLE TOWN'S GOIN' TUH BE BLASTED APART! HA-HA HAW-HAW-HAW!
THAT WATER TOWER! SECONDS ARE PRECIOUS!
IT'S EITHER JORGIS — OR THE LIVES OF INNOCENT HUNDREDS! STAND AWAY, EVERYBODY!
Yiiii!
HISSSSSSSSS!
THET DID IT, ALL RIGHT! THUH WATER DRENCHED THUH GUNPOWDER AN' PUT OUT THUH FIRE AN' EVERYTHING!
YUP! I GUESS IT DONE PUT OUT JORGIS, TOO!
A FITTING JUSTICE! BY FIRE AND FLAME HE LIVED — AND SO HE MET HIS END! FAREWELL, MEN OF RED HOOK — UNTIL THE CAUSE OF RIGHT CALLS AGAIN!
THE END

No. 23

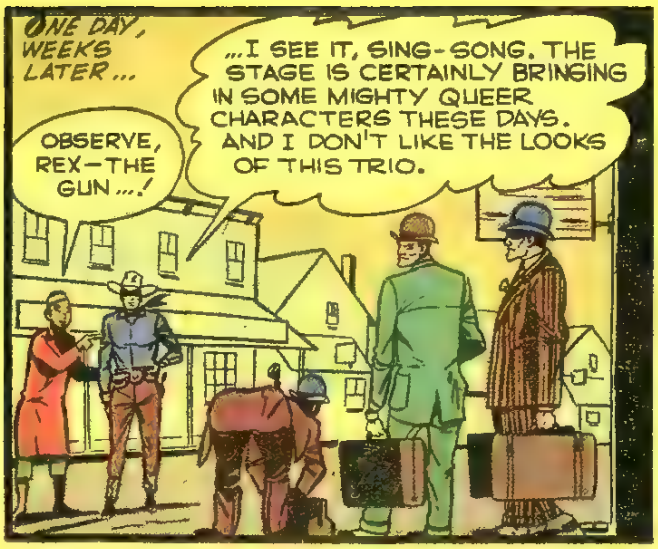
10¢

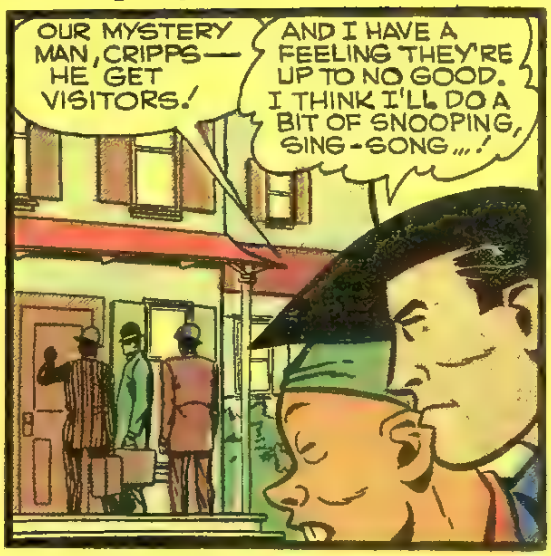
TIM HOLT

BANK

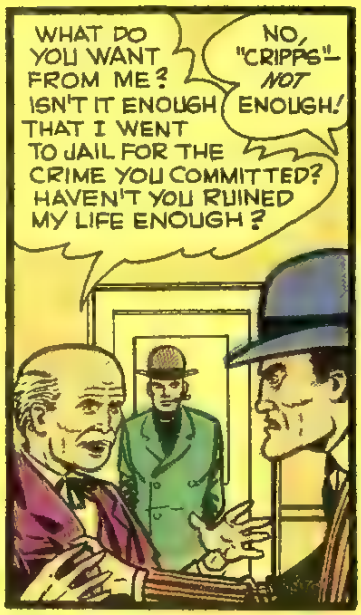
the GHOST RIDER
THE MAN OF MYSTERY CARRIED HIS SECRET THROUGH EIGHTEEN YEARS OF LONELY TERROR — AND BROUGHT IT WITH HIM TO THE GRAVE! IT TOOK THE GHOST RIDER, BATTLING MEN AND FIRE, TO SOLVE THE FABULOUS RIDDLE OF— "THE LOST LOOT OF INDIA!"
NOW WHO KIN THET JASPER BE, REX — KEEPIN' HIS FACE ALL HID LIKE THET?
ONE STAGE AND FOUR FREIGHT WAGONS — HE'S SURE PACKING PLENTY OF EQUIPMENT!
RED HOTEL
JUMPIN' GOPHERS — ALL THE WAY FROM INDIA!
WELL, WE KNOW HIS NAME, ANYWAY — T. B. CRIPPS!
T.B. CRIPPS
BOMBAY — INDIA
MONTHS ROLL BY..
WAL, OUR MYSTERIOUS MR. CRIPPS SHORE'S GOT A PILE O' DOUGH — BUILDIN' A BIG HOUSE LIKE THET.
MUST BE A RICH EASTERNER COME WEST FER HIS HEALTH, HUH?
AND, FINALLY...
WELL, IT'S FINISHED AND HE'S MOVED IN.
AND NO MAN HAS YET SEEN HIS FACE! IT'S STRANGE — STRANGE!
T.B. CRIPPS

TIM HOLT


ONE DAY, WEEKS LATER...
...I SEE IT, SING-SONG. THE STAGE IS CERTAINLY BRINGING IN SOME MIGHTY QUEER CHARACTERS THESE DAYS. AND I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS TRIO.
OBSERVE, REX—THE GUN...!

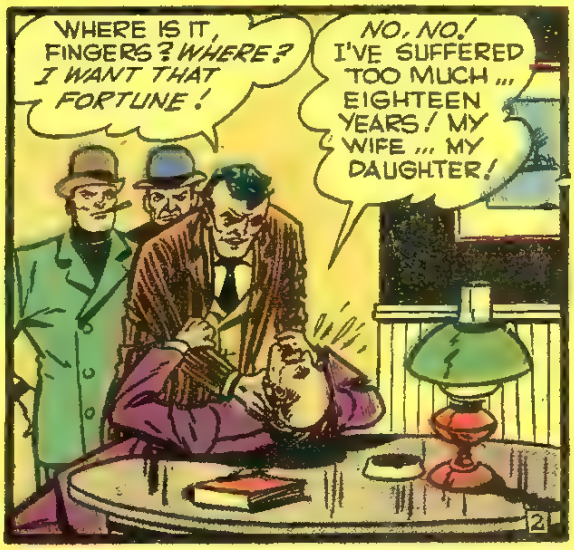

OUR MYSTERY MAN, CRIPPS— HE GET VISITORS!
AND I HAVE A FEELING THEY'RE UP TO NO GOOD. I THINK I'LL DO A BIT OF SNOOPING, SING-SONG...!

BROOD! GOOD HEAVENS— BROOD!
HELLO, "FINGERS"— ALIAS "MR. CRIPPS!" I FOUND YOU— AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS!


WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME? ISN'T IT ENOUGH THAT I WENT TO JAIL FOR THE CRIME YOU COMMITTED? HAVEN'T YOU RUINED MY LIFE ENOUGH?
NO, "CRIPPS"— NOT ENOUGH!

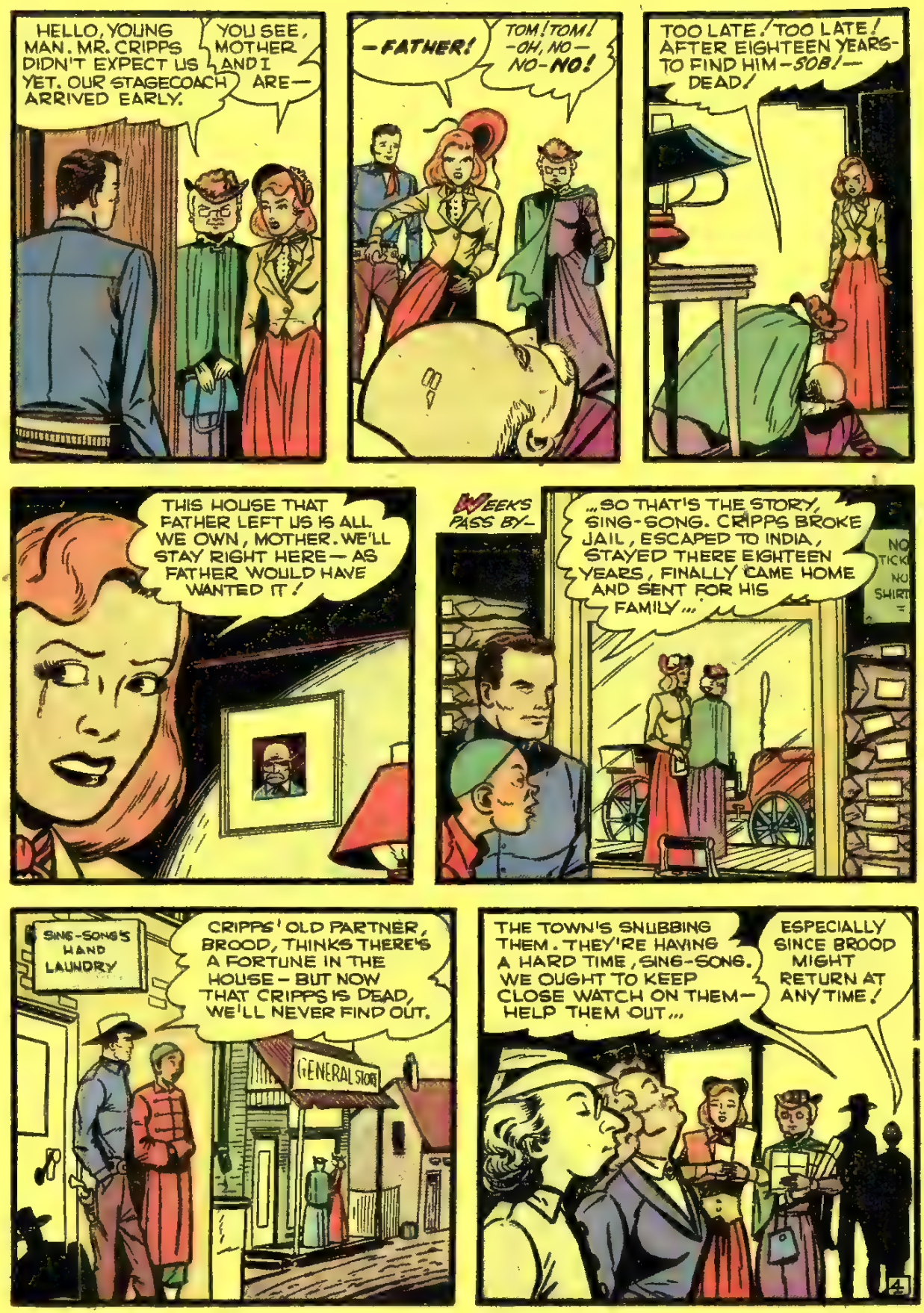
WE WERE PARTNERS IN CRIME ONCE—AND WE'LL BE PARTNERS AGAIN, FINGERS! EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO YOU ESCAPED FROM THAT JAIL— LEFT THE COUNTRY... WENT TO INDIA...

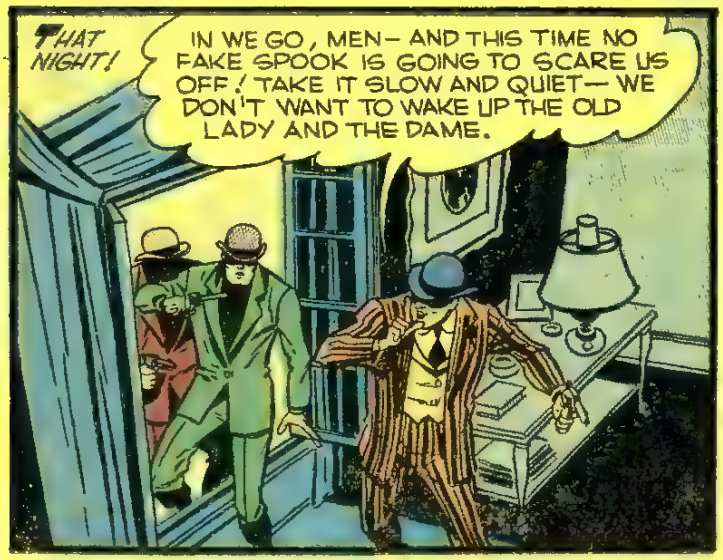
YOU TRADED IN JADE AND JEWELS IN INDIA. YOU MADE A FORTUNE. AT LAST, YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO RETURN TO THIS COUNTRY. BUT WE WATCHED YOU, FOLLOWED YOU—ALL THE TIME!


WHERE IS IT, FINGERS? WHERE? I WANT THAT FORTUNE!
NO, NO! I'VE SUFFERED TOO MUCH... EIGHTEEN YEARS! MY WIFE... MY DAUGHTER!
2

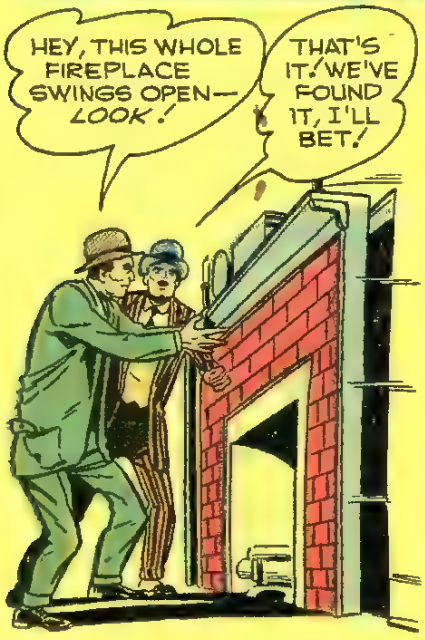
BUT- REX FURY HAS NEEDED ONLY A MOMENT TO SLIP INTO HIS CAPE AND MASK TO BECOME —THE GHOST RIDER!
HEY! BROOD—LOOK! COMIN' THROUGH THE WINDOW— LOOK!
GULP!
A-A GHOST!
YES—A GHOST WHO RIDES FOR JUSTICE!
YOUR GUNS WILL NOT AVAIL YOU, SCAVENGERS!
NOR CAN FISTS PREVAIL AGAINST THE GHOST RIDER!
GNNNNG
LET'S GIT OUTTA HERE— NOW!
SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH CRIPPS! I'D BETTER TAKE CARE OF HIM FIRST— LET THE OTHERS GO...
DEAD! IT MUST HAVE BEEN A HEART ATTACK! THUNDER— AND THE OTHERS HAVE ESCAPED!
AND THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR! I THINK IT BEST THAT I STAY HERE— BUT NOT AS THE GHOST RIDER!
KNOCK! KNOCK!

TIM HOLT


HELLO, YOUNG MAN. MR. CRIPPS DIDN'T EXPECT US YET. OUR STAGECOACH ARRIVED EARLY.
YOU SEE, MOTHER AND I ARE—
—FATHER!
TOM! TOM! —OH, NO— NO-NO!
TOO LATE! TOO LATE! AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS- TO FIND HIM—SOB!— DEAD!
THIS HOUSE THAT FATHER LEFT US IS ALL WE OWN, MOTHER. WE'LL STAY RIGHT HERE— AS FATHER WOULD HAVE WANTED IT!
WEEK'S PASS BY—
„SO THAT'S THE STORY, SING-SONG. CRIPPS BROKE JAIL, ESCAPED TO INDIA, STAYED THERE EIGHTEEN YEARS, FINALLY CAME HOME AND SENT FOR HIS FAMILY...
SING-SONG'S HAND LAUNDRY
CRIPPS' OLD PARTNER, BROOD, THINKS THERE'S A FORTUNE IN THE HOUSE— BUT NOW THAT CRIPPS IS DEAD, WE'LL NEVER FIND OUT.
GENERAL STORE
THE TOWN'S SNUBBING THEM. THEY'RE HAVING A HARD TIME, SING-SONG. WE OUGHT TO KEEP CLOSE WATCH ON THEM— HELP THEM OUT...
ESPECIALLY SINCE BROOD MIGHT RETURN AT ANY TIME!
4


THAT NIGHT!
IN WE GO, MEN— AND THIS TIME NO FAKE SPOOK IS GOING TO SCARE US OFF! TAKE IT SLOW AND QUIET— WE DON'T WANT TO WAKE UP THE OLD LADY AND THE DAME.

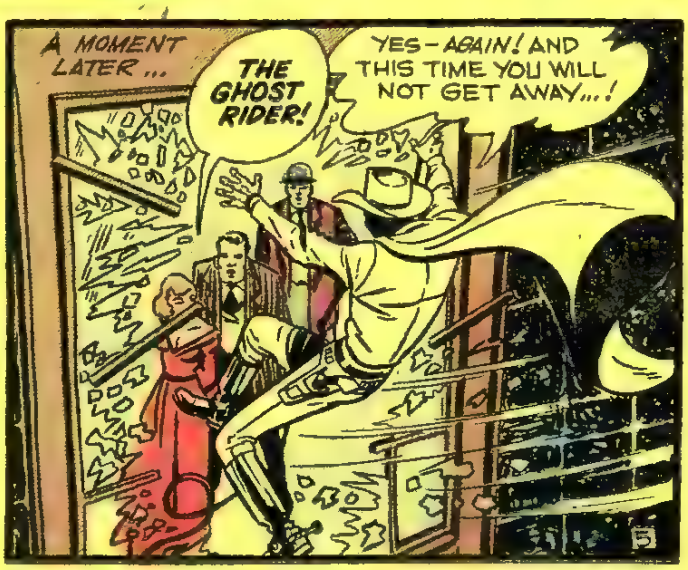
WE'LL GO OVER EVERY INCH OF THIS PLACE. THERE'S A FORTUNE IN LOOT FROM INDIA IN THIS HOUSE AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND IT!


HEY, THIS WHOLE FIREPLACE SWINGS OPEN— LOOK!
THAT'S IT! WE'VE FOUND IT, I'LL BET!

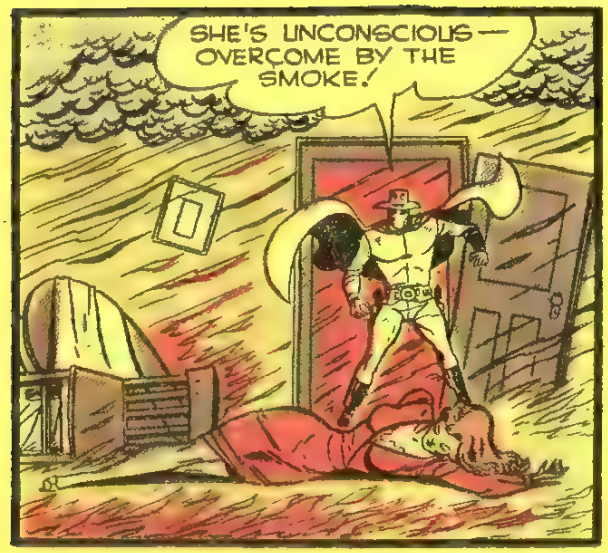
EMPTY! JUST AN OLD STONE STATUE...!
MAYBE UNDER THE STATUE—!

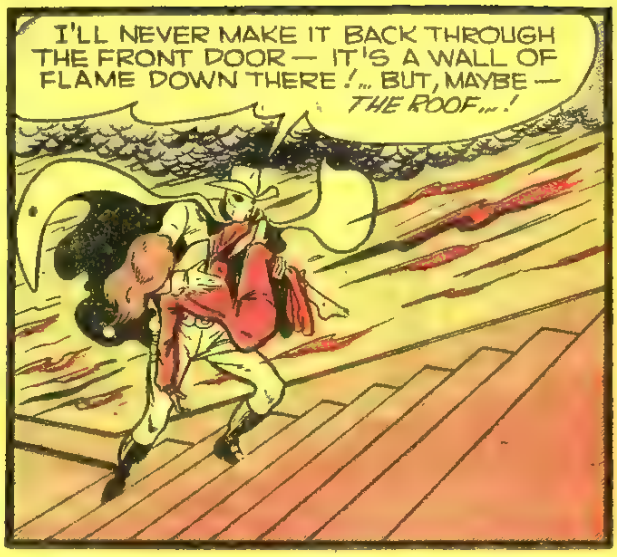
I THOUGHT I HEARD NOISES... OH! WHAT ARE YOU MEN DOING HERE?
GRAB THEM, MEN! GRAB 'EM BEFORE THEY YELL!

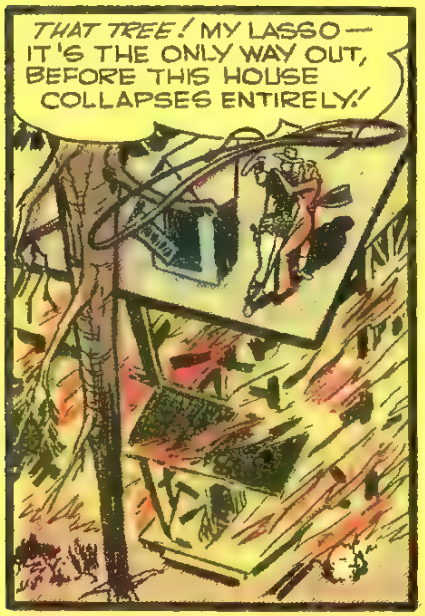
AT THAT MOMENT— OUTSIDE...
A WOMAN'S SCREAM — FROM THE BIG HOUSE!
EEEEEEEK!

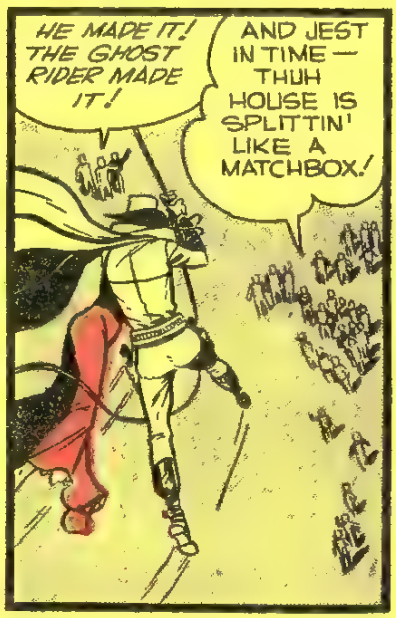

A MOMENT LATER...
THE GHOST RIDER!
YES — AGAIN! AND THIS TIME YOU WILL NOT GET AWAY...!

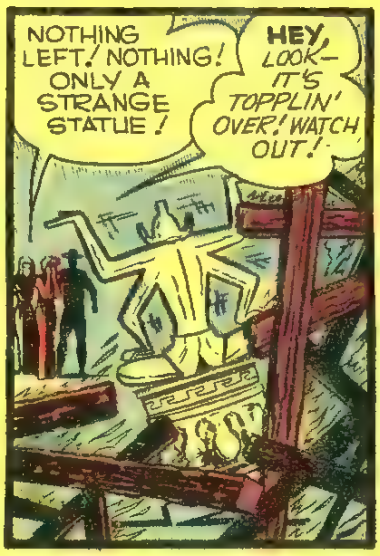
YIIIII! MY HAND!
MORE THAN YOUR HAND WILL HURT BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OVER!
FIRE! THAT OIL LAMP— SHATTERED! FIRE! WE'LL BURN!
HE'S COMIN' FOR US, AGAIN! RIGHT THROUGH THE FIRE! -GULP!- HE MUST BE A GHOST!
THEY DON'T KNOW THAT MY CAPE IS FIREPROOF!
THIS GHOST, YOU WILL FIND, HAS VERY SOLID FISTS!
QUICKLY, THE FIRE BRINGS A CROWD OF TOWNSFOLK...
THE GHOST RIDER!
CATCH THESE MEN — AND HOLD THEM!
GOT TO MAKE IT DOWNSTAIRS, THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR— SOMEHOW...!
MADE IT! TAKE HER — I MUST GO BACK!

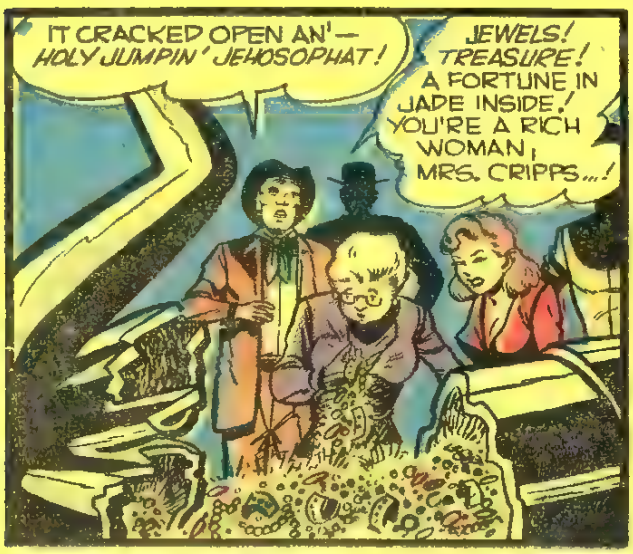

SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS— OVERCOME BY THE SMOKE!

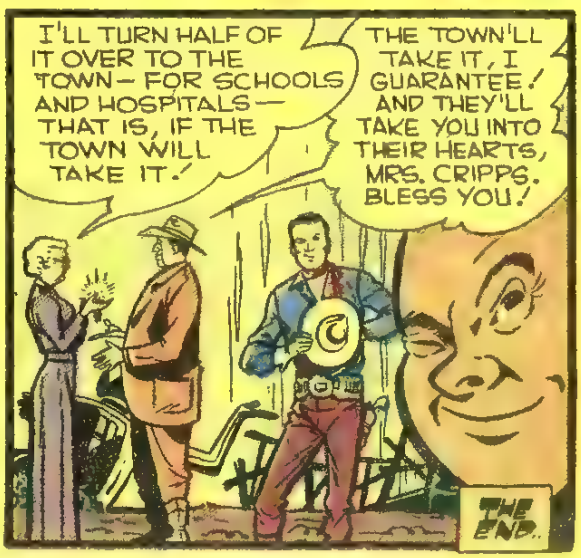

I'LL NEVER MAKE IT BACK THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR— IT'S A WALL OF FLAME DOWN THERE!.. BUT, MAYBE— THE ROOF...!


THAT TREE! MY LASSO— IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT, BEFORE THIS HOUSE COLLAPSES ENTIRELY!


HE MADE IT! THE GHOST RIDER MADE IT!
AND JEST IN TIME— THUH HOUSE IS SPLITTIN' LIKE A MATCHBOX!


LATER... ONLY EMBERS ARE LEFT— AND A STONE STATUE..
NOTHING LEFT! NOTHING! ONLY A STRANGE STATUE!
HEY, LOOK— IT'S TOPPLIN' OVER! WATCH OUT!


IT CRACKED OPEN AN'— HOLY JUMPIN' JEHOSOPHAT!
JEWELS! TREASURE! A FORTUNE IN JADE INSIDE! YOU'RE A RICH WOMAN, MRS. CRIPPS...!


I'LL TURN HALF OF IT OVER TO THE TOWN— FOR SCHOOLS AND HOSPITALS— THAT IS, IF THE TOWN WILL TAKE IT!
THE TOWN'LL TAKE IT, I GUARANTEE! AND THEY'LL TAKE YOU INTO THEIR HEARTS, MRS. CRIPPS. BLESS YOU!
THE END..

anc

TIM HOLT

10¢

No.24

WITH TIM AS 'RED MASK!'

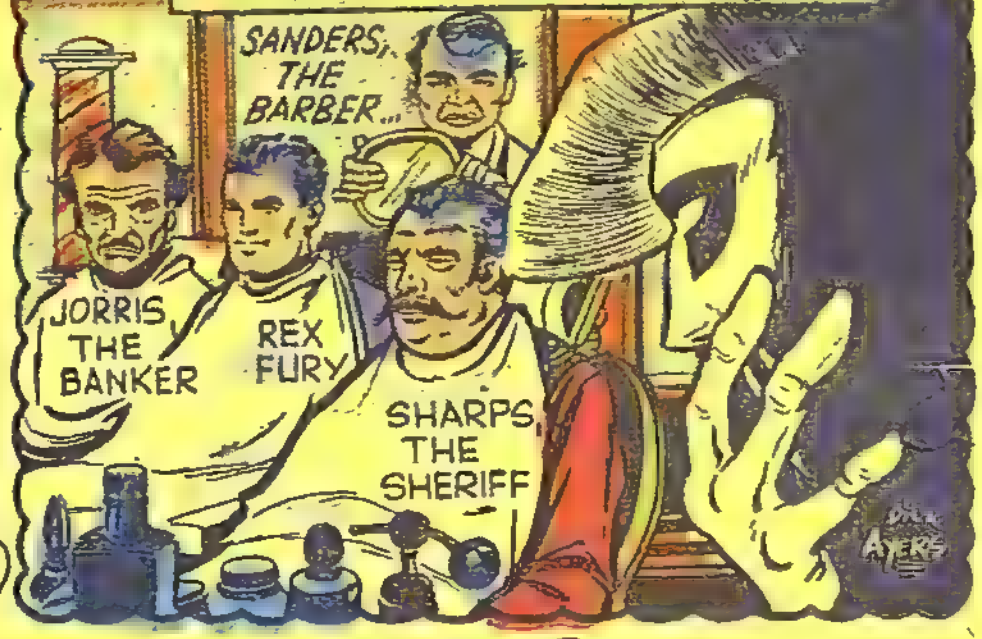
TIM HOLT

the GHOST RIDER

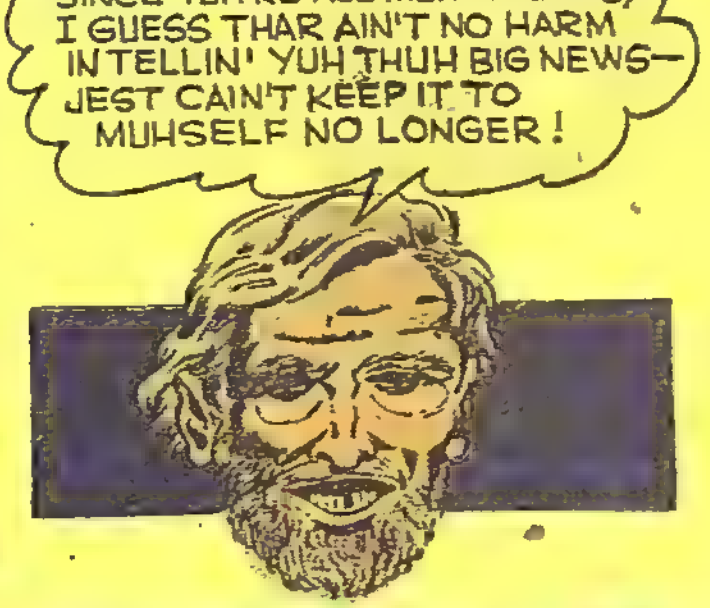
in THE SCOURGE OF GUILT!

ONE OF THESE MEN IS A KILLER! TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THEM! READ THEIR NAMES AND REMEMBER THEM WELL— FOR BEFORE THE DAY IS OVER, ONE OF THEM WILL HAVE MURDERED FOR GREED! THAT MAN WILL SUFFER THE NAMELESS HORROR OF —

THE SCOURGE OF GUILT!



SI BARNES! WHAR YUH BEEN, YUH OLD ROOSTER? AIN'T SEEN YUH FER MONTHS!
BEEN PROSPECTIN', GENTS— UP IN THUH HILLS!... I SEE YUH STILL GOT THUH OLD BARBERSHOP QUARTET GOIN' STRONG!



GOLD, GENTS! I GOT A FORTUNE IN GOLD RIGHT HYAR! I'M A RICH HOMBRE! LOOK AT THE SIZE O' THESE NUGGETS!
GOLLY!
CONGRATULATIONS, SI!
THIS CALLS FER A DRINK O'CIDER— LET'S CELEBRATE, BOYS!

SOON AS I GITS ME A SHAVE AN' HAIRCUT, A HOTEL ROOM AN' SOME FRESH CLOTHES, I'LL BE OVER TUH STASH THIS GOLD AWAY IN YORE BANK VAULT, JORRIS.
BETTER HURRY, SI— IT ISN'T VERY SAFE TO CARRY THAT STUFF AROUND!

TIM HOLT

LATER, IN THE PROSPECTOR'S HOTEL ROOM ...

YUP, I BETTER TAKE THIS STUFF OVER TO THUH BANK RIGHT NOW, AFORE SOME SNEAKIN' RANNY LATCHES ON TUH IT !

TOO LATE, SI BARNES! HAND THOSE SACKS OVER!

WHUT THUH—!

OVER MUH DAID BODY, MISTER — WHOEVER YUH ARE ! I'M FIGHTIN' FER MUH STAKE !

YOU!

ALL RIGHT, BARNES— *OVER YOUR DEAD BODY !* YOU CAN'T KNOW WHO I AM AND LIVE !

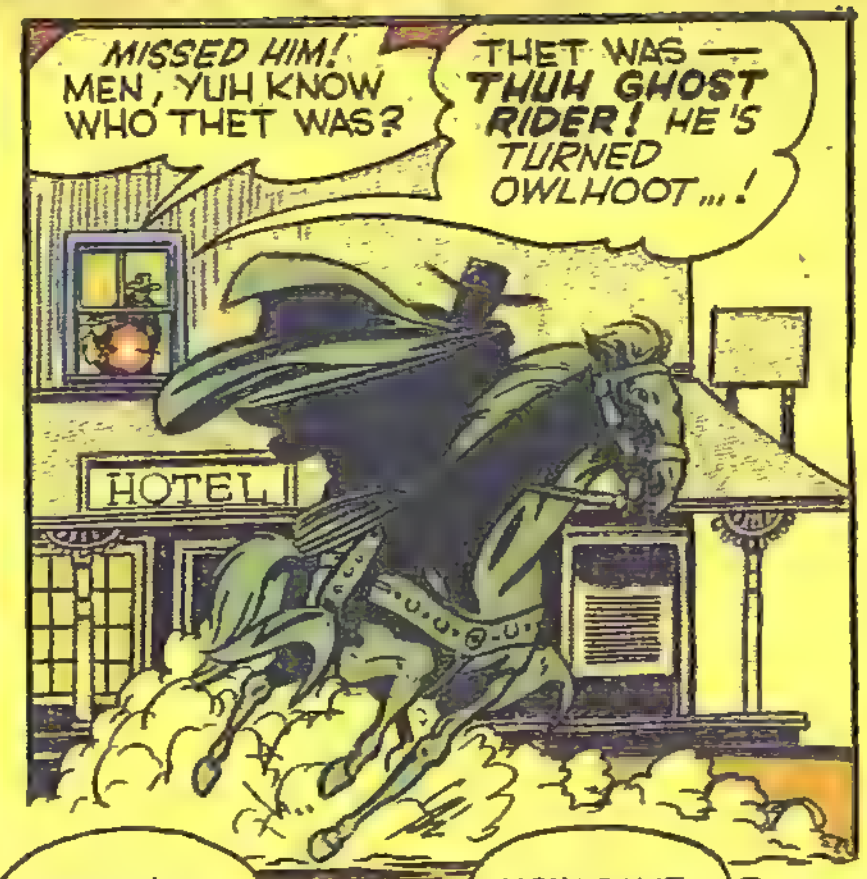
UGH— AHHHHH...

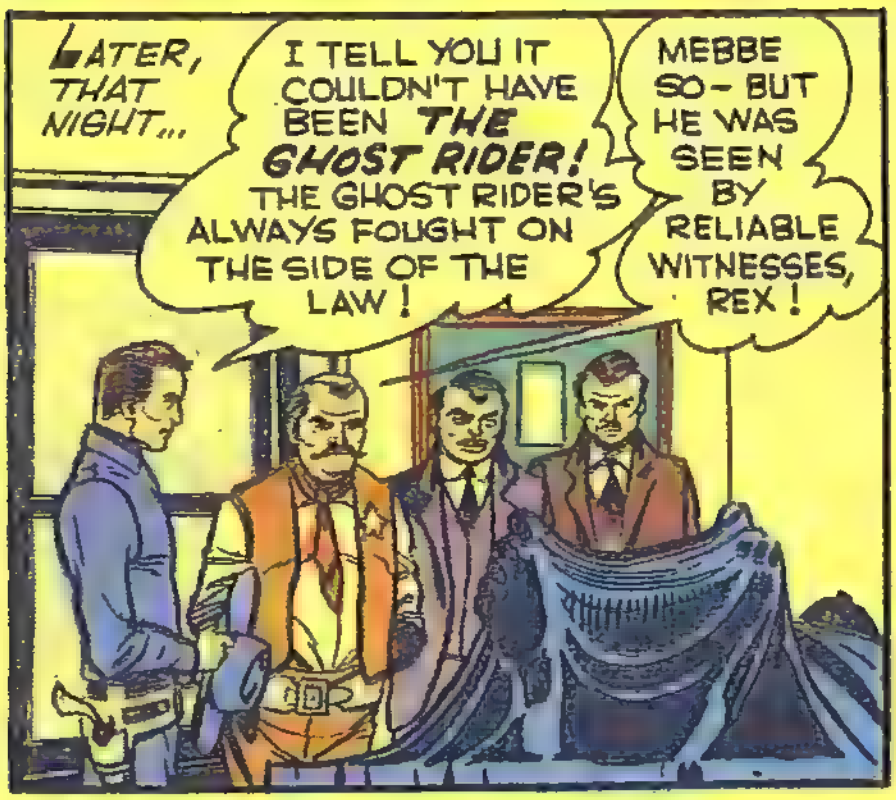
THAT SHOT'S BROUGHT EVERYBODY ON THE RUN! CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON BEING RECOGNIZED ... THEY ALL KNOW ME ... *AH, THE BED — THOSE* ***SHEETS*** ...!

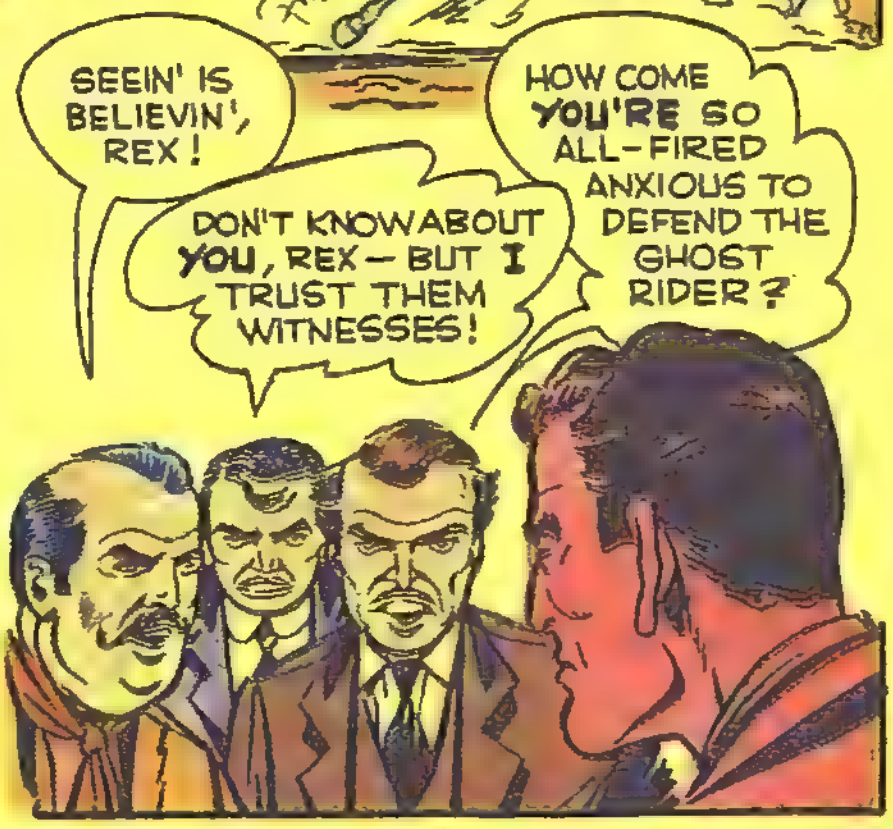
I CAN WRAP MYSELF IN THESE SHEETS AND MAKE MY GETAWAY OUT THAT WINDOW BEFORE ...

TIM HOLT

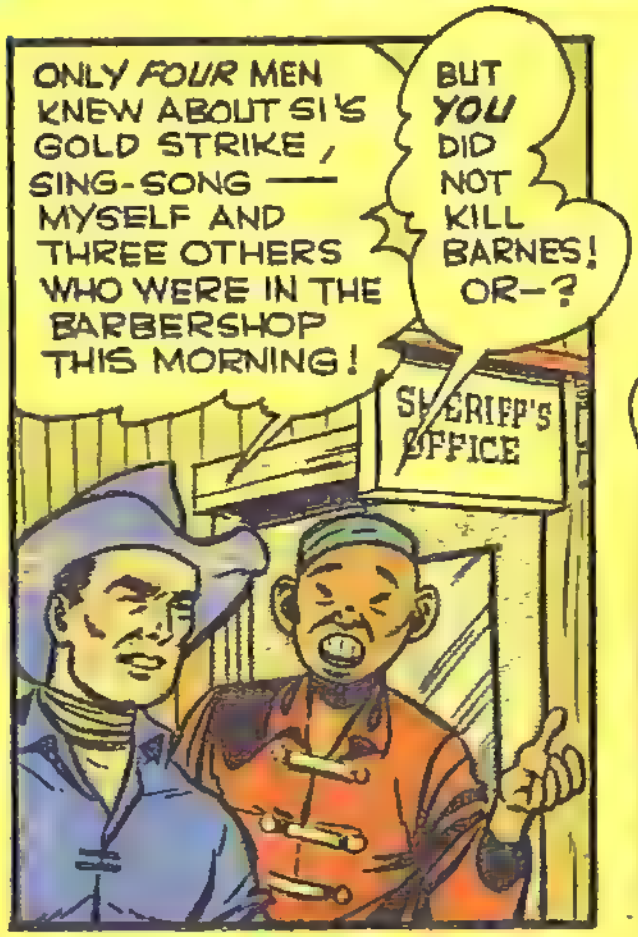
HEY! STOP!
IT'S BARNES— SHOT! WHY THET'S ...

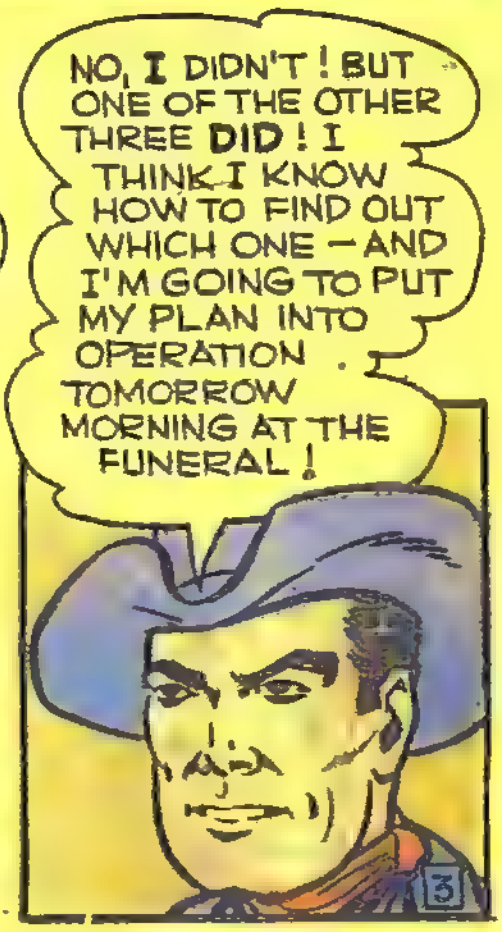

MISSED HIM! MEN, YUH KNOW WHO THET WAS?
THET WAS— THUH GHOST RIDER! HE'S TURNED OWLHOOT ...!
HOTEL


LATER, THAT NIGHT...
I TELL YOU IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE GHOST RIDER! THE GHOST RIDER'S ALWAYS FOUGHT ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW!
MEBBE SO— BUT HE WAS SEEN BY RELIABLE WITNESSES, REX!


SEEIN' IS BELIEVIN', REX!
DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, REX— BUT I TRUST THEM WITNESSES!
HOW COME YOU'RE SO ALL-FIRED ANXIOUS TO DEFEND THE GHOST RIDER?

AIN'T NO DOUBT— THUH GHOST RIDER'S TURNED OWLHOOT! I'M PUTTIN' OUT A REWARD FER HIM, DAID OR ALIVE!
WANTED
WANTED


ONLY FOUR MEN KNEW ABOUT SI'S GOLD STRIKE, SING-SONG— MYSELF AND THREE OTHERS WHO WERE IN THE BARBERSHOP THIS MORNING!
BUT YOU DID NOT KILL BARNES! OR—?
SHERIFF'S OFFICE


NO, I DIDN'T! BUT ONE OF THE OTHER THREE DID! I THINK I KNOW HOW TO FIND OUT WHICH ONE— AND I'M GOING TO PUT MY PLAN INTO OPERATION TOMORROW MORNING AT THE FUNERAL!
3

NEXT MORNING... OLD SI BARNES IS LOWERED INTO HIS FINAL RESTING PLACE!

WAL, HE'S DONE BURIED — AN' MERCY ON HIS POOR SOUL! LET'S GO, GENTS!

AHHHHHH... GROAN... YUH AIN'T HEARD THUH LAST O'ME... GROAN... I'M COMIN' BACK... COMIN' BACK...

GULP! WHUT-WHUT WUZ **THET!**

...TONIGHT, AT MIDNIGHT, I'M COMIN' BACK... GONNA GIT MUH **REVENGE** ON THUH HOMBRE WHAT KILLED ME... GROAN... REVENGE... REVENGE...

YIIII—LET'S GIT OUTA HYAR!

WAIT A MINUTE! IF YOU'RE INNOCENT, THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF! THAT IS— **IF** YOU'RE INNOCENT!

AFTER ALL, IT **WAS** *THE GHOST RIDER* WHO KILLED BARNES, WASN'T IT? AND NONE OF YOU IS THE GHOST RIDER—OR **ARE** YOU?

LET'S *PROVE* WE'RE INNOCENT! LET'S ALL BE HERE, TONIGHT, AT MIDNIGHT, RIGHT AT THE GRAVE — AS A LAST FRIENDLY GESTURE TO OLD SI! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

GOOD JOB OF *VENTRILOQUOY*, REX! DO YOU THINK THE GUILTY ONE WILL DARE TO BE HERE AT MIDNIGHT?

HE WON'T **DARE** NOT TO — FOR THAT WOULD EXPOSE HIM AS GUILTY! I'LL BE COUNTING ON ***YOUR*** HELP TONIGHT, SING-SONG...!

TIM HOLT

THAT NIGHT...

SKEERED, FELLAS?

SHUCKS, NO— WHUT I GOT TUH BE SKEERED ABOUT?

THIS IS SILLY, IF YOU ASK ME! I THINK SOMEBODY IS PLAYING A JOKE ON US!

HOW COME REX ISN'T HERE YET? IT WAS HIS IDEA.

HEY, YUH THINK MEBBE HE— THAT IS— KNOW WHUT I MEAN?

SI BARNES 1842-1878

WAL, IT'S— GULP— IT'S MIDNIGHT RIGHT NOW!

THIS SILENCE— THIS AWFUL SILENCE—!

THEN I WILL BREAK THE SILENCE! GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!

THUH GHOST RIDER! GIT 'IM, MEN! GIT 'IM!

SI BARN

BAM! BAM! BAM! BA-BA-BAM!

HE-HE-IT— DISAPPEARED!

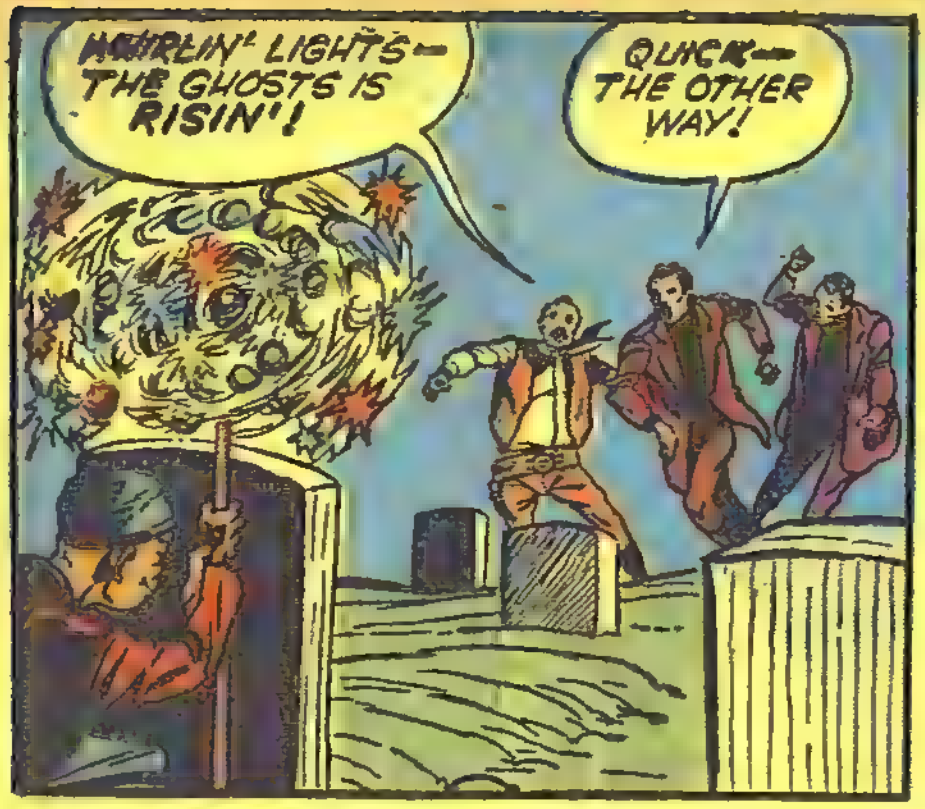
GULP— MEBBE HE IS A GHOST!

MY REVERSIBLE CAPE MAKES ME INVISIBLE IN THIS DARKNESS. NOW—TO DISARM THEM... MY BLACK WHIP...

YIIIII! SOMETHIN' HIT THUH GUN OUTA MUH HAND!

YEEOW— LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

TIM HOLT

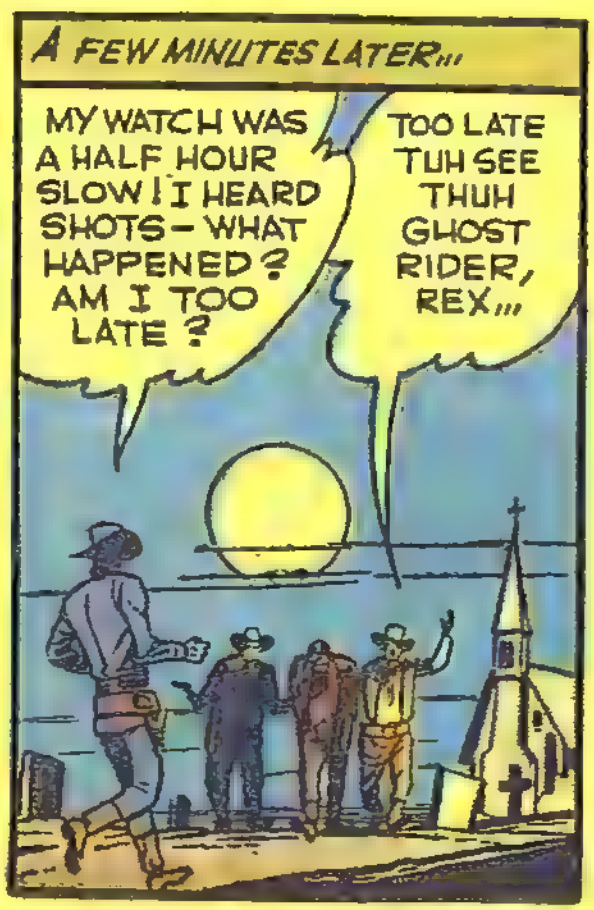

HORRUN' LIGHTS— THE GHOSTS IS RISIN'!
QUICK— THE OTHER WAY!

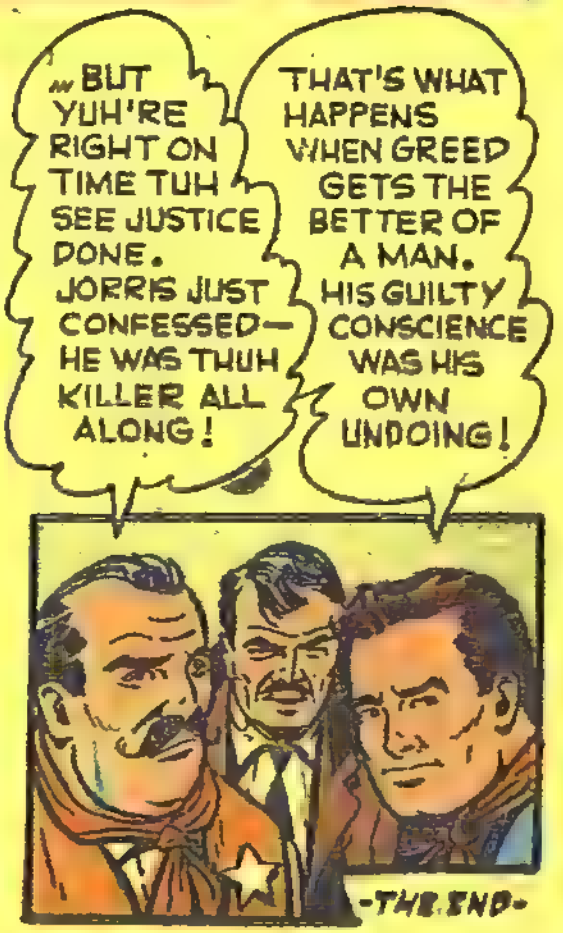
NOW, FOR SOME MORE VENTRILOQUOY...!
STOP! STOP! THE HOUR OF VENGENANCE IS HERE!
SI BARNES

THUH GHOST RIDER IS MUH DEFENDER— AN' NOW HE'S GOIN' TUH BRING MUH VENGENANCE DOWN ON THUH HOMBRE WHO KILLED ME! GO, GHOST RIDER— DELIVER THUH HORRIBLE FATE!
I GO, TORTURED SPIRIT!
SI BARNES

THESE PIECES OF GREEN GLASS AT MY EYE-SLITS SHOULD HELP THE JOB ALONG...
PREPARE, MURDERER, FOR YOUR FATE!
DON'T TOUCH ME! I HAD TO KILL HIM!
WHUT THUH-?

I HAD TO KILL HIM- HE FOUND OUT WHO I WAS. I JUST WANTED THE GOLD—DIDN'T WANT TO KILL HIM—}SOB{! I WRAPPED MYSELF IN A SHEET AND THEY THOUGHT I WAS THE GHOST RIDER AND THEN...
I THINK IT'S TIME FOR ME TO DISAPPEAR AGAIN AND...


A FEW MINUTES LATER...
MY WATCH WAS A HALF HOUR SLOW! I HEARD SHOTS— WHAT HAPPENED? AM I TOO LATE?
TOO LATE TUH SEE THUH GHOST RIDER, REX...


...BUT YUH'RE RIGHT ON TIME TUH SEE JUSTICE DONE. JORRIS JUST CONFESSED— HE WAS THUH KILLER ALL ALONG!
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN GREED GETS THE BETTER OF A MAN. HIS GUILTY CONSCIENCE WAS HIS OWN UNDOING!
-THE END-

No. 25

10¢

TIM HOLT

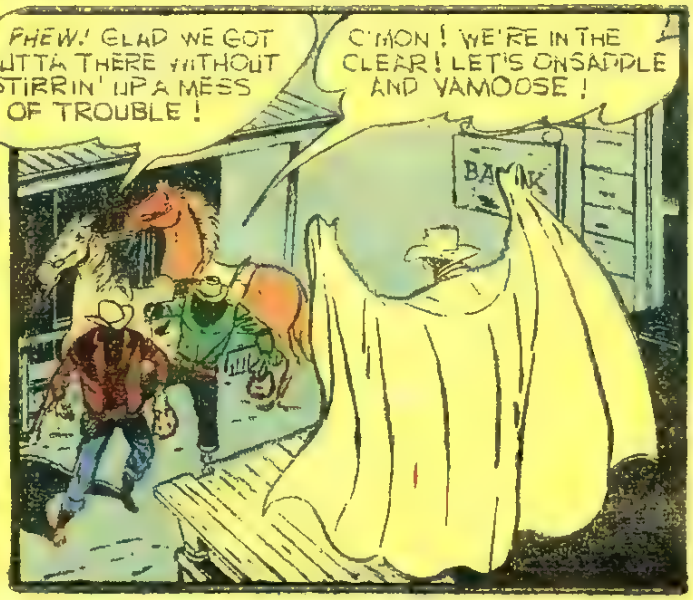
WITH TIM AS RED MASK!

THE GHOST RIDER

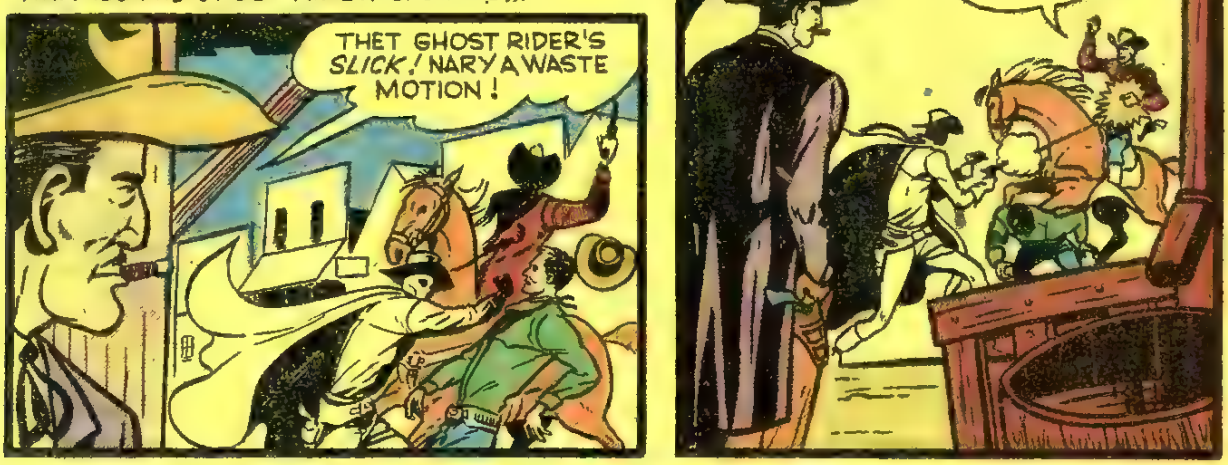
Dick AYERS

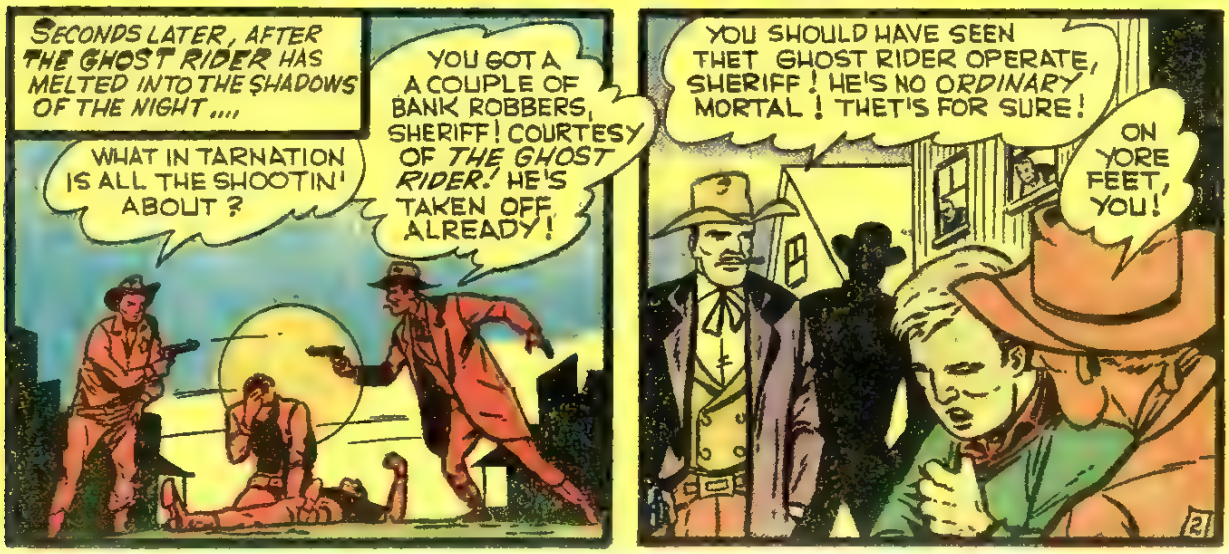
FEAR TUGS AT THE VITALS OF MEN AS THE WORD SPREADS THAT THE GHOST RIDER IS ON THE RAMPAGE AND HAS TURNED HIS BACK ON JUSTICE! CLUTCHING THEIR GUNS WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE LIE IN WAIT FOR THE ONE-TIME FIGHTER OF CRIME, THE TERROR OF THE NIGHT, AND SET-"A TRAP FOR THE GHOST RIDER!"

IT IS NIGHT, AND THE TOWN SEEMS TO SLUMBER EXCEPT FOR TWO GUNNIES WITH DREAMS OF BIG MONEY....

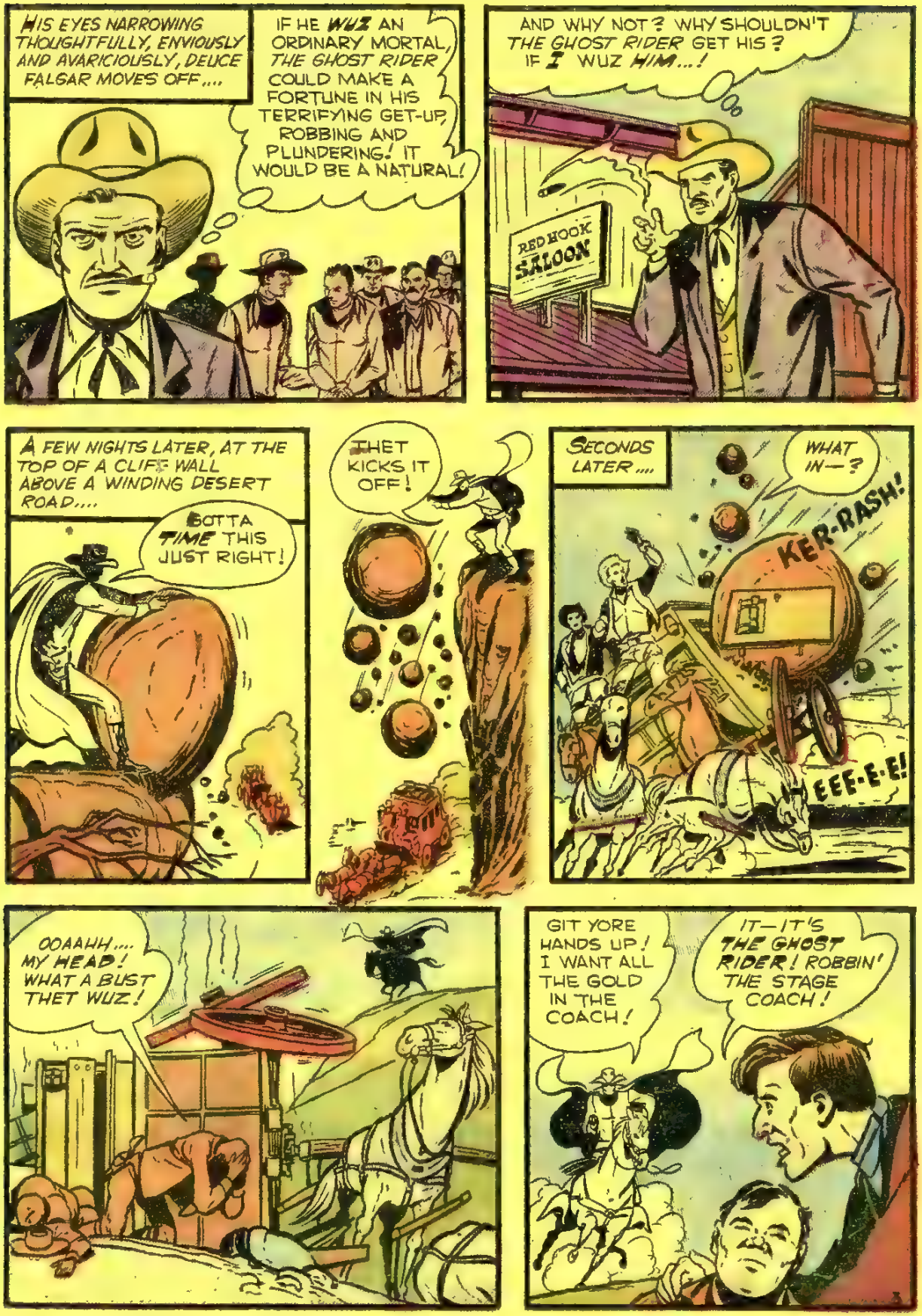


ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE BANK, THE LEAN, LACONIC, HARD-BITTEN GAMBLER, DUECE FALGAR, WATCHES THE GHOST RIDER OPERATE ...



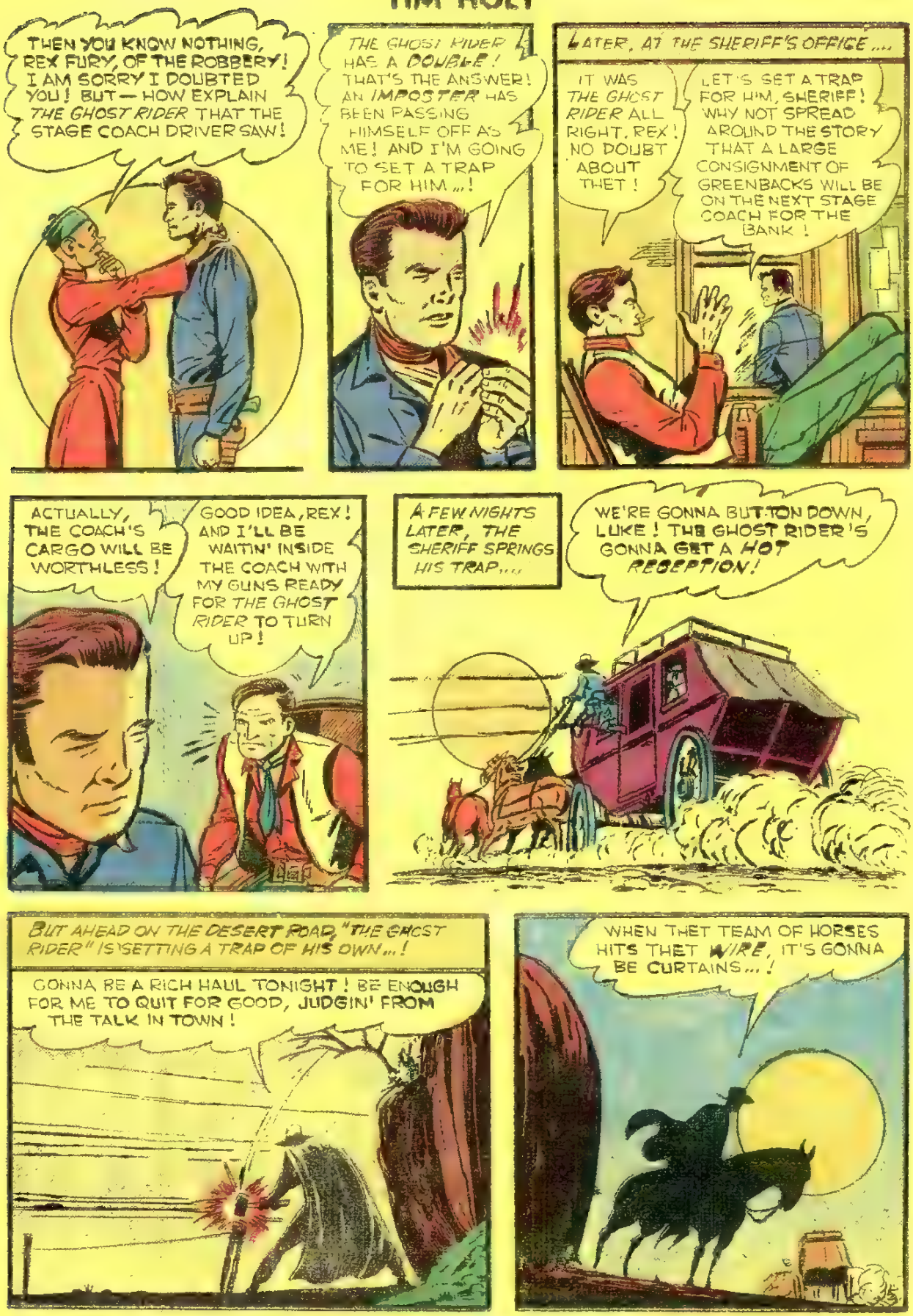

SECONDS LATER, AFTER THE GHOST RIDER HAS MELTED INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT ....
WHAT IN TARNATION IS ALL THE SHOOTIN' ABOUT?
YOU GOT A A COUPLE OF BANK ROBBERS, SHERIFF! COURTESY OF THE GHOST RIDER! HE'S TAKEN OFF ALREADY!
YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THET GHOST RIDER OPERATE, SHERIFF! HE'S NO ORDINARY MORTAL! THET'S FOR SURE!
ON YORE FEET, YOU!

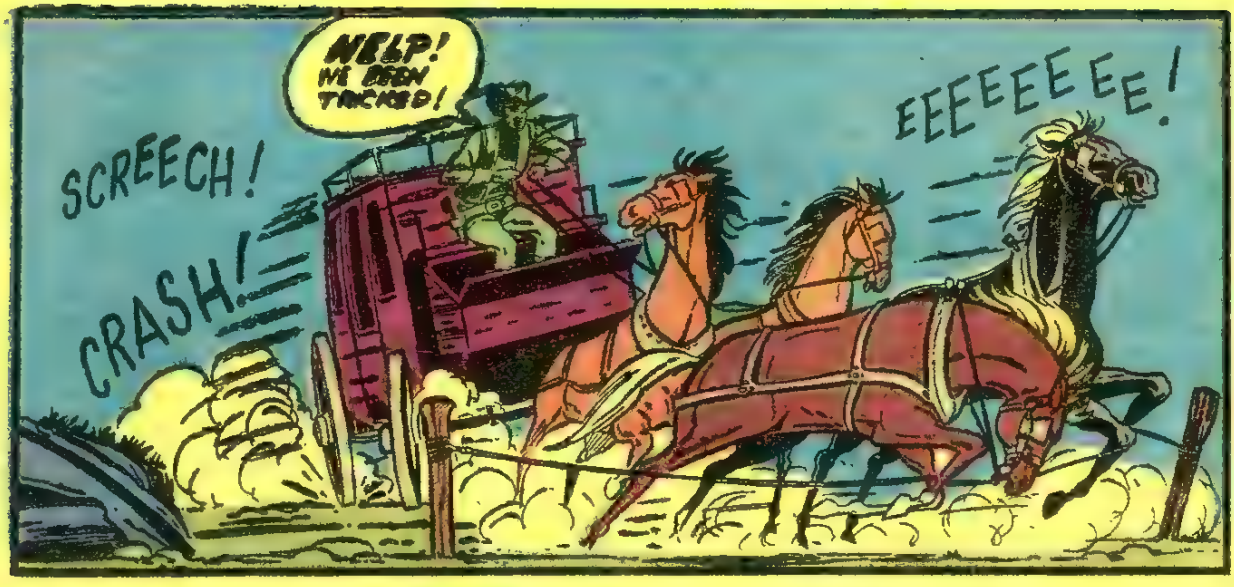
TIM HOLT

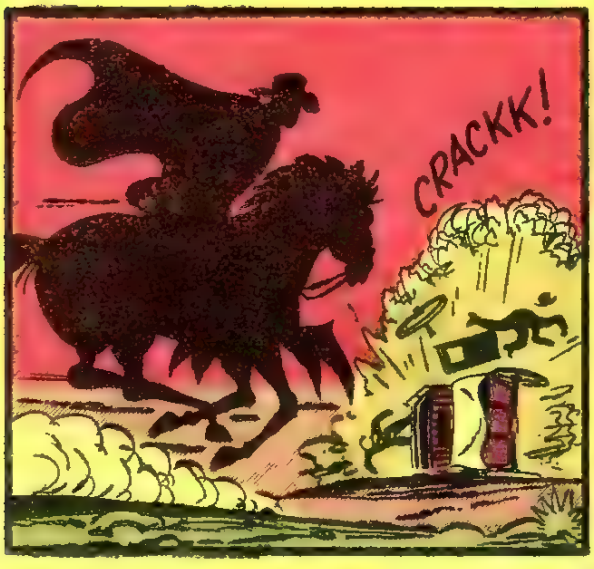

HIS EYES NARROWING THOUGHTFULLY, ENVIOUSLY AND AVARICIOUSLY, DEUCE FALSAR MOVES OFF....
IF HE WUZ AN ORDINARY MORTAL, THE GHOST RIDER COULD MAKE A FORTUNE IN HIS TERRIFYING GET-UP, ROBBING AND PLUNDERING! IT WOULD BE A NATURAL!
AND WHY NOT? WHY SHOULDN'T THE GHOST RIDER GET HIS? IF I WUZ HIM...!
RED HOOK SALOON
A FEW NIGHTS LATER, AT THE TOP OF A CLIFF WALL ABOVE A WINDING DESERT ROAD....
GOTTA TIME THIS JUST RIGHT!
THET KICKS IT OFF!
SECONDS LATER....
WHAT IN—?
KER-RASH!
EEE-E-E!
OOAAHH.... MY HEAD! WHAT A BUST THET WUZ!
GIT YORE HANDS UP! I WANT ALL THE GOLD IN THE COACH!
IT—IT'S THE GHOST RIDER! ROBBIN' THE STAGE COACH!

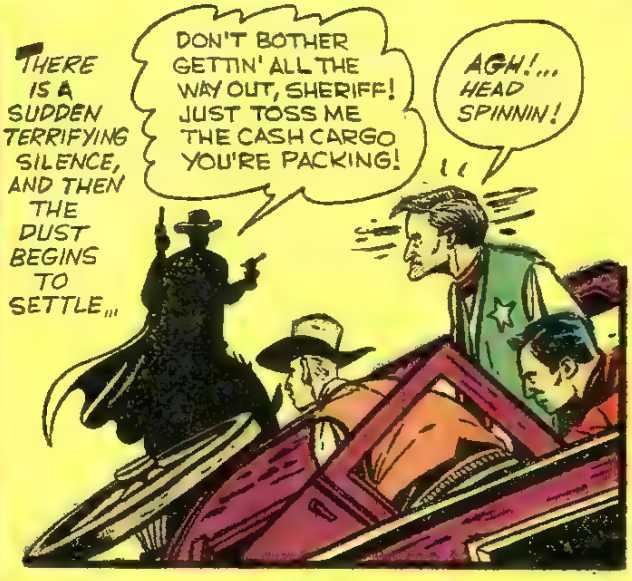
TIM HOLT

A FEW HOURS LATER
AND THEN WHEN THE GHOST RIDER PUT HIS GUN ON ME, I GOT THE BAGS OF GOLD DUST OUT OF THE STRONG BOX AND THREW THEM TO HIM! I WUZN'T GONNA TANGLE WITH A GHOST!
LOOK! THERE HE IS NOW! COME BACK TO HAUNT US!
C'MON! HIT YORE SADDLES! THE GHOST RIDER'S GONNA LEARN HE CAN'T FOOL WITH THE LAW!
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
LESS THAN HALF A MINUTE LATER....
GONE! HE WAS JUST IN THIS SPOT!
HE JUST MELTED INTO THIN AIR!
IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH TO CATCH A CROOKED GHOST, SHERIFF!
I'LL TRACK THE GHOST RIDER DOWN! DON'T WORRY ABOUT THET!
LATER, IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE LAUNDRY IN TOWN....
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, SING SONG! I SAW THE OVERTURNED STAGE COACH AND THE MEN AROUND IT! WHEN I STARTED TO RIDE UP, THEY TURNED ON ME! THEY OPENED FIRE ON THE GHOST RIDER!
YOU ARE CONCEALING THE TRUTH, REX FURY!
AS THE GHOST RIDER, YOU WRECKED AND ROBBED THE STAGE COACH! THERE WERE WITNESSES!
I ROBBED THE STAGE COACH? ARE YOU IN CAHOOTS WITH THE SHERIFF, SING SONG? HAS THE WHOLE TOWN GONE LOCO?
4


THEN YOU KNOW NOTHING, REX FURY, OF THE ROBBERY! I AM SORRY I DOUBTED YOU! BUT — HOW EXPLAIN THE GHOST RIDER THAT THE STAGE COACH DRIVER SAW!
THE GHOST RIDER HAS A DOUBLE! THAT'S THE ANSWER! AN IMPOSTER HAS BEEN PASSING HIMSELF OFF AS ME! AND I'M GOING TO SET A TRAP FOR HIM...!
LATER, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE....
IT WAS THE GHOST RIDER ALL RIGHT, REX! NO DOUBT ABOUT THET!
LET'S SET A TRAP FOR HIM, SHERIFF! WHY NOT SPREAD AROUND THE STORY THAT A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF GREENBACKS WILL BE ON THE NEXT STAGE COACH FOR THE BANK!
ACTUALLY, THE COACH'S CARGO WILL BE WORTHLESS!
GOOD IDEA, REX! AND I'LL BE WAITIN' INSIDE THE COACH WITH MY GUNS READY FOR THE GHOST RIDER TO TURN UP!
A FEW NIGHTS LATER, THE SHERIFF SPRINGS HIS TRAP....
WE'RE GONNA BUTTON DOWN, LUKE! THE GHOST RIDER'S GONNA GET A HOT RECEPTION!
BUT AHEAD ON THE DESERT ROAD, "THE GHOST RIDER" IS SETTING A TRAP OF HIS OWN...!
GONNA BE A RICH HAUL TONIGHT! BE ENOUGH FOR ME TO QUIT FOR GOOD, JUDGIN' FROM THE TALK IN TOWN!
WHEN THET TEAM OF HORSES HITS THET WIRE, IT'S GONNA BE CURTAINS...!


HELP! WE BEEN TRICKED!
SCREECH!
CRASH!
EEEEEEEE!


CRACKK!


THERE IS A SUDDEN TERRIFYING SILENCE, AND THEN THE DUST BEGINS TO SETTLE...
DON'T BOTHER GETTIN' ALL THE WAY OUT, SHERIFF! JUST TOSS ME THE CASH CARGO YOU'RE PACKING!
AGH!... HEAD SPINNIN!

YUH WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, GHOST RIDER!
LOOK!

ON, SPECTRE! RIDE HARD! VINDICATION WILL BE OURS!

I'LL BE—! THERE ARE TWO OF 'EM! TWO GHOST RIDERS!

NEAR THE EDGE OF A SMALL PLATEAU....
IMPOSTER! JUSTICE WILL SMASH YOUR TRICKERY!
THIS IS TO SETTLE A PERSONAL SCORE!
AGH!
IF YOU'RE A GHOST, WE'LL SEE IF YUH CAN DODGE THIS!
THIS KNIFE-EDGE IS GONNA EXPLAIN A LOT OF THINGS!
AIEEE!
AT THE VERY LAST, HE WAS TRIPPED UP BY THE GHOSTLY RAIMANT HE TRIED TO USURP!
SECONDS LATER....
DEUCE FALGAR! THE GAMBLER!
HE LOST THIS GAMBLE, SHERIFF! THERE IS ONLY ONE GHOST RIDER!
THE END

MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES

ME

ONE

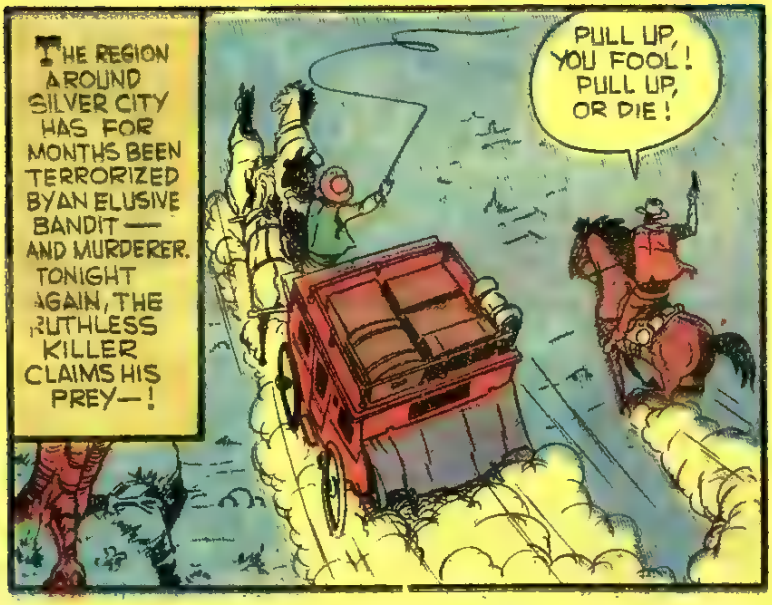
10¢

TIM HOLT

as RED MASK!

No. 26

THE GHOST RIDER
JUST OUTSIDE SILVER CITY STANDS "THE CASTLE"— HUGE, RAMBLING, GLOOMY, AND FORBIDDING — BUILT LONG AGO BY A MINER WHOSE SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED WEALTH HAD DRIVEN HIM MAD. MANY ARE THE LEGENDS TOLD OF FABULOUS ROOMS AND SECRET PANELS IN THE ODDLY MEDIEVAL OLD HOUSE, AND OF THE MYSTERIOUS TENANTS IT HAD HARBORED THROUGH THE YEARS...
THIS IS THE STRANGE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE GHOST RIDER KEPT A RENDEZVOUS THERE WITH "THE MURDERING MEDIUM!"
DICK AYERS


THE REGION AROUND SILVER CITY HAS FOR MONTHS BEEN TERRORIZED BY AN ELUSIVE BANDIT — AND MURDERER. TONIGHT AGAIN, THE RUTHLESS KILLER CLAIMS HIS PREY—!
PULL UP, YOU FOOL! PULL UP, OR DIE!

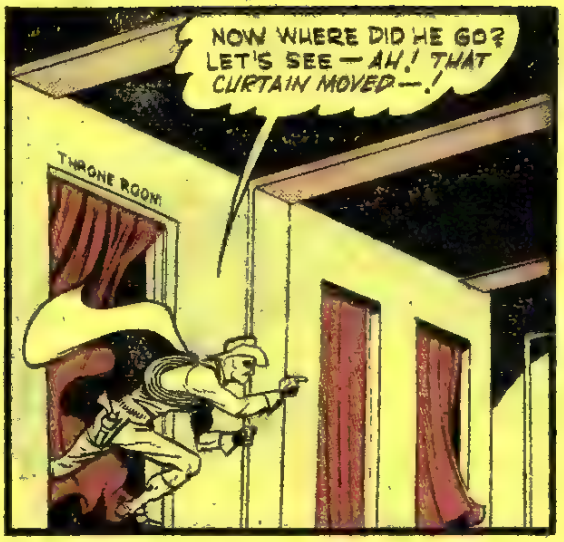
NOPE, YUH YELLA COYOTE, YUH AIN'T GONNA GIT THIS PAY-LOAD IF I KIN PERTECT IT—!

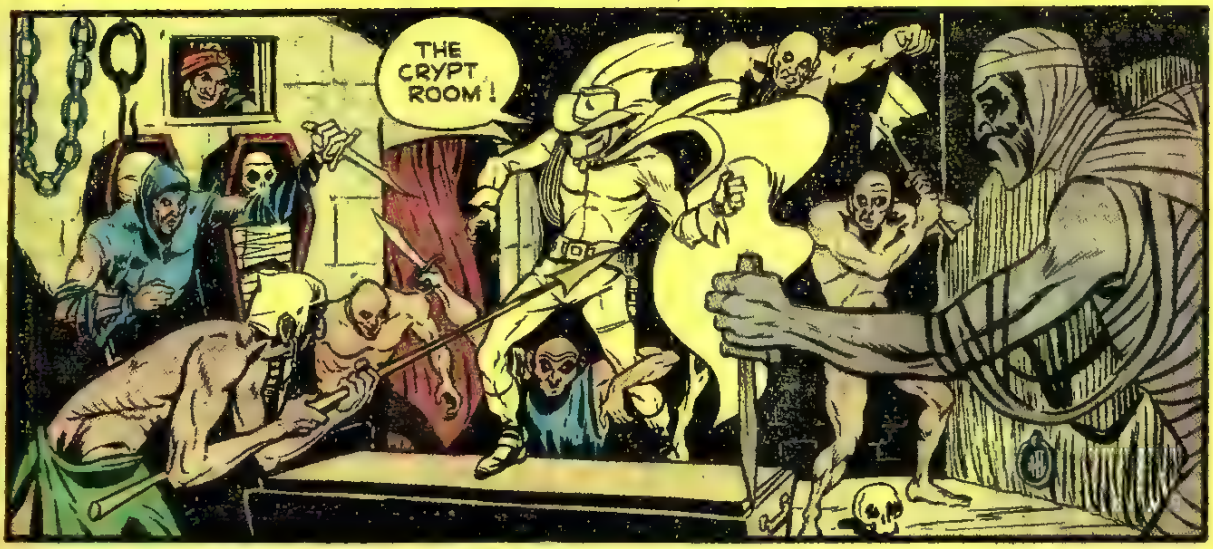
TIM HOLT.

I'M DONE FER... AHHHHH!
HURRY UP! ONE WRONG MOVE AND YUH JOIN TH' DRIVER! I KNOW YOU'RE CARRYING PLENTY OF SILVER — AN' I WANT IT!
THE DRIVER'S DEAD — OH, WHAT SHALL WE DO?
BUT THIS TIME THE KILLER'S GUNSHOTS HAVE BEEN HEARD, FAR OUT ON THE PRAIRIE, BY ONE WHOSE VERY NAME MAKES EVERY OUTLAW'S BLOOD RUN COLD — THE GHOST RIDER!
THERE IS MURDER IN THE AIR TONIGHT! SWIFTLY, SPECTRE, BEFORE THE VILLAIN ESCAPES!
THAR HE GOES — GO GIT 'IM, GHOST RIDER!
HE'S HEADED TOWARD "THE CASTLE"! AND I HEAR SWAMI GABBINO IS HAVING ANOTHER SEANCE IN HIS "THRONE ROOM" THIS EVENING — AN INVITING PLACE FOR ANY GHOST —!
SPECTRE, I SOMEHOW FEEL THERE WILL BE EXCITEMENT AT SWAMI GABBINO'S TONIGHT. FLY, THEN, WHITE HORSE — WE MAY BE IN TIME TO SEE THIS MEDIUM DISPLAY HIS BAG OF TRICKS!
IT'S THE BANDIT! BUT HE SEEMS RIGHT AT HOME! AND IT LOOKED LIKE THE SWAMI HIMSELF — AND HE'D HEAR ABOUT EVERY VALUABLE STAGE CARGO! HMMM...!
THE BANDIT DIDN'T USE THE FRONT DOOR, SO HE SHOULDN'T MIND IF I —

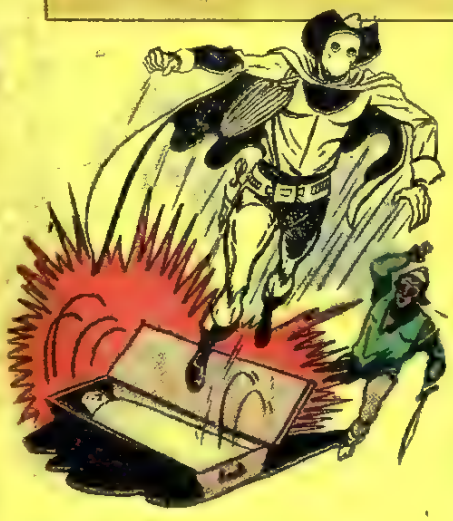
—ENTER THROUGH A SECOND FLOOR WINDOW!
A REGULAR TREASURE HOUSE! BUT I RECOGNIZE THESE THINGS— ALL STOLEN BY THE SILVER CITY BANDIT— GABBINO! BUT HOW CAN HE BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE? LET'S INVESTIGATE FURTHER—
YES, IT'S GABBINO—SNEAKING INTO THE SEANCE UNNOTICED— EXCEPT BY ME! BUT I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER—NOW INTO THE "THRONE ROOM!"
THRONE ROOM
BEHOLD— A REAL GHOST! A GHOST WHOM HONEST MEN HAVE NO CAUSE TO FEAR— BUT WHO HAS TRAILED ONE AMONG YOU—THE SILVER CITY BANDIT— FROM HIS LATEST MURDER SHORT MINUTES AGO, TO THIS VERY ROOM— YOU, SWAMI GABBINO! I WANT YOU!
NO— NO, I TELL YOU— I NEVER LEFT THIS ROOM— ASK THEM— THEY HELD MY HANDS THROUGH THE SESSION— FOR HOURS— I SWEAR— TELL HIM— KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME—!
IT'S TRUE, DEAR MR. GHOST— I'VE HELD HIS HAND ALL EVENING, RIGHT HERE—
BUT THE GHOST RIDER HAS READ THE GUILT IN SWAMI GABBINO'S FACE! AND TRUSTING HIS OWN INTUITION BEYOND LOGICAL APPEARANCES, HE SEIZES THE MEDIUM!— WHO TWISTS AWAY—
NO- SPARE ME— I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YOU-!
THERE NEVER WAS SUCH FEAR IN INNOCENT EYES!

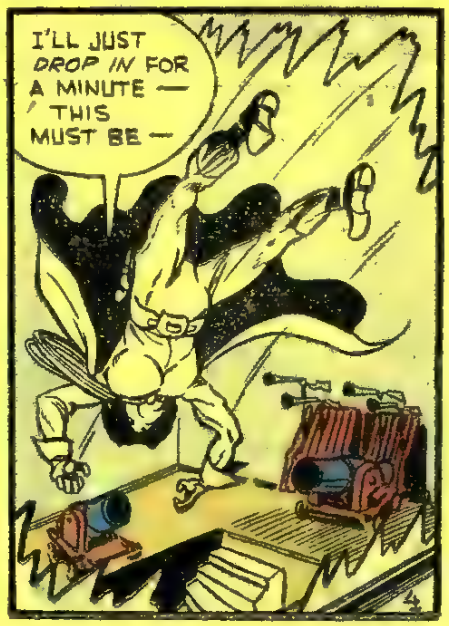
FALSE HANDS — THEY'RE HOLLOW! WHEN HIS CLIENTS WERE IN A MILD TRANCE, HE'D SLIP OUT TO ROB AND KILL — AND THEN SNEAK BACK WITHOUT EVER BEING MISSED! HE EVEN HAD WITNESSES WHO'D "HELD HIS HANDS" ALL EVENING!

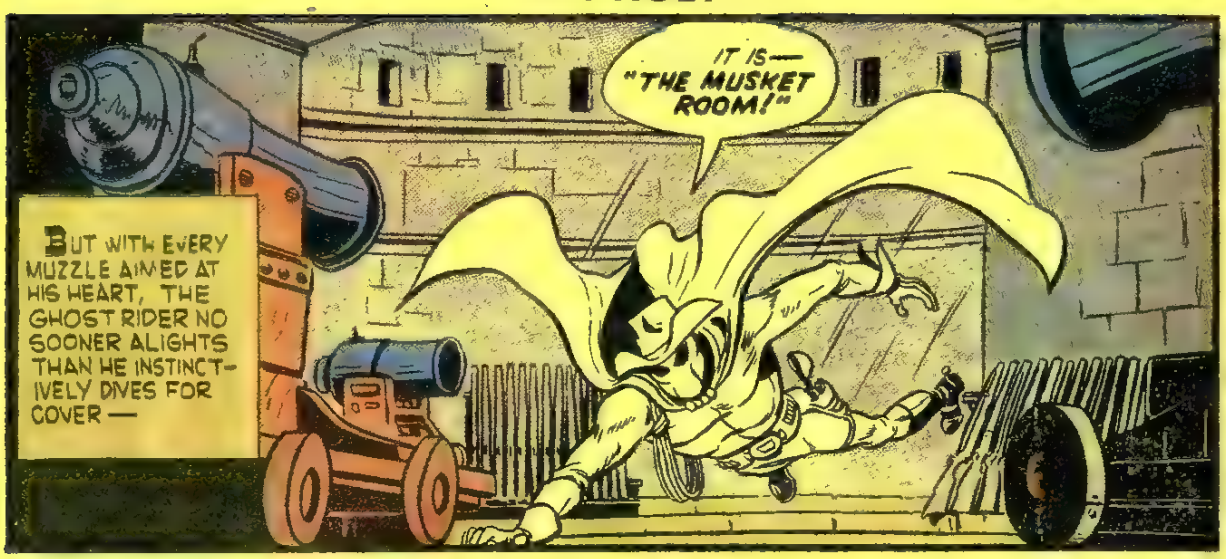


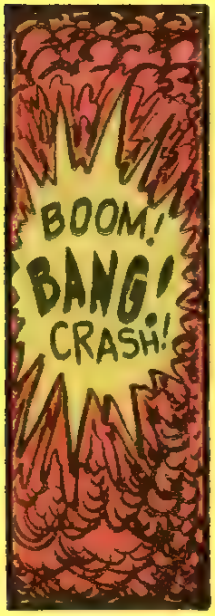


THE GHOST RIDER, DODGING A DEADLY SPRING-PROPELLED LUNGE BY ONE OF THE GRUESOME CREATURES, FALLS UPON A COFFIN LID, WHICH SNAPS UP SO POWERFULLY THAT —

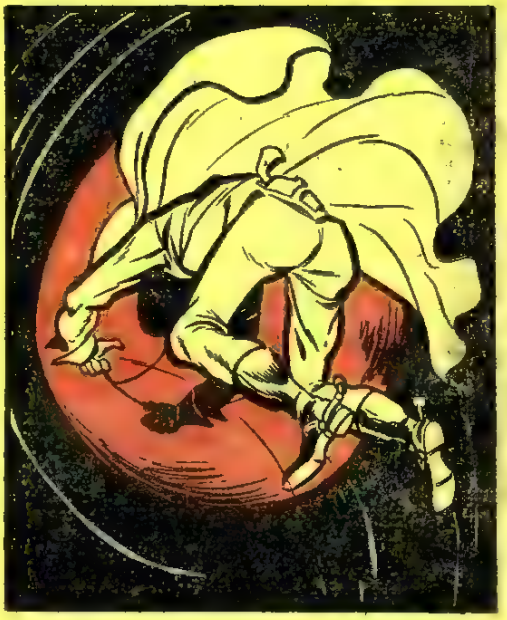


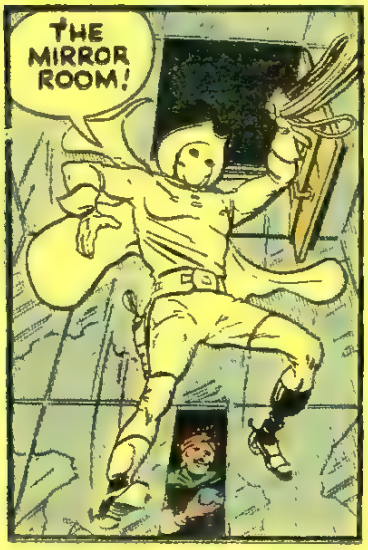



BUT WITH EVERY MUZZLE AIMED AT HIS HEART, THE GHOST RIDER NO SOONER ALIGHTS THAN HE INSTINCTIVELY DIVES FOR COVER —
IT IS— "THE MUSKET ROOM!"


BOOM!
BANG!
CRASH!

PERSONALLY, I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT JUST ONE GUN— IN THE PROPER HANDS — WAS ENOUGH TO— OH-OH!



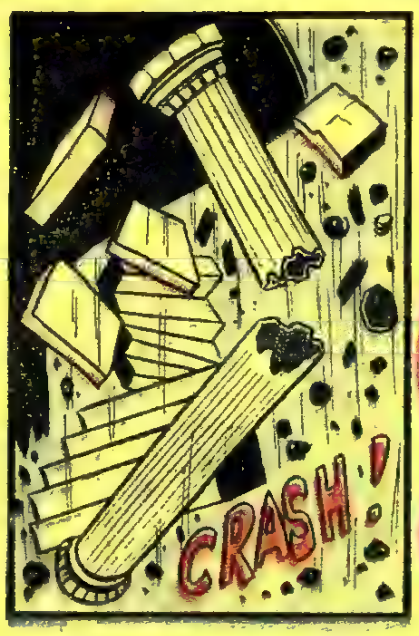

THE MIRROR ROOM!

AND SOMETHING TELLS ME TO GET OUT! NOW LET'S SEE HOW FAST I CAN CLIMB THIS ROPE!

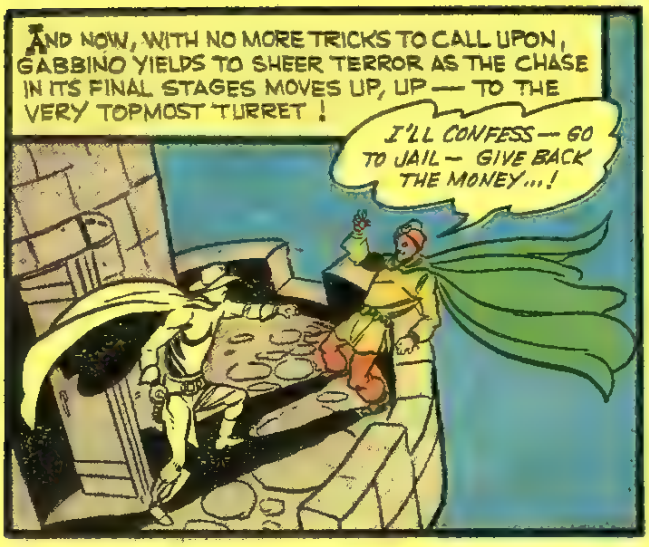
BOOM!

NOT REALIZING THAT THE GHOST RIDER ESCAPED SIMPLY BY SWIFT ROPE-CLIMBING, GABBINO IS NOW SURE THAT HE HAS TO DO WITH A REAL SPIRIT

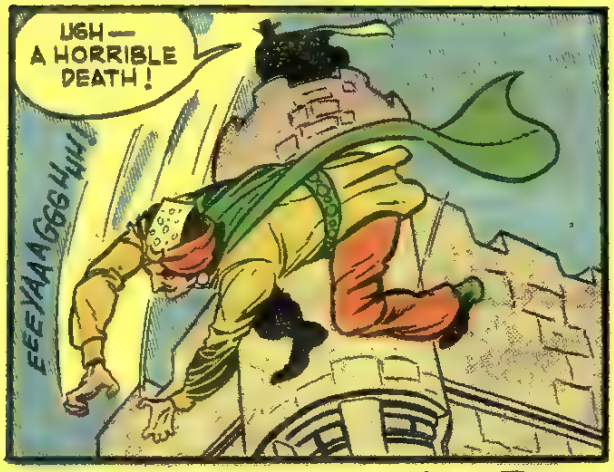
GABBINO PRESSES A SECRET SPRING IN THE WALL AND PAUSES IN HIS MAD FLIGHT TO WATCH AS—



BUT, QUICK AS A FLASH, EVEN AS THE BALCONY BEGINS TO SINK UNDER HIM, THE GHOST RIDER SPRINGS FOR ONE OF THE PROJECTING LANCES AND RIDES EASILY DOWN!


AND NOW, WITH NO MORE TRICKS TO CALL UPON, GABBINO YIELDS TO SHEER TERROR AS THE CHASE IN ITS FINAL STAGES MOVES UP, UP — TO THE VERY TOPMOST TURRET !
I'LL CONFESS — GO TO JAIL — GIVE BACK THE MONEY...!

PLEASE— I'LL DO ANYTHING— JUST DON'T HURT ME — PLEASE — PLEASE—!
I PITY YOU MORE THAN EVER YOU PITIED OTHERS ! BUT YOUR MANY VICIOUS DEEDS— THEY CANNOT BE ERASED ! SHAMEFUL COWARD, YOU MUST PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES !


GABBINO, FEAR-CRAZED, STEPS BACKWARD TRYING TO ESCAPE THE GHOST RIDER AND PLUMMETS INTO SPACE ...
UGH — A HORRIBLE DEATH !
EEEYAAGGGHH!

WAS ANYONE ELSE HURT ?
LOOK ... HE HIT THAR ... IN THET BUSH ... COULDN'T EVEN HAVE BRUISED HIM MUCH ! BUT — BUT — !

BUT ... THE DOC HERE SAYS HE'S DEAD ! SEEMS CRAZY ... IF TH' FALL DIDN'T KILL HIM — WHUT DID ?

FEAR — NOTHING ELSE ! HE MUST HAVE BEEN DEAD BEFORE HE EVER STRUCK THE BUSH !

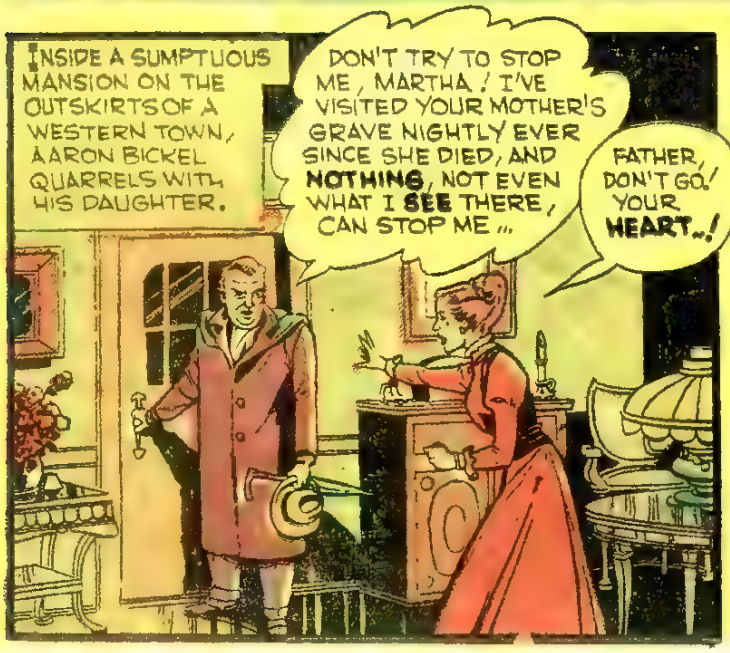
YES ... FEAR ! HE TRIED ALL HIS TRICKS — BUT NONE WORKED ! AND SO THIS CHARLATAN, THIS FAKE — CONVINCED THAT AT LAST HE WAS CONTENDING WITH A REAL SPIRIT, WAS SIMPLY ... SCARED TO DEATH !
THE END

No. 27

TIM HOLT

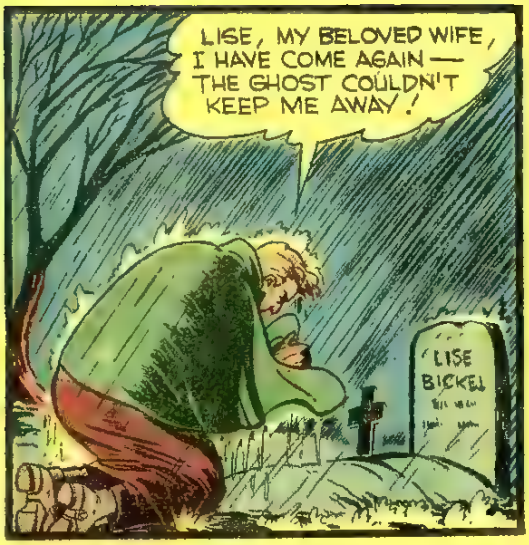
STRAWMAN vs. REDMASK

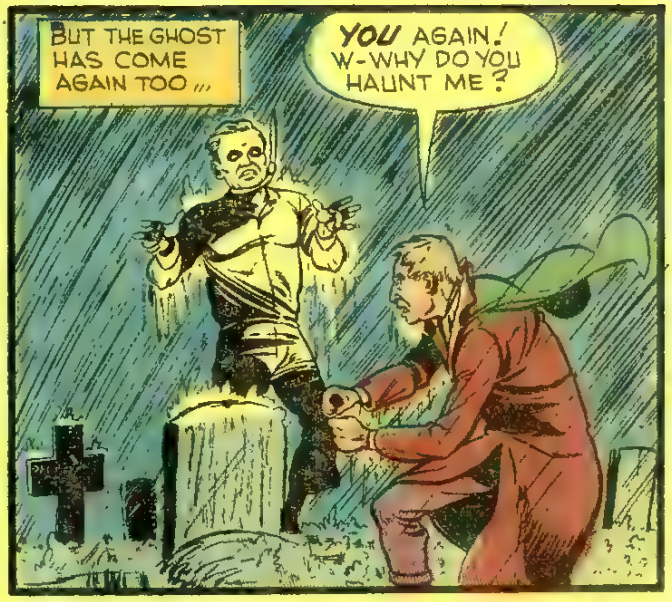
THE GHOST RIDER
YOU HANG A MAN! THE WARDEN GIVES THE SIGNAL; YOU CUT THE CORD; THE TRAP DROPS... CAN HE COME BACK AFTERWARDS—THE ROPE STILL BITING INTO HIS NECK, HIS EYES STILL BULGING—TO DEMAND YOU RETURN WHAT WAS HIS BEFORE HE DIED? CAN HE...? THAT IS THE QUESTION THE GHOST RIDER HAS TO ANSWER IN THE CASE OF —
The HAUNTED HANGMAN!


INSIDE A SUMPTUOUS MANSION ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A WESTERN TOWN, AARON BICKEL QUARRELS WITH HIS DAUGHTER.
DON'T TRY TO STOP ME, MARTHA! I'VE VISITED YOUR MOTHER'S GRAVE NIGHTLY EVER SINCE SHE DIED, AND NOTHING, NOT EVEN WHAT I SEE THERE, CAN STOP ME...
FATHER, DON'T GO! YOUR HEART..!

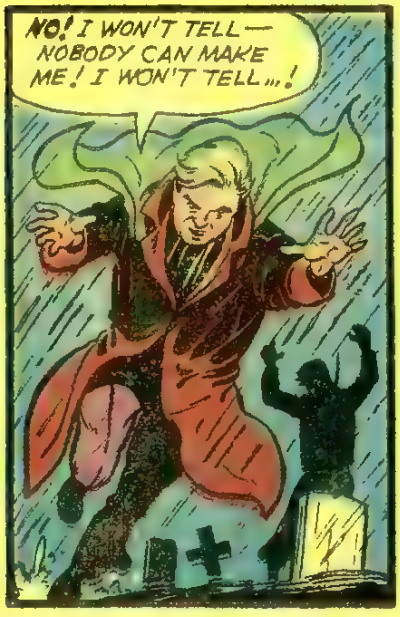
BUT AARON BICKEL IS A STUBBORN MAN—
NOTHING CAN STOP ME — NOT EVEN THE GHOST OF THE HANGING MAN...

TIM HOLT





FEAR IS FORCING AN ANSWER THROUGH AARON BICKEL'S LIPS WHEN SUDDENLY THE SKY SPITS A FIERCE BOLT OF LIGHTNING.

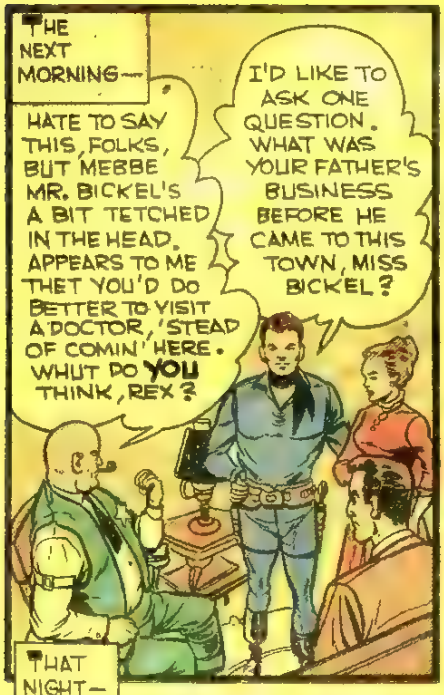


TIM HOLT

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE, UNCLE? I'VE BEEN SCOURING THE TOWN LOOKING FOR YOU—
HARRY, WHAT CAN WE DO? FATHER'S HAD ANOTHER OF THOSE WALKING NIGHTMARES!
SSSSSH—LOOK!.. WHAT CAN JARVIS BE DOING OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS?
MARTHA BICKEL AND HER COUSIN, HARRY SIEDLER, WATCH JARVIS, THE GARDENER, SCURRY SILENTLY ACROSS THE RAIN-SWEPT LAWN.
LATER THAT NIGHT IN JARVIS' ROOM OVER THE STABLE —
I'M SICK OF YOUR SNIVELING LIES, JARVIS! YOU WERE FOLLOWING MY UNCLE TONIGHT— I WANT TO KNOW WHY!
HONEST, MR. SIEDLER, HONEST— I WASN'T!
I'M GOING TO BEAT THE TRUTH OUT OF YOU, JARVIS!
HELP! HELP!
THOSE CRIES— COMING FROM THE WINDOW OVER THAT STABLE ... QUICK, SPECTRE— FOUL WEATHER HAS DRIVEN FOUL DEEDS INDOORS ... AND THE GHOST RIDER SHALL BE AN UNINVITED GUEST!
HELP! HELP!
LUCKY THE WINDOW'S OPEN— THERE'S NO TIME FOR FORMALITIES!

IN THE DIM-LIT ROOM, THE GHOST RIDER'S QUICK-FLICKING WHIP IS INVISIBLE.
TAKE THAT— MY GUN! WH-WHO ARE YOU?
THE GHOST RIDER— AT YOUR SERVICE OR FOR YOUR DOOM, DEPENDING ON WHETHER YOU ARE GOOD OR EVIL...!

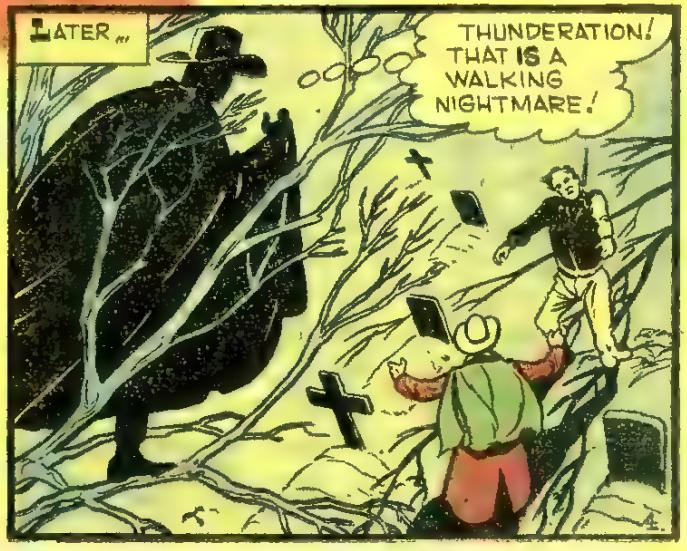
HARRY SIEDLER TALKS FAST AND PERSUASIVELY.
SOMETHING'S BEHIND THESE WALKING NIGHTMARES OF MY UNCLE'S, SOMETHING EVIL, AND I AIM TO GET AT THE BOTTOM OF IT, GHOST RIDER!
A COMMENDABLE SENTIMENT—BUT YOUR PROCEDURE IS RASH. IT IS BEST TO TAKE SUCH MATTERS TO THE LAW...


THE NEXT MORNING—
I'D LIKE TO ASK ONE QUESTION. WHAT WAS YOUR FATHER'S BUSINESS BEFORE HE CAME TO THIS TOWN, MISS BICKEL?
HATE TO SAY THIS, FOLKS, BUT MEBBE MR. BICKEL'S A BIT TETCHED IN THE HEAD. APPEARS TO ME THET YOU'D DO BETTER TO VISIT A DOCTOR, 'STEAD OF COMIN' HERE. WHUT DO YOU THINK, REX?

A PALL IS CAST OVER THE ROOM BY MARTHA BICKEL'S GRIM ANSWER.
HE WAS A HANGMAN BACK EAST...

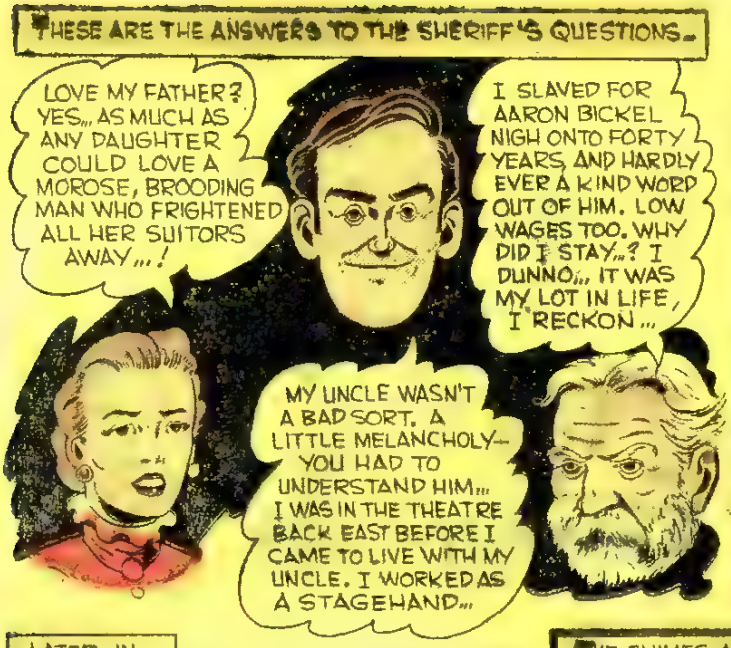
MEANWHILE—
TO BE KEPT FROM MY WIFE'S GRAVE BY THE GHOST OF THE MAN WHO GAVE ME MY WEALTH... SUCH IS THE WAGE OF SIN.. FORGIVE ME, LISE— I AM A SICK MAN. I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER. TONIGHT WILL HAVE TO BE MY LAST VISIT TO THE CEMETERY...

THAT NIGHT—
SOMETHING TELLS ME THE GHOST RIDER HAD BETTER BE AT THE CEMETERY TONIGHT, SING SONG!
SING SONG'S HAND LAUNDRY


LATER...
THUNDERATION! THAT IS A WALKING NIGHTMARE!

TIM HOLT

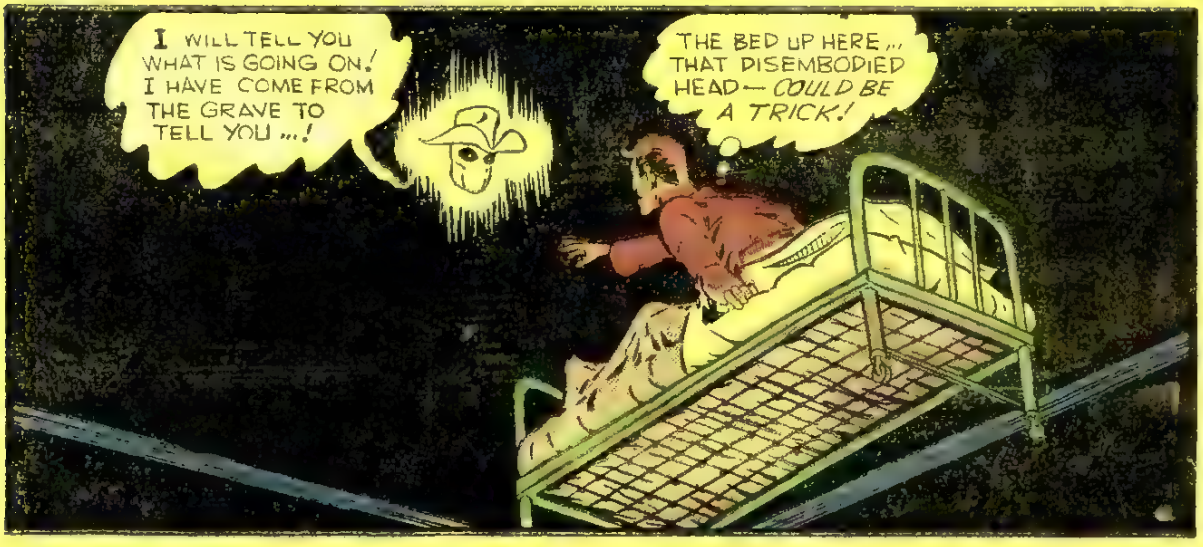
STAND FAST, MR. BICKEL— I'LL UN-NOOSE YOUR HANGING GHOST!
AIEEE!
A SIMPLE BUT CRUEL ILLUSION! SEE, MR. BICKEL — THE "DISAPPEARING ROPE" WAS SUPPORTED IN THE BACK BY A STIFF WIRE! AND YOUR "GHOST" ROSE FROM THE EARTH SIMPLY BY GETTING UP OFF HIS KNEES ON THE SMALL LEDGE BEHIND THE SUMMIT...
MY HEART! MY HEART!
LOOKS LIKE A HEART ATTACK! I BETTER—
HERE'S MY CHANCE! HE'S LOOKING THE OTHER WAY—!
THIS IS ONE WAY TO DEAL WITH A TREACHEROUS "GHOST!"
AAGGGH!
IMPALED ON THE STAKE THAT HELPED CREATE YOUR ILLUSION! TELL ME, VILLAIN, WHY DID YOU "HAUNT" MR. BICKEL?
I-I-I'M DYING! YOU GOT ME... BUT YOU DIDN'T... YOU DIDN'T! GET THE ONE WHO GAVE ME MY CUE...!
A MOMENT LATER THE GHOST RIDER FINDS THAT AARON BICKEL'S HEART ATTACK WAS HIS LAST...
TWO MEN DEAD, AND THE MYSTERY DEEPAS EVER... "THE ONE WHO GAVE HIM HIS CUE"... THAT MEANS AN ACCOMPLICE... THE SOLUTION LIES SOMEWHERE IN BICKEL'S PAST... THE NIGHT-AIR IS DAMP WITH CRIME, AND I MUST WIPE IT DRY AGAIN...!
THE NEXT MORNING—
QUESTION THEM CLOSELY, SHERIFF— ONE BY ONE. FIND OUT EVERYTHING YOU CAN ABOUT THEIR BACKGROUNDS.
ANYTHING YUH SAY, REX!
WANTED


THESE ARE THE ANSWERS TO THE SHERIFF'S QUESTIONS..
LOVE MY FATHER? YES,, AS MUCH AS ANY DAUGHTER COULD LOVE A MOROSE, BROODING MAN WHO FRIGHTENED ALL HER SUITORS AWAY,,,!
I SLAVED FOR AARON BICKEL NIGH ONTO FORTY YEARS, AND HARDLY EVER A KIND WORD OUT OF HIM. LOW WAGES TOO. WHY DID I STAY,,? I DUNNO,,, IT WAS MY LOT IN LIFE, I RECKON,,,
MY UNCLE WASN'T A BAD SORT. A LITTLE MELANCHOLY— YOU HAD TO UNDERSTAND HIM,,, I WAS IN THE THEATRE BACK EAST BEFORE I CAME TO LIVE WITH MY UNCLE. I WORKED AS A STAGEHAND,,

WHUT THUH!
COLD DRINKS FOR DRY THROATS WITH ALL-DAY QUESTION-ANSWER!
GOOD IDEA, SING SONG,,, VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU.

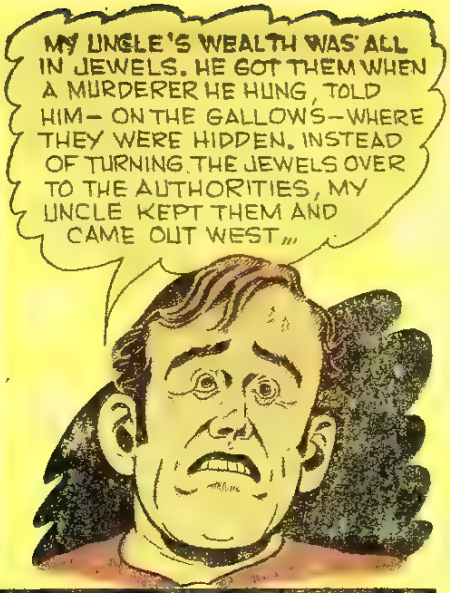
LATER, IN SING SONG'S LAUNDRY—
YOU DID A GOOD JOB DRUGGING THOSE DRINKS. I JUST LOOKED IN AT THE BICKEL MANSION, AND THEY'RE ALL SNORING LIKE BUGLERS. HURRY, SING SONG— WE HAVE MUCH WORK TO DO TONIGHT,,,!

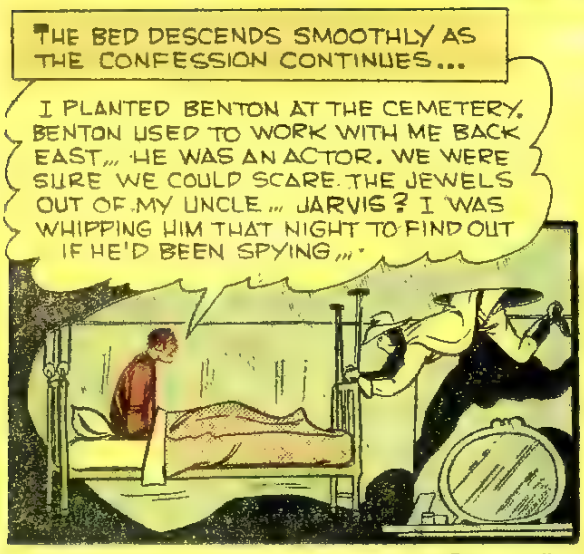
THE CHIMES ARE STILL TOLLING MIDNIGHT WHEN— WITH SUDDEN DIZZYING SPEED— HARRY SIEDLER'S BED FLIES UP TO THE CEILING!
(YAWN) MUST'VE BEEN TIRED. HAVEN'T SLEPT THIS WAY IN— HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?

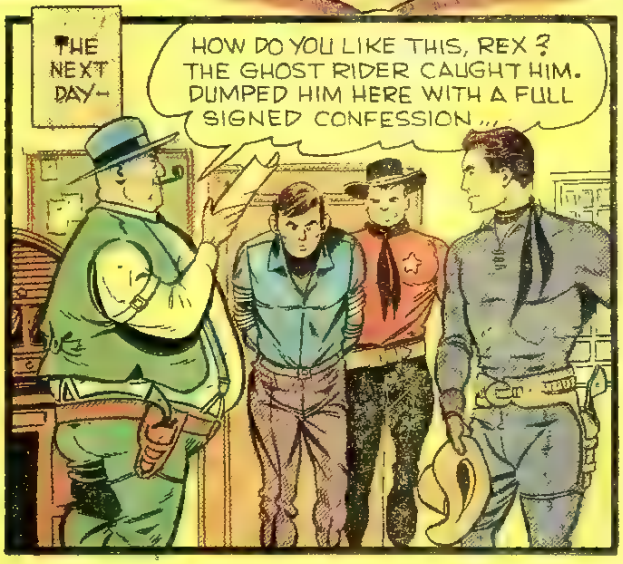

I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS GOING ON! I HAVE COME FROM THE GRAVE TO TELL YOU,,,!
THE BED UP HERE,,, THAT DISEMBODIED HEAD— COULD BE A TRICK!

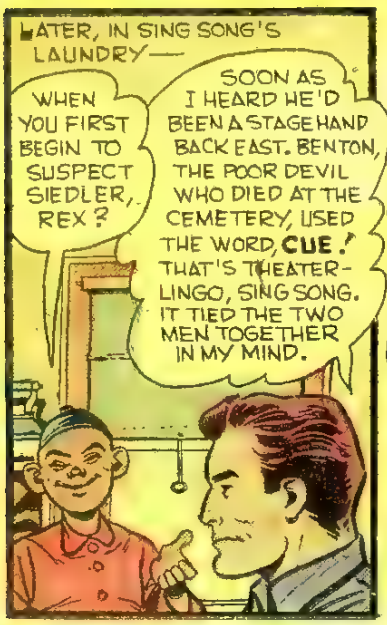
TIM HOLT

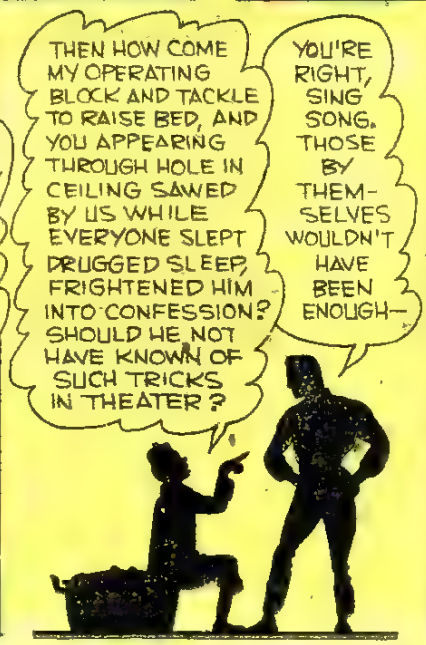
CONFESS... CONFESS... YOU AND AN ACCOMPLICE HAUNTED YOUR UNCLE! CONFESS, OR I WILL DRAG YOU AWAY TO THE GRAVE!
TH-THOSE HANDS! THEIR C-C-COLD CLAMMINESS!... TAKE THEM OFF ME—TAKE THEM OFF! I'LL CONFESS!

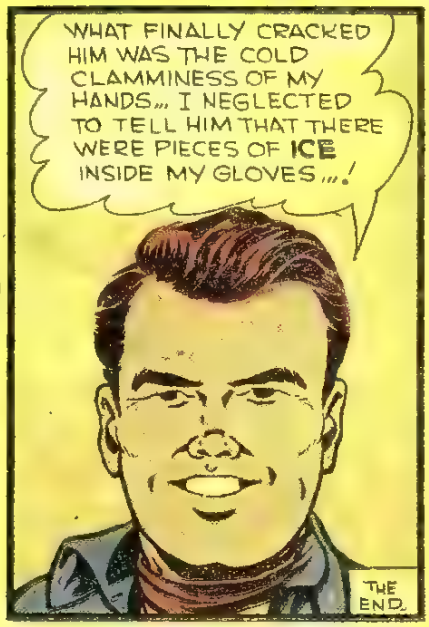

MY UNCLE'S WEALTH WAS ALL IN JEWELS. HE GOT THEM WHEN A MURDERER HE HUNG, TOLD HIM— ON THE GALLOWS—WHERE THEY WERE HIDDEN. INSTEAD OF TURNING THE JEWELS OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES, MY UNCLE KEPT THEM AND CAME OUT WEST...


THE BED DESCENDS SMOOTHLY AS THE CONFESSION CONTINUES...
I PLANTED BENTON AT THE CEMETERY. BENTON USED TO WORK WITH ME BACK EAST... HE WAS AN ACTOR. WE WERE SURE WE COULD SCARE THE JEWELS OUT OF MY UNCLE... JARVIS? I WAS WHIPPING HIM THAT NIGHT TO FIND OUT IF HE'D BEEN SPYING...


THE NEXT DAY—
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS, REX? THE GHOST RIDER CAUGHT HIM. DUMPED HIM HERE WITH A FULL SIGNED CONFESSION...


LATER, IN SING SONG'S LAUNDRY—
WHEN YOU FIRST BEGIN TO SUSPECT SIEDLER, REX?
SOON AS I HEARD HE'D BEEN A STAGEHAND BACK EAST. BENTON, THE POOR DEVIL WHO DIED AT THE CEMETERY, USED THE WORD, CUE! THAT'S THEATER-LINGO, SING SONG. IT TIED THE TWO MEN TOGETHER IN MY MIND.


THEN HOW COME MY OPERATING BLOCK AND TACKLE TO RAISE BED, AND YOU APPEARING THROUGH HOLE IN CEILING SAWED BY US WHILE EVERYONE SLEPT DRUGGED SLEEP, FRIGHTENED HIM INTO CONFESSION? SHOULD HE NOT HAVE KNOWN OF SUCH TRICKS IN THEATER?
YOU'RE RIGHT, SING SONG. THOSE BY THEM-SELVES WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ENOUGH—


WHAT FINALLY CRACKED HIM WAS THE COLD CLAMMINESS OF MY HANDS... I NEGLECTED TO TELL HIM THAT THERE WERE PIECES OF ICE INSIDE MY GLOVES...!
THE END

ME
anc
No 28

TIM HOLT

R.K.O.'S WESTERN STAR

10¢

QualityComix.Com

THE GHOST RIDER

"WERE THEY MEN OR DEVILS—THESE HORSEMEN WITHOUT HEADS WHO CAME RIDING OUT OF THE NIGHT? WERE THEY PERHAPS THE GHOSTS OF GUILLOTINED WRETCHES, RETURNED TO EARTH TO HOUND THE LIVING?... ONLY **THE GHOST RIDER** COULD UNRAVEL THE EERIE MYSTERY OF... "THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN!"

FEAR WAS THE UNBOOKED PASSENGER IN EVERY STAGE COACH THOSE DAYS...

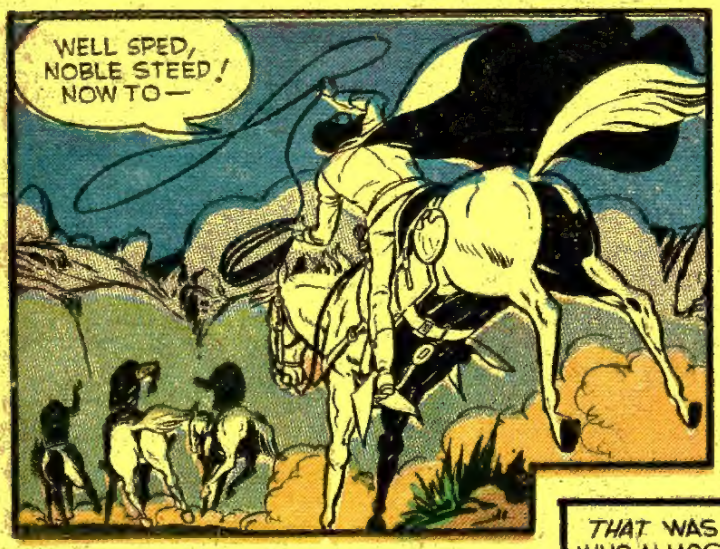
MEN WITHOUT HEADS!—OVER A HUNDRED PEOPLE HAVE SEEN THEM ALREADY—THIS VERY MINUTE THEY MIGHT BE WAITING FOR US AROUND THE BEND...!

SHUT YORE MOUTH, SIMON PALOVER! WHAT'RE YUH TRYIN' TO DO—SCARE THE WIMMIN-FOLKS?

THE LADIES HAVE **REASON** TO BE SCARED—WITH ALL THE GOLD WE'RE CARRYING... I'VE HEARD THOSE HEADLESS SPOOKS ARE **GOLD HUNGRY!**

I GOTTA SEE THEM 'FORE I BELIEVE—*WHUT'S THAT?*

WHOAAA-UP! THE FUST MAN WHO MOVES IS GONNA BE AS DEAD AS US! YOU UP THERE! HAND DOWN THET STRONG BOX!
YUH'RE NUTHIN' BUT YELLOW-STREAKED OWLHOOTS POSIN' TO BE —!
TAKE THET FOR DISBELIEVIN'! WE'RE GOLD-HUNGRY SPOOKS — THET'S WHUT WE ARE — WHO NEED THE GOLD TO SEAL OUR HEADS BACK ON! ANYBODY ELSE WANTA SAY WE AIN'T?
GNNNG!
HEADLESS MEN, LET'S GIT GOIN' BACK TO OUR GRAVES NOW!
MEANWHILE
THAT STAGE COACH — WHY ISN'T IT MOVING? FORWARD, NOBLE STEED! IF THERE BE EVIL ABROAD, WE ARE THE ONES TO SCOTCH IT!
THEY WENT THAT WAY, GHOST RIDER! BE CAREFUL — THEY'RE DEMONS, FER SURE — WITHOUT HAIDS!
TEND TO THE WOUNDED MAN! DEMONS OR DESPERADOES, I WILL PURSUE THEM!
FASTER, SPECTRE, FASTER! THAT'S IT... WE'RE CLOSING IN ON THEM NOW... THUNDER! THEY ARE HEADLESS!
WHUP THEM HORSES! WHUP THEM! WE'RE ALMOST THERE — EVERYBODY KNOWS WHUT TO DO!

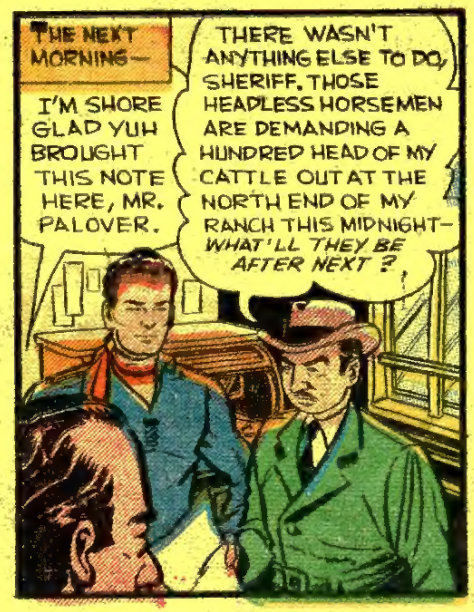

WELL SPED, NOBLE STEED! NOW TO—

BUT WHAT IS THE GHOST RIDER TO LASSO—THE THIN NIGHT AIR?
THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!

SWALLOWED BY THE EARTH! IT CAN'T BE—BUT, I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES! TO THE STAGECOACH, SPECTRE—. TO SEE HOW THE WOUNDED MAN IS FARING! BUT WE WILL RETURN!

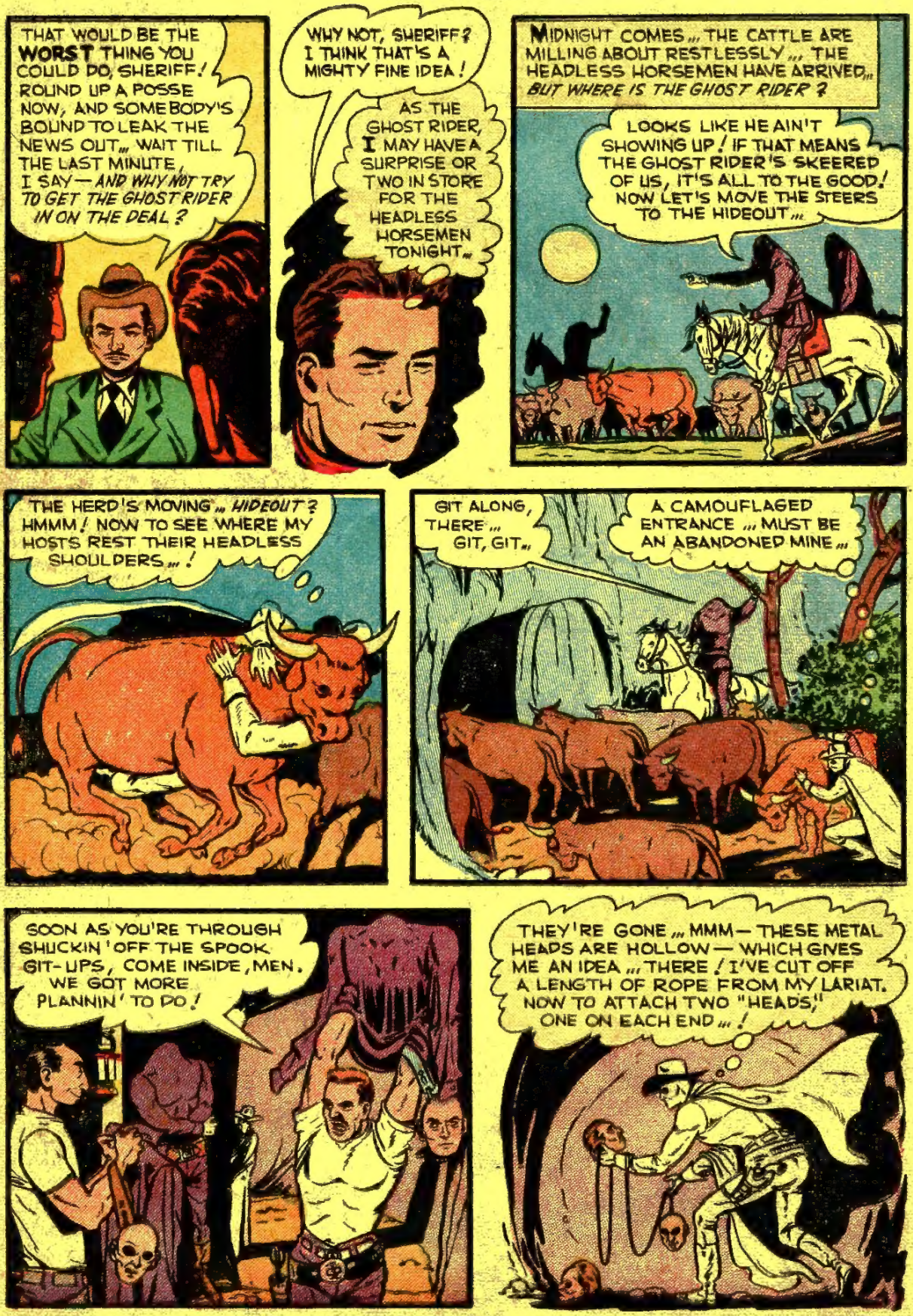
THAT WAS THE GHOST RIDER WHO ALMOST CAUGHT US, MEN! NOW THE GOL-DURNED CRITTER'S GONNA BE ON OUR TRAIL TILL HE ROUNDS US UP— IF WE DON'T GIT HIM FIRST, THET IS!

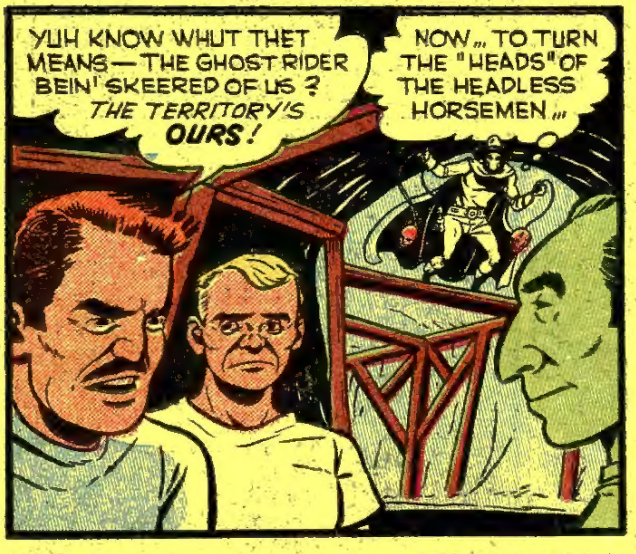
GO TELL PALOVER HE BETTER GIT HERE PRONTO! THIS TIME HE'S GOTTA HELP US PLAN HOW TO TRAP THE GHOST RIDER!


THE NEXT MORNING—
I'M SHORE GLAD YUH BROUGHT THIS NOTE HERE, MR. PALOVER.
THERE WASN'T ANYTHING ELSE TO DO, SHERIFF. THOSE HEADLESS HORSEMEN ARE DEMANDING A HUNDRED HEAD OF MY CATTLE OUT AT THE NORTH END OF MY RANCH THIS MIDNIGHT— WHAT'LL THEY BE AFTER NEXT?

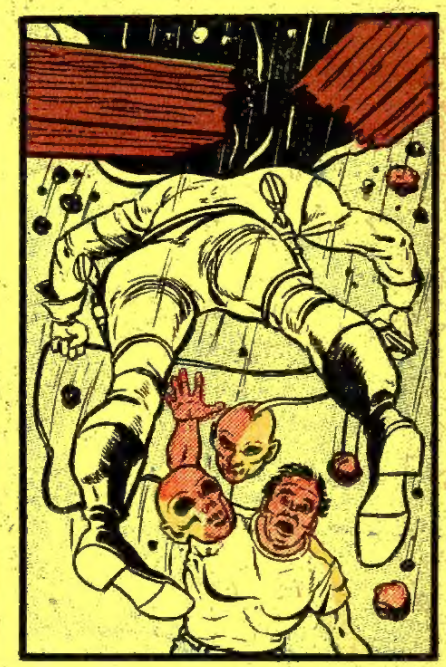
I SAY HAVE THE CATTLE THERE! IT'S A CHANCE TO LAY AN AMBUSH FOR THE OWLHOOTS!
YUH SHORE GOT SOMETHIN' THERE, REX— I'LL GO OUT RIGHT NOW AND ROUND UP A POSSE...

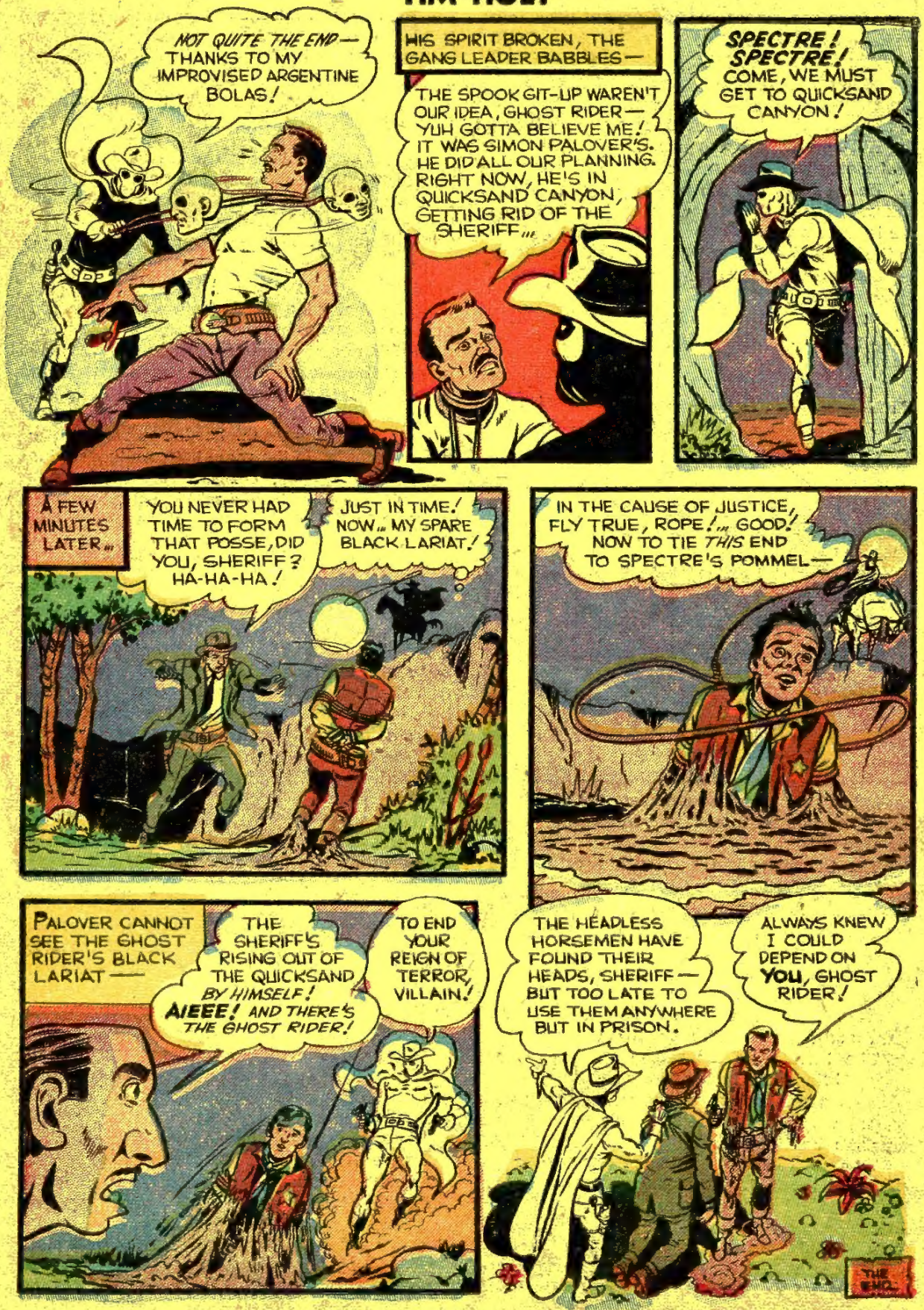
TIM HOLT


THAT WOULD BE THE WORST THING YOU COULD DO, SHERIFF! ROUND UP A POSSE NOW, AND SOMEBODY'S BOUND TO LEAK THE NEWS OUT... WAIT TILL THE LAST MINUTE, I SAY—AND WHY NOT TRY TO GET THE GHOST RIDER IN ON THE DEAL?
WHY NOT, SHERIFF? I THINK THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE IDEA!
AS THE GHOST RIDER, I MAY HAVE A SURPRISE OR TWO IN STORE FOR THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN TONIGHT...
MIDNIGHT COMES... THE CATTLE ARE MILLING ABOUT RESTLESSLY... THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN HAVE ARRIVED... BUT WHERE IS THE GHOST RIDER?
LOOKS LIKE HE AIN'T SHOWING UP! IF THAT MEANS THE GHOST RIDER'S SKEERED OF US, IT'S ALL TO THE GOOD! NOW LET'S MOVE THE STEERS TO THE HIDEOUT...
THE HERD'S MOVING... HIDEOUT? HMMM! NOW TO SEE WHERE MY HOSTS REST THEIR HEADLESS SHOULDERS...!
GIT ALONG, THERE... GIT, GIT...
A CAMOUFLAGED ENTRANCE... MUST BE AN ABANDONED MINE...
SOON AS YOU'RE THROUGH SHUCKIN' OFF THE SPOOK GIT-UPS, COME INSIDE, MEN. WE GOT MORE PLANNIN' TO DO!
THEY'RE GONE... MMM— THESE METAL HEADS ARE HOLLOW— WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA... THERE! I'VE CUT OFF A LENGTH OF ROPE FROM MY LARIAT. NOW TO ATTACH TWO "HEADS," ONE ON EACH END...!


YUH KNOW WHUT THET MEANS — THE GHOST RIDER BEIN' SKEERED OF US ? THE TERRITORY'S OURS !
NOW ... TO TURN THE "HEADS" OF THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN ...

BUT AS THE GHOST RIDER CONFRONTS THE CROWDED VILLAINS ——




NOT QUITE THE END— THANKS TO MY IMPROVISED ARGENTINE BOLAS!
HIS SPIRIT BROKEN, THE GANG LEADER BABBLES—
THE SPOOK GIT-UP WAREN'T OUR IDEA, GHOST RIDER— YUH GOTTA BELIEVE ME! IT WAS SIMON PALOVER'S. HE DID ALL OUR PLANNING. RIGHT NOW, HE'S IN QUICKSAND CANYON, GETTING RID OF THE SHERIFF...
SPECTRE! SPECTRE! COME, WE MUST GET TO QUICKSAND CANYON!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
YOU NEVER HAD TIME TO FORM THAT POSSE, DID YOU, SHERIFF? HA-HA-HA!
JUST IN TIME! NOW... MY SPARE BLACK LARIAT!
IN THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE, FLY TRUE, ROPE!... GOOD! NOW TO TIE THIS END TO SPECTRE'S POMMEL—
PALOVER CANNOT SEE THE GHOST RIDER'S BLACK LARIAT—
THE SHERIFF'S RISING OUT OF THE QUICKSAND BY HIMSELF! AIEEE! AND THERE'S THE GHOST RIDER!
TO END YOUR REIGN OF TERROR, VILLAIN!
THE HEADLESS HORSEMEN HAVE FOUND THEIR HEADS, SHERIFF— BUT TOO LATE TO USE THEM ANYWHERE BUT IN PRISON.
ALWAYS KNEW I COULD DEPEND ON YOU, GHOST RIDER!
THE END